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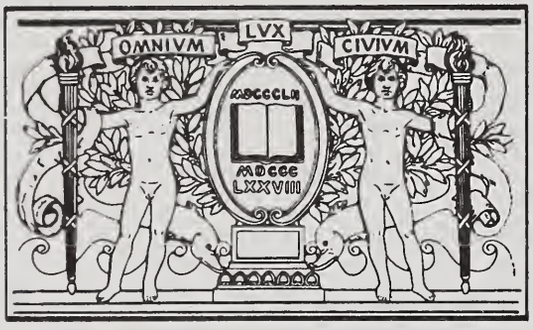
THE WITHINGTON STORY



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ADDENDA

Page Number

38, 46 & 112. If one counts two children who died shortly after birth Sophia had five children (including Leonard II, whose two daughters were their only descendants), thus making a total of fourteen children for LeW I. Caroline also had two children who died very young that are included in the "twelve" (14?).

53. ATW is in error. She has left out her uncle Richard, who lived to be 28 and whom she mentions later. Thus there were nine children who "lived to be grown up."

65. NNW's fellow student was John Noble - Secretary of the Interior (1889-1893) under Benjamin Harrison.

120. Rye was a Country Day School. The Ethel Parton referred to was probably the widow of the biographer James Parton, as Parton married after her death his deceased wife's daughter by a previous marriage. Ethel Parton, who was also an author, wrote the printed eulogy of Elizabeth Little Withington. See Appendix.

131. On reflection the cairn was on the "southeast corner."

172. The irony of fate was such that due to typical military "snafus" he did not leave France until after the championship game. In fact he wrote MDPW on April 7, 1919: "I found there was no chance for sailing ... which gave me 24 hours in Paris to see the finals between 89th and 36th Division football teams. . . . I got into a train wreck so did not get to Paris till 3 P.M. I took a taxi and got to the game in time to see the second half. . . . Paul's team won by scoring 2 times in the second half thus giving him the A.E.F. championship 14 - 6."

238. On 10/29/89 HRW at the Phoenix Dog Show asked an Afghan breeder if he knew Virginia and was told that she had died about four years ago at age about 55 and her daughter "Sandy" Fry was also an Afghan breeder. Thus Virginia could possibly have been William's widow, though she would have been considerably younger than he (if her estimated age at time of death were correct).

249. Population: 1980: Dalton, 100; Littleton, 4480.

284. A note from Drucy W. reads: "Just to add a note to the Paul R. confusion. When I taught at Milton Academy in the Lower School Paul R's wife Lucy taught in the Upper School. You can imagine the mix-up with two Mrs. Paul Withingtons (Lucy and Drucy) and further my sister-in- law Kay (Rick's wife) also taught there."

326 S. A. Emery's first name was Sarah.

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THE WITHINGTON STORY

THE WITHINGTON STORY

A History of the Ancestors and of the Six Sons of
David Little Withington
1589 to 1975

(With Epilogue and Appendices)

Edited by Henry Restarick Withington

4308 North 36th Street, Phoenix Arizona 85018
1989

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1989

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This book is dedicated to
Kathryn Whipple Withington (Karkie)
and
Margaret Adriance Withington (Mig)
and to the memory of
Constance Restarick Withington

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THE WITHINGTON STORY

FOREWORD*

In 1922 Frederic Scherer Withington published a genealogy of the descendants of Henry Withington (who arrived in Dorchester, Mass. from Lancashire probably in 1635), the progenitor of "most of those by that name in the United States," in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register. (vols. LXXV and LXXVI - 1921 & 1922). He carried the Genealogy through nine generations, except for four individuals in the tenth plus a listing of their children, if any. The four included Frank P. Withington of Buckfield, Maine, who apparently had the honor in 1921 of being the oldest son of the oldest son for the ten generations. Listed under Frank were his four sons, Stanwood, Philip, Joseph & Frank, three of whom had married, but no male grandchildren were listed. Thus it is not known by this author whether Frank's male line has been carried on. When CRW was visiting friends in Brattleboro, Vermont in the 1950's, she met a Nelson Withington, who claimed to be the oldest son of the oldest son all the way down the line and hence the head of the family. If I interpret CRW's words correctly he was descended from number 126, Henry Herbert, in FSW's genealogy, who had four sons of whom two were listed in 1921 as having children. They are #179, Henry Albert with one daughter, and #180, Roland Coolidge, who had a son Herman Lincoln, born in Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts in 1903. If this is correct, there appears to be several other branches that have a better claim to seniority. Nelson and his wife lived in a house that had belonged to Rudyard Kipling's wife's family and when CRW saw them they had only one daughter.

In this age of equality of the sexes it may appear to some that the females lines are neglected, but there is considerable biographical material on Elizabeth Little W. and on Marietta Dennett Paul W. and the

*For identifying family members by the standardized initials used throughout this work consult the "table" contained in "Editorial Abbreviations and Explanations" on pages xi and xii.

Appendix contains material on other female members of the family. As David P. Coffin, editor of the "Coffin Family Newsletter", states, "It is much harder to trace the descendants of the family daughters than those of the sons. There are many times the number of surnames." This may explain why in general this work covers only the nine generations of Withingtons from Henry through DLW plus a chapter containing brief biographies of his six sons. Any attempt to cover every line of descent would mean dealing with over two thousand entries. Aunt Anne gave each one of her nephews a genealogical table of the ancestry of DLW, which should be in the possession of someone in each family. She also wrote essays on a number of the ancestral families, some of which are printed herein. I know that the Lothrop Withingtons have a genealogical table for their Withington-Whipple lines of descent and I have done the same for my lines. If any member of the family should want more details I will do my best to supply them.

By following the customary (and normally the legal) system of bestowing the paternal surname on children and the English custom of seniority through males, Leonard IV, son of Leonard III and grandson of David Little Withington, is presently the head of our branch of the family. As his son, Leonard V, does not have any children, this could indicate that seniority would descend to Paul I's heirs. But as we do live in 20th century America, where there is no primogeniture, this creates an interesting situation. Leonard IV's daughter Antoinette (Toni) has a son by her first husband, Richard Schulze. When they were divorced, the court added Withington to the name on the boy's birth certificate, so that he is now legally Justin Kanoalani Schulze Withington. In the spirit of the times I think we all should recognize Justin as the "heir presumptive"!

This Withington Story is written specifically for the descendants of David Little Withington. It is about his ancestors and six sons - a span of ten generations commencing with Henry, the "progenitor." While DLW was not of the senior line, he was the senior member of the descendants of Ebanezer (1687-1747), the great grandson of Henry. F.S. Withington included in his genealogy a great deal more biographical data on the descendants of Ebenezer's grandson, Joseph Weeks Withington, than on any other branch of the family. Joseph had two sons: Leonard (I), our

ancestor, and William, ancestor of the "Cleveland Withingtons." A genealogical table (though incomplete) and essay on the latter family is included in the Appendix.

Fortunately almost all of the necessary genealogical research up to David Little W. was done long ago by Lothrop, Sr. (I), the next younger brother of David Little W., and by Anne Toppan W., his younger sister. We are also fortunate in having memoirs written by ATW, Uncle Arthur, Dennet and my mother, Constance Restarick Withington.

My first thought was to write an original history of our branch based on my own as well as the research of other members of the family, but I found that their research was so exhaustive and most of their writings so interesting and worthwhile in themselves that I felt it was best to act as editor of their work and author of only that which they had not covered. Some changes have been made in ATW's "Reminiscences," which were not written in her usual graceful style. Lothrop I's manuscripts were what one might expect from a genealogist and unless edited are almost impossible to follow without a "score card." In the others I have tried to keep the editing to a minimum, only subtracting or adding where I felt it would make the piece more cohesive and interesting. Here and there, particularly in the biographical sketches of the "Six sons," I have added anecdotes concerning matters about which I personally know of or which have been told me by members of the family. I have also on occasion added material about which I have personal knowledge and also comments, which I hope will be taken in the spirit in which they were written. As far as possible I have tried to make this work both interesting to members of the family and historically acceptable, though perhaps not going as far as Oliver Cromwell's instructions to the portrait painter Lely: "Paint my picture truly like me, . . warts and everything as you see me."

The biographical sketches of the six sons of D.L.W. contained in chapter IX are based on those written by Dennet and CRW, but have been enlarged from material given me by members of the family. The more that I was able to collect the longer the sketch. If any member of the family would like to correct or add to what has been written, kindly let the editor know. The biography of Paul is, as can be seen, considerably longer than for the other five boys. There are two reasons for this:

first is that CRW and HRW would obviously know more about his life than of the other five and second, his life was more varied and unusual.

The insertion of commentary presented a problem for the editor. Adding material to someone else's essay without confusing the reader is a difficult problem. In normal paractice such could be put in footnotes, but the average reader finds it both a chore and a bore to read them. So I have tried to make these additions an integral part of an essay. Some of these additions are in parentheses and as my word processor does not have brackets, the reader will have to determine sometimes whether such insertions are paranthetical or are substitutes for brackets. In many cases the use of initials at the end of comments or added data will make it clear who wrote these additions to the original. In fact almost every individual essay or part of an essay will show who the author was.

As many members of the family probably know, the progenitor, Henry Withington, came from Leigh in Lancashire, while the Little family originated in or near Norwich in Norfolk. When touring England in the summer of 1972 my wife, Jaqueline (Jaque) and I discovered a rather interesting bit of information. In the Chester telephone book, Leigh being included in the Chester area, there were numerous Withingtons. On the other hand in Norwich there were many Littles, but no Withingtons.

I wish to thank FBW II for his urging me to complete this family history. The idea to write it came to me at least twenty years ago, but I procrastinated. In 1980 and 1981 I checked sources that great uncle Lothrop and great aunt Anne had used and attempted to find additional data in places like the Library of Congress, but except in a few instances all primary sources had been covered. I also found some interesting data about Leonard I and Nathan Noyes in the alumni section of the Yale Library and about DLW in the archives of Harvard. Any one interested in learning more about their relatives who went to Harvard will find revealing information in those same archives. Early last year I got a call from Ted asking how this work was coming and this was what I needed to get me to the word processor. I hope that future generations will find something in these pages to make them more knowledgeable about and interested in their forebears.

H.R.W. Phoenix, Arizona
June 2, 1989

EDITORIAL ABBREVIATIONS AND EXPLANATIONS

Over the last two centuries there are members of the family who have the same given names and this could cause identification problems for the reader without some standard nomenclature. There are five Leonard Withingtons, yet today the fifth of that name is "junior." There are also five Lothrop Withingtons, of whom the fifth is called IV. The five Leonards are: the Reverend Leonard (I); Leonard II, his son who had no male heirs; Leonard III, the oldest son of David Little Withington; Leonard III's son is Leonard IV and his son is Leonard V. The first Lothrop (I) was the second son of Nathan Noyes W. and younger brother of DLW. (He was among other things a noted genealogist and undoubtedly led the most extraordinary life of any of Henry Withington's descendants, so do not overlook his biography in the Appendix), Lothrop I had no children and DLW's third son, Lothrop II (originally "Jr.") was named after him. His son Lothrop (born after the death of Lothrop I and therefore called "junior) is Lothrop III and his son and grandson are Lothrop IV and V. The Paul Withingtons are also a mixed lot and there is an essay in the Appendix on the confusing Pauls.

In order to avoid using the same names over and over again and to indicate who wrote or is responsible for certain parts of this work. initials have been used, sometimes with periods between letters and sometimes not. The following is a guide with the letter "W" always standing for Withington:

AW (Uncle Arthur)------ Arthur, youngest son of Nathan Noyes W.
ATW (Aunt Anne)--------- Anne Toppan, younger daughter of N.N.W.
CRW -------------------- Constance Restarick, first wife of Paul W.
DW --------------------- Dennet, youngest son of David Little W.
DLW -------------------- David Little Withington, oldest son of NNW.
DLW,jr.----------------- David Little Withington, Jr.
ELW -------------------- Elizabeth Little, wife of NNW.
FBW (Ted)--------------- Frederic Burnham, fourth son of DLW.
FBW II (Ted)------------ Frederic Burnham W, Jr.,son of FBW.
FSW -------------------- Frederic Scherer W, author of "the genealogy."
HRW -------------------- Henry Restarick W, older son of PW and CRW.

LeW I ---------- Rev. Leonard Withington.
LeW III ---------- Leonard W, eldest son of DLW.
LeW IV ---------- Leonard W, son of Leonard III
Lo W I (Uncle Lothrop) - Lothrop the first or Sr.; brother of DLW.
LoW II (Mr. Withie) ---- Lothrop, third son of DLW.
LoW III ---------- Lothrop W, son of LoW II.
MDPW or MDW ---------- Marietta Dennett Paul, 2nd wife of DLW.
NNW ---------- Nathan Noyes W, father of DLW, LoW, ATW and AW.
PW ---------- Paul, second son of DLW.
PW II ---------- Paul, fourth son of LoW II.
PW IIa ---------- Paul II, second son of HRW and grandson of PW and CRW.
PTW ---------- Paul Tucker, son of PW II.

Another matter that should be clarified is the use of the name Governor Dummer Academy, the oldest boarding school in the country, where DLW attended before going to Harvard, where FBW II taught for five years and of which LeW I and LoW II were trustees. Its original name was Dummer Academy, named after William Dummer, deputy governor of the Province of Massachusetts from 1723 to 1728, who gave his house and farm in Byfield for the "maintenance of a grammer school master." Thus the school was founded in 1763 and has continued ever since. The name was changed to its present name, I was told when I was at Andover, because of the modern misuse of the word "dumb," which in the comparative becomes "dummer." Thus when one went to Dummer Academy, the nasty reply of a teenager was, "Dummer than what?" This was too much to take, so the name was changed to its present one, which I have used throughout.

A word about the old and new style calendar. Up until 1752 England and the colonies used the Julian calendar that had failed to take into account that the year is not exactly 365¼ days long. To correct this Pope Gregory XIII created the present system and dropped ten days in March 1582 so as to make the vernal equinox fall on March 21. The Protestant world did not follow suit and England did not change to the Gregorian calendar until 1752. Thus before that the dates are "old style" and after "new style". Also the old style calendar had the new

year beginning on Lady Day, i.e., the holy day of the Virgin Mary that fell on March 25, although the Gregorian new year's day of January first was also recognized. Thus for dates between January first and March 25th the year was written, for example, 1589/1590. Thus to change the dates up until 1732 to new style add ten days until about 1700 and eleven days until 1732.

I

THE ANCESTRAL LAND

The County of Lancashire does not appear in the Doomsday Book for it was then a part of the counties of Cheshire and York. In 1267, however, Henry III granted the royal domains in what was to become Lancashire to his second son Edmund, who was then created Earl of Lancaster. The first earl's lands were further increased by his marriage to the sole heiress of the Earl of Lincoln and Salisbury. During the reign of Edward II Thomas, the second earl, was executed for treason to the king, whom he had rebelled against. The title and lands then came into the possession of his brother Henry, whose son of the same name was created duke. He, who was both the fourth earl and first duke of Lancaster, died without a male heir, but his daughter Blanche married the notorious John of Gaunt, third son of Edward III, who then gave him the dukedom. It was he who was to become the progenitor of the Lancastrian line of English kings. The power and wealth of Duke John was further enhanced when the county was made a palatinate (meaning that the county was granted a considerable amount of self rule and independence). The duke's son Henry, called Bolingbroke by Shakespeare in his Richard II, overthrew his cousin and assumed the throne as Henry IV, the first of the Lancastrian kings. With his accession the dukedom "merged with the crown" as it has been ever since. Every reigning monarch, male or female, is Duke of Lancaster and when "God Save the King" (or "Queen") is played, all good Lancastrians sing "God Save the Duke". Even today the county has it own seal and chancellor, who is always a minister without portfolio in the cabinet.

Like the rest of England at the end of the Elizabethan period, Lancashire was mostly rural and agricultural. However, there was some indication of the future industrial revolution in that there was a fulling and bleaching mill in Manchester as well as some manufacturing of worsted cloth and of rugs and frizes. The 16th century was to see the rise of the clothier who was an entrepreneur that either raised or bought wool, delivered it to spinners and then weavers - in other words a person who was responsible for the entire process of making cloth in

what was called the "putting out system". In the decade after Henry Withington left for the new world Manchester was to produce its first cotton cloth, yet it was not for over a century and a half that Manchester was to become the textile capital of the world as result of the invention of the spinning jenny and power loom.

Leigh, where the progenitor, Henry Withington, was born, lies in the southern part of the county about midway between Manchester and Liverpool. Up until 1875 it was merely the geographic expression for six small townships of which three, Pennington, Westleigh, and Bedford, were incorporated in 1899 as the borough of Leigh. The other three villages, Astley, Aspul, and Hindley, remained as they had been. The name of Pennington is of some interest to the American Withingtons for Henry's mother was born Margaret Pennington. Perhaps she was named after an earlier Margaret Pennington, who in 1184 granted some of her manorial lands for the building of Cockersand Abbey, remains of which can still be seen in that part of Leigh that had been Pennington township. In 1294 Adam Pennington became the last of the name and the manorial lands were held by numerous families thereafter. What connection our Margaret had with the original family is probably nil.

The name Leigh is of Anglo-Saxon origin and means "level pastures stretching far and wide into wood and moss." Pennington, as the "ton" indicates, was originally a large enclosed farm house that grew into a town. It was the largest of the six and the site of the parish church. Only a few miles from Leigh was the manor of Atherton, the seat of a family probably related to Major General Humphrey Atherton, who left for America at the same time as Henry Withington and Richard Mather. These three were not the only eminent persons from southerm Lancashire to settle in Massachusetts Bay: for Henry Dunster, the first president of Harvard, was also a native of nearby Bury.

Like Pennington, the surname Withington is a place name - in contrast to the four other sources of English surnames: the patronymic, occupational, descriptive, and nicknames. With, in its original Old English form meant "willow;" ing was a suffix meaning "belonging to; of;" and ton meant "enclosed place, palisaded farm house, or villa," but at any rate it was a homestead with surrounding walls for protection. Since willows were frequently found in a bend of the river, there would

be found a "withington," which may be broadly translated "a fortified farm house among the willows." The "ton" would not only include the dwelling of the master, but all the huts and buildings, such as barns and granaries, that would be needed for a self contained operation. Such a place over the years could grow into a village or even a town of some size. However, of the seven or so places in England with the name of Withington only a present day section of Manchester is more than a village. The other Withingtons are located in the counties of Cheshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, Hereford, and Gloucestershire. Close by the one in Cheshire is Withington Green, the location of Withington Lodge, which was formerly the seat of a family named Davenport. In years gone by the place had the more interesting name of Lower Withington. All the places called Withington lie in western England and are situated very close to the west of a straight line drawn from Withington in Lancashire and that in Gloucestershire -- a distance of about one hundred twenty-five miles. While Withington is the standard way of spelling our name, documents show that members of the "clan" in days before standard spelling the name could be written in many different ways. Indeed, the villages of Withington according to the famous maps made by John Speed at the beginning of the 17th century, were spelt as follows: Withenton in Gloucestershire; Wythynton in Cheshire; and Wethinton in Herefordshire. The Withingtons in Lancashire and Staffordshire are not even shown on the county maps: presumably because they like the villages that made up Leigh were not the seat of a parish church. In Northumberland it apparently was corrupted to Widdrington. More of which later.

According to Aunt Anne Thomas Hardy said that the Hardys and the Withingtons had been neighbors in Dorset for four hundred years and I presume the great author told this to either Lothrop Senior or to Anne herself. At any rate it would be a compliment to be closely connected to Thomas Hardy, but circumstantial evidence is against it. The nearest place by the name of Withington is in Gloucestershire over fifty-five miles and two counties away from the northern boundary of Dorset. The numerous Withingtons in the southern part of Lancashire and the northern part of Chesire certainly is indicative of where most of those with the surname Withington came from.

In the 12th and 13th centuries there was a considerable growth in

population and wealth of the towns. As the crown was generally short of money to conduct war on the continent it relied on the towns for loans and forced gifts. In the exchange the king granted charters creating incorporated boroughs, thus making them independent of the feudal system except as limited by the charter. In 1199 the town of Lancaster (after whom the county would later by named) was given a charter followed by Liverpool in 1207, Salford in 1230, Wigan (of which Leigh today is administratively a part) in 1246, and Manchester in 1301. In spite of its apparent growth, the region remained one of the poorest in England with the county supplying less than one percent of the taxes paid to and collected by Henry VII in 1504. In fact, some of the county boroughs often failed to return to Parliament the two members to which they were entitled - generally due to the lack of sufficient money. So backward as compared to the southern part of the country was Lancaster in the early 17th century that James I felt it necessary to use force to rout out belief in witches - shades of Salem.

During the decade 1630 to 1639 thousands of Puritans including Henry Withington left England for New England. This was a time when Charles I was ruling without Parliamentary authority and boroughs like Wigan, Liverpool, Preston, and Lancaster were forced to pay ship money, a tax that legally could only be levied on designated ports. It was during this decade that many parish vicars were removed from their churches by Archbishop Laud for preaching the Puritan doctrine that demanded the elimination of all symbols and liturgy from the Church of England that reminded them of the Roman Church. Yet during the Civil War of 1642-1649 the county for the most part was loyal to the royal cause. One reason for this was that a large part of the rural population had remained Roman Catholic after the Elizabethan settlement had made the Church of England the established religion. Henry Withington, however, was a good Puritan and the Puritans were more of an anathema to Charles than the Roman Catholics. Thus when Richard Mather, pastor of the church in Toxteth Park, only a few miles from Leigh, was removed for a second time from his pulpit and threatened with prison, he and some of his neighbors set sail for Massachusetts Bay in the Spring of 1635

The best known of our name in England is Squire Thomas Ellames Withington of Culcheth Manor near Leigh. While the manor at Culcheth no

longer stands (having been replaced by a housing development whose main thoroughfare is Withington Street) the tomb of the squire is the most prominent memorial in the Culcheth parish church. Some years ago the National Geographic magazine contained an article about the northwest part of England. In the article was an anecdote about Squire Withington's love of fox hunting. Indeed, such was his concentration on the fox that once when the fox ran into a deserted mine shaft, the squire rode his horse right in after it without a change of pace. The Squire was also a county magistrate. At the height of the Chartist movement the radicals "fixed . . . 12 August 1839 (to have) a general cessation from work, with violence where needful to force and maintain (the strike)." The next day somewhere between two thousand and ten thousand people marched on Pennington, forcing Squire Withington to "read aloud the famous Riot Act of 1714. The mob dispersed, but returned again in the afternoon . . . Many were injured and many arrested," keeping the magistrates busy for several days.

While on the subject of Squire Withington the question of the Withington arms (frequently miscalled coat-of-arms) comes up. Some of the American Withingtons display a red shield divided horizontally by a checkered bar of gold and blue (Gules A Fess Chequey Or and Azure). These are the arms of the aforementioned Squire. As these arms were granted to him and his heirs around the early 1800's, we certainly have no claim on them as arms are hereditary. However, Lothrop I, when asked by his father to trace the family history, stated that since there are no laws in the United States regulating the use of arms, as there are in England, the family might as well purloin the most aristocratic arms belonging to the name. Thus he bestowed on his family the arms of Lord Widdrington as the name is a corruption of Withington. The last lord was deprived of his title and estates when he supported the pretender, the so-called James III, in 1715 and whose line became extinct in 1774. The Widdrington arms are quartered blue (azure) and red (gules) with a silver (argent) bend. The crest is a boar's head and there are two deer as supporters. Since supporters are normally only granted to noble families, it would seem that Uncle Lothrop had a point. In addition he gave to the family its own motto: "Joy Sans Fin." My father had these arms displayed in the plaster over the mantle at Puahuula (3150 Huelani

Place) in Honolulu, where it can be seen to this day. As the house is of what might be called "Hawaiian Tudor," the displaying of arms did not seem too inappropriate. According to CRW Nelson Withington had the Widdrington arms displayed at his house in Vermont.

As the displaying of a "coat of arms" in this country is generally for decoration, colored with a bit of vanity, either of the two arms will do very nicely. If one should want to check on one's "right to bear arms," the New England Historic Genealogical Society can be of help.

Besides the nineteenth century Squire Withington there is another squire worth recalling. In the "Ballad of Chevy Chase," an epic poem about a battle between the Percys (Earls of Northumberland) and the Douglases, Scottish Earls of Douglas, there is Squire Witherington. In stanza XVIII Douglas says (probably to "Hotspur" Percy just before the fighting breaks out at the battle of Otterburn in 1388):

". . . But, Percy, thou art lord of land,
I an earl in my countrye -
Let all our men on a party stand,
And do battle of thee and me!"
"Christ's curse on his crown," said the lord Percye,
"Whosoever, thereto says nay!
By my troth, thou doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day -
Neither in England, Scotland nor France,
Not for no man of woman born,
But that (and fortune be my chance)
I dare meet him, one man for one."
Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name;
"It shall never be told in South England
To King Henry the Fourth for shame.
I wot you bin great lordes two,
I am a poor squire of land;
Yet I'll ne'er see my captain fight on a field
And stand myself and look on.
But while that I may my weapon wield
I'll not fail, both heart and hand."

From that moment - "that dreadful day" - the battle rages on until in the thick of battle Squire Witherington has his legs cut off at the knees. But does our redoubtable squire give up? Never! Like a true Witherington he continues to fight on the remaining two stumps until finally overwhelmed by the merciless Douglas. As Lord Widdrington and the the Squire were both Northumberlanders, the former might well have been the descendant of the latter.

II

THE ENGLISH ANCESTORS

It is probably impossible to trace accurately the forebears of Henry the patriarch beyond knowing the names of his parents, George and Margaret Pennington Withington. According to the parish register George and Margaret Penington (sic) were married 28 July 1583 and that Henrie Wythington was baptized on 22 February 1589/90. George and Margaret actually lived in the village of Atherton and he died there in April of 1614 as his will was proved on April 28th. In the will George "geve unto my sonne Nicholas Withington the dishbord standing in the house, And I give unto John Hartley my sonne in law twentie Shillings, And to my daughter Margrett neene pounds wch my sonne Nicholas is bound to paie my executors at my decease, And also I doe geve unto everie Chyld wch I am grandfather unto Three shillings foure pence, And I doe lykewyse geve unto everie one wch I am godfather unto twelve pence." It then goes on to state that the rest of his goods be divided into three parts: one part to his wife, Margaret; and "another" part to his four children, Nicholas, Henry, John and Margaret divided equally. The third part "I take to my selfe, whearof tho'ne half I geve unto Margrett my daughter and the other half to be devyded into twoe pts, whearof Tho'ne pte I give to my sonne John, And thother pte I give unto Margrett my wyffe and my sonne Henrie to dedyvyded equallie betwixt theyme." He appointed his wife and Nicholas executors and his brother Oliver and John Hartley as supervisors.

George was a prosperous farmer as can be seen by the fact that he was owed almost seven pounds by some ten individuals including Symond Hurst de Shakerley, John Hartley, and his own son Nicholas, who owed his father over two pounds. The inventory of his possessions included several cattle, one swyne, a quantity of various grains, the usual farm implements and household furnishings and one silver spoon worth 2s 6d. The division of his "goods and Cattells" valued at almost 113 pounds was as follows: Margaret, his wife, seven twenty-fourths; Margaret, his daughter, four twenty-fourths; John, four twenty-fourths; Henry, three

twenty-fourths; and, Nicholas, the eldest son, only two twenty-fourths. As there is no mention of land, probably the farm was already in possession of Nicholas. Henry was a blacksmith and would have relatively little actual use for a farm, while the occupation of John is not known.

The register also shows that Henry married Anne Leetch (sic) the daughter of Richard and Anne (Yate) Leech, in the Leigh parish church on the 15th of September 1615. They had two children who lived to adulthood: Faith , who was baptized on the 13th of October 1616 and was to come to America with her father, and one son, Richard, of whom more later. Anne was like so many in those days dying young, for she was buried in Leigh on the 26th of September, 1621. Henry waited the conventional one year (and four days) before marrying Elizabeth Smith, who according to F. S. Withington was the "sister of Thomas Smith, a well known merchant of London." The name Thomas Smith and the fact he ived in London is of some interest. First, it indicates that Henry may have lived in London during the year following Anne's death and second, there is a remote possibility that Elizabeth was related to Sir Thomas Smith, Secretary of State during the reign of Elizabeth, whose son and namesake tried to colonize Ireland. But as the name Smith was as common as it is today, there is probably no connection.

Lothrop Senior made a great effort trying to determine the ancestors of George Withington. One problem was that the parish records list only the names of individuals and dates when they were baptized, married and buried, thus requiring the genealogist to use "educated guesses" in figuring out who was related to whom. There were numerous Withingtons in the parish, often with the same given names, of which there were only a few in general use. So the best one can do is to estimate by using averages for age of marriage, time after marriage for births (about one conception every two years), and average longevity.The number of spelling variations of the name itself is another problem. There are many posssible variations for the name Withington. Examples of this would be names like Witherington, Withrington, Wethington, Wethenton, Widdington, Widderington, Widdrington and Widdenton.

I have gone over such records that are available from Uncle Lothrop, the genealogist, and there is a possibility that George's father may have been William Withington of Bledlowe, Buckinghamshire, who in turn

was the son of James, vicar of Ilmer in the same county, who died in 1556. He in turn was the son of "John Widdenton, sometimes called John Androus of Blewdlowe, Bucks," who died in 1538. The Reverend James was probably an Oxford graduate as his brother Richard was once a mayor of that city. Uncle Lothrop may have chosen this line because of their clerical and Oxford connections. Another possible ancestor was Oliver Withington of Brasenose College, Oxford, who was a "doctor of Physic" in 1569 and died in Oxford in 1590. The rational for this is that the good doctor had a son Oliver, which was also the name of George's brother. In a typewritten note Lothrop wrote that George was probably descended from a "cadet of (the) Withingtons, Lord of Trim, county Meath. The Withingtons of Trim were doubtless descended from Richard de Withington, temp. Henry III (1216 - 1272), probably a cadet of the Lindseys." (It should be noted that Lindsey is English from Lincolnshire; Lindsay is Scottish). Once again just take your choice of lineage - or none at all, for even though Uncle Lothrop was one of the top genealogists of his day he had very little to go on.

Why did Henry emigrate? There are no records in Leigh that would indicate whether Henry left for the New England for religious or other reasons, but we do know that once in Massachusetts he was definitely a Calvinist Puritan. The Leigh records also do not indicate whether the vicar of the parish of Leigh, the Reverend James Gatley, was or was not a Puritan, but he was beholden to Richard Urmston, who was both lord of the manor of Westleigh and a Roman Catholic lay rector. The Urmstons had sequestered the revenue of the parish church, resulting in the unfortunate vicar having to live in poverty. He made a humble appeal to the royalist dominated Court of the Star Chamber for redress and the court ordered the Bishop of Chester to investigate. The end result was that the Urmstons were forced to regurgitate some of the money and the vicar received a small income, but not enough to prevent him from dying a bankrupt in 1645. The fact that he received support from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Chester may indicate that he stood in good stead with the Anglican hierarchy. Thus Henry as a Puritan may well have turned to Richard Mather for spiritual guidance. He may have previously known Mather as he was born in Lowton only a mile or two from Pennington and his parish of Toxteth was not much farther from

Leigh. Thus while there is no documented proof that Henry and his family emigrated with the Mather party, the fact that they came from the same region and in Dorchester were to be the closest of friends, would indicate a strong possibility that they did. (But see below for a different view)

The first Puritans with a capital P (as compared to the Pilgrims of Plymouth) maintained that they merely wanted to "purify" the existing Church of England as established by King and Parliament. On the other hand the Pilgrims of Plymouth - like Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson and others - wanted a separation of church and state. The early colonial Puritans called the Pilgrims "Brownists," after Robert Browne, who was one of the earliest in England to hold the belief that the church could effect reforms without approval of the civil authority. The other non-conformists were called names like "Arminians" (those who were opposed to Calvinist doctrines) and "Antinomians" (those who were against the rigid legalism of Calvinist Massachusetts).

As a result of the election of John Winthrop as governor in 1637, replacing the moderate Sir Henry Vane, who had protected the Arminians, Williams and Hutchinson were driven out of Massachusetts - the former to found Providence and the latter to help settle the island of Aquidneck (Rhode Island). While these Puritans had left England because of religious persecution by church and crown, they were less tolerant of other beliefs in Massachusetts Bay (as was also the case in the Puritan Commonwealth in England during the interregnum, 1649 to 1660) than Charles and the Church had been of nonconformists like themselves.

The English Puritans from the time of Elizabeth believed that the English Reformation should be brought to its logical protestant conclusion by eliminating from the established church those elements it had retained from the Roman Church. As the Bible was the only source of revealed truth (the "Veritas" shown on the Harvard arms), the Church of England should eliminate the bishops, the altar, vestments, the display of the cross and other symbols and even the Book of Common Prayer. Puritan theology came from St. Paul and St. Augustine through John Calvin. They were closely related to the Presbyterians of Scotland, but denied the rule by Synods and thus came to be called "Independents" in England and "Congregationalists" in America. Thus in spite of their

disdain of the Pilgrims the Massachusetts Puritans ended up holding the same position as Robert Browne and the Brownists.

Inherited from St Paul and also St. Augustine was the Calvinists belief in Predestination - that "God has foreordained certain of mankind through grace to salvation or eternal life," sometimes called "election." In this they differed from Roger Williams and the other Arminians, who held that God's grace could be obtained through good works. If God is all knowing, however, then He has known from the beginning who would be saved.

While predestination is theologically defensible, it is contrary to reason. If one were predestined for hell, why do good works? If for heaven, it made no difference what laws of man and God one broke. But there is an ingenious answer to this paradox. While to the Calvinist there could be no certainty as to whom God had elected to bestow His grace, there were indications. Would God save those who failed to obey His laws? Therefore obedience to the laws of God as found in the Bible was an indication that one was one of the "Elect." Would God save those who had failed in their earthly endeavors? Again no. But then how does one achieve worldly success? Certainly one of the ingredients was hard work - but hard work without knowledge would not necessarily suffice. So work and education were both stressed. Thus it was Puritan Massachusetts that had the first institution of higher learning and the first printing press in all of English America and the first free public education in world history.

The society that these Puritans created in Massachusetts was quite different from that of Virginia, where the goal was to live like good English country squires with servants and slaves to do the manual work. On the other hand the work ethic was so ingrained into the Puritan mind that it was to result in a mercantile economy based on international trade and an urban society dominated by the "middle class." Contrary to the popular conception these Puritans were not puritanical in the modern sense of the word. They were not against smoking tobacco nor did they prohibit the drinking of beer, wine or spirits (for rum was one of their their main exports) and they did not frown on one's enjoying the creature comforts: for such were indications of success. But, one must beware of vain ostentation, for as the Bible warns, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

At the same time that Henry Withington was deciding to leave repressive England, so, too, was the Reverend Richard Mather of Toxteth. Why did Mather, soon to be, if not already, a friend of Henry's, come to the same conclusion? He was born in Lowton, a town adjacent to Leigh, of an ancient, but impoverished gentle family. He had attended Brasenose College, Oxford, but left after a short time and in 1619 was ordained a clergyman at Toxteth. There he soon gained a great reputation for preaching, but his obvious Calvinism caused him to be suspended by the Archbishop of York from his parish in 1633. He was then persuaded by the Rev. John Cotton, who emigrated from Boston in Lincolnshire to Boston in Massachusetts in 1633, and the Rev. Thomas Hooker, who emigrated to Newtowne (soon to be Cambridge) in the same year, to follow his own advice. Mather had forcefully argued shortly after his suspension that "Removal from Old England to New (England was) . . . necessary."

In the spring of 1635 Richard Mather and a large group of Puritans left England (probably from Bristol) on the James and landed in Boston on the 17th of August. He soon received invitations to serve as pastor from Plimouth, Dorchester, and Roxbury. Whether predestined or not, it was fortunate that he chose Dorchester, otherwise his great granddaughter, Katharine Mather, might never have married Ebenezer Withington.

No matter what the modern world may think about these narrow-minded Puritans, they did have the strength of their convictions and the courage to face overwhelming odds. They were willing to leave friends and relatives and travel across 3000 miles of wild ocean on a voyage that might take up to twelve weeks, while jammed into ships of questionable seaworthiness with no fresh food or water. And then, if they finally arrived safely, they faced a wild and strange country inhabited by wild Indians. That they were successful, there is no question. As Professor Everett Emerson has written: "Unlike the beginnings of Jamestown and Plymouth, the first decade of Massachusetts Bay is a story not merely of survival, but of triumph."

III

THE PROGENITORS

Although the newly formed Massachusetts Bay Company sent its first colonists in 1629, the Great Migration commenced with the sailing of John Winthrop's "fleet" in the early spring of the following year. The first to reach their destination were those that were to be the first settlers of Dorchester. Indeed, the party led by two clergymen, John Maverick and John Warham, arrived on the Mary and John on the 30th of May, 1630, thirteen days before Governor John Winthrop on the ship Arbella. The first meeting house in the colony was built in Dorchester in 1631 and later the town was to have the first public education. While Henry did not arrive until 1635 (see below for discussion as to when Henry arrived in Massachusetts), some of the first settlers are our ancestors through marriages of later Withington ancestors with descendants of the first settlers.

From 1629 through 1643 over twenty thousand men, women and children left England for Massachusetts Bay - most to escape the heavy hand of Charles I and the orthodoxy of Archbishop Laud. How did these emigrants differ from the Pilgrims and those who had settled in Virginia? As to the latter those who arrived before 1624 were in some way connected with the Virginia Company of London, a joint stock company and strictly a commercial enterprise. After numerous failures the company went into receivership and was taken over by the crown, becoming a royal colony in 1624 and thus officially Anglican in religion. As it was found that tobacco growing could be profitable the economic foundation became the plantation where the owner's style of life was like that of the country squire in England. Thus during the English Civil War and Commonwealth (1642 to 1660) Virginia was loyal to the Stuarts and became the "Cavaliers," which today is the nickname of the University of Virginia.

The Pilgrims, as previously noted, were "separatists," holding that each congregation should decide its own doctrines and each member could be a judge of the faith of every other member. This can be compared to the original tenet of the Puritans that the established church could and should be purified. There was also a social difference. Except for a few of the Pilgrim Fathers like William Brewster, who had been to Cambridge,

and William Bradford, most of the separatists had little or no education and those who followed during the next nine years added nothing to raise the standard of literary or educational culture. (v. Charles M. Andrews) Compare this to the great Puritan migration where "intellectually the average was high, for Massachusetts contained a large number of university men (which) could not have been less than one hundred (mostly from) Cambridge" (ibid.) Indeed, the early Massachusetts Bay settlers included members of the gentry, prosperous yeomen and middle class towns people. Indeed, it was over fifty years before Plymouth was to establish public school. While every immigrant to Massachusetts was not a learned Puritan, nevertheless the colony soon established a printing press, a college and free public education. Uncle Lothrop (I), when some one expressed surprise that he had no Mayflower ancestors, jokingly replied, "We sent our servants over to prepare for our arrival."

(Yeomen were, generally speaking, those who owned and worked their own land, as compared to the gentry who leased theirs out or managed by stewards. Frequently the yeomen were better off than the squires. Yeomen would be addressed as "Goodman" and their wives as "Goodwife." Lower down the social scale was the tenant farmer, then the cottager and the laborer)

In 1630 a group of devout Puritans from the southern counties of Devon, Somerset and Dorset led by the Reverend John Maverick and the Reverend John Warham were granted an area named by the Indians Mattapan, but was renamed Dorchester in honor of the Reverend John White, who was the vicar of the parish in Dorchester, the county town of Dorset. Mr. White never came to America, but was instrumental in obtaining the charter for the Massachusetts Bay Company and encouraging Puritan emigration. It was these brave souls who had to live through the first year's "starving time." As one of the original members of Dorchester company wrote: "Oh ye Hunger that many suffered, and saw no hope in an Eye of Reason to be supplied only by Clams, & Muscles, and Fish; and Bread was so very Scarce, that sometimes ye very crusts of my Father's Table would have been very Sweet unto me." By 1635, however, Dorchester was the largest township in population in the colony and thus in English North America. There was, however, discontent among some for reasons not entirely known, while others felt the lure of the uninhabited, fertile

Connecticut River valley, causing a number of settlers to ask the General Court's permission to move. The arrival of the Mather party and others in 1635 was very convenient. As the number of new settlers was about equal to those who wanted to emigrate, they bought out those who departed. These under the guidance of the Reverend Mr. Warham founded Hartford, while followers of Thomas Hooker of Newtown (Cambridge) founded Windsor.

By arriving in Massachusetts Bay in 1635 rather than four or five years earlier, the Mathers and the Withingtons avoided "the starving time." The trip on the James, however, would have been another matter. "Our land stomachs grew weary of ship diet," Mather wrote in his journal and this can readily be understood when one discovers that their diet consisted mostly of salted fish and beef. Without fresh food scurvy was a threat and one mother and her child did develope the disease. Fortunately some passengers had the foresight to bring along their own provisions. Mather noted: "Sometimes we used bacon and buttered pease, sometimes buttered-bag pudding, made with currents and raisins; sometimes drinking pottage of beer and oatmeal; and sometimes water pottage, well buttered."

The James ran into very heavy weather about ten days after leaving England, which resulted in the usual lack of interest in any kind of sustenance. Rain beat through the sides of the ship soaking many of the bunks. When not stormy there was the monotony of windless days to be followed by wintry cold that reminded Mather of December in Lancashire. The crew caught a porpoise one day and dissected it, reminding the women of the entrails of swine. After reaching the coast of Maine, on Saturday the fifteenth of August, the ship anchored off the Isles of Shoals. A sudden easterly sprung up and dragged the ship toward the rocks in spite of using three anchors. The captain then hoisted sail, hoping to escape to the open sea, but the wind was so heavy that the sails ripped and shredded "as if they had been but rotten rags." Mather led his flock in prayer and God "was pleased to have compassion and pity. . . ." and by God's "overruling providence" the once doomed ship cleared the rocks and sailed toward Cape Ann. Two days later, on August 17th, the James put into Boston.

As Frederic S. Withington wrote in a biographical note, "(Henry)

with his second wife, Elizabeth (Smith), and his four children . . .came to Dorchester probably on the same ship (the James) with Rev. Richard Mather and his company, arriving 10 Aug. 1635." Unfortunately there is no written record and I have accepted this as a reasonable assumption until recently I discovered a letter written by Richard Mather on June 25th, 1636 to the Rev. Richard Rathband and a Mr. T. in England:-

"Reverend and beloved in Christ Jesus:

I have received from each of you a letter by H.W., for which I am much your debtor." There then follows a long letter in reply to their questions as to "a set platform of doctrine and discipline." He goes into detail as to the relationship of church and state. He notes that by a law "made in the General Court . . . no church shall be set up without knowledge of the magistrates and the neighbor churches . . ." and that the churches cannot be "Papists, Arminians, Anabaptists, or the like." But once a church has been established in a "covenant in which the church was joined at her first gathering together," the officers, "viz., pastors, teachers, elders, and deacons," are chosen in the same manner as in the English reformed churches.

By deduction the "H.W." can be none other than Henry Withington. (1) "H.W." was clearly the bearer of the letter to Mather. (2) While there were two men with the initials H.W. who arrived in Dorchester in 1635, Henry Woodward and Henry Withington, the former came on the James. (3) While there were three other men with initials H.W., all three had settled in the town prior to 1635. From this it would appear that Henry and his family were brought to Massachusetts Bay on one of the four ships that arrived with settlers for Dorchester after the James in 1635, but at any rate not later than June 1636.

That Henry from the first was recognized as one of the town leaders is clear. He was one of twelve elected to be a member of the first Board of Selectmen. On June 23rd, 1636 he was one of the seven signers, three from the first settlers and three from the second emigration plus the Rev. Richard Mather, who signed "The Covenant." This joined the two congregations together, "making one church with two pastors at its head." Or as the document reads: "Doe in the name of Cht Jesus o'r Lord and in trust and confidence in His free grace assisting us freely Coven't & bind ourselves solemnly in the presence of God himselfe, his

holy Angells and all his servants here present that wee will by his grace assisting us endevour constantly to walk togeather as a right ordered Congregac'on of Cht."

Not all adult males were privileged to be members of the church, which was to consist of "visible saints and believers." Only members could become "freemen" and eligible for civil office. Thus the members of the church were a privileged group from whom the selectmen were chosen and the selectmen were the civil authority.

The Covenant brought harmony to the community and as soon as the church organization was effected Henry was elected the Ruling Elder. The importance of this church office to the Puritans can be found in words of the previously mentioned Rev. Thomas Hooker, in his book A Survey of the Summe of Church Discipline (London, 1648). Hooker, when in England, had been charged by William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, with preaching illegally. He jumped bond and wisely sailed for America, first settling in Newtown (later called Cambridge when the "Colledge" was founded), but he was to move to Connecticut in 1635.

"And we begin," Hooker wrote, "with the Ruling Elders place, for that carries a kinde of simplicity with it: there be more ingredients required to make up the Office of Pastor and Doctor, and therefore we shall take leave to trade in the first.

"Quo simplicius, eo prius.

"1. That there is such an office and officer appointed by Christ.

"2. What it is, or wherein lies the limits and bounds thereof.

"That there is such an office and officer appointed by Christ, as the Scriptures are plaine . . . . "

After a number of pages explaining the scriptural sources of the office, Hooker then asks rhetorically what the duties of the Ruling Elder are. "The several duties which ly upon him by virtue of his office are of two sorts : Some he hath in common with the Pastor and Teacher; some be proper and peculiar to himself." As a member of the common counsel his judgments must be considered by that body. He has the duties covering the "carriage and demeanour of the members in their more private way when they are not assembled, or els when they are congregated." In conclusion the Ruling Elder is to come to the spiritual aid of any member of the congregation when such is needed, just as the

physician does when prescribing for a sick patient. He is to discover and settle differences between members; he may censure anyone who discredits others or the congregation; and, "He is by virtue of his place" empowered to bring the names of those, whom "in his wisdom he sees fit, according to God," into the open so that nececessary action can be taken in cases that could lead to excommunication. As can be seen Henry as Ruling Elder held a position second only to the pastor and perhaps in some instances more powerful. Obviously the pastor and the elder would have to get along or there would be friction. Fortunately Henry and Mather got along extremely well as Mather called him "Beloved friend" and made him overseer of his will.

While being the Ruling Elder may have been an honor, it could also be a burden when others did not carry their share of the work. In the Dorchester Church records there is a delightful item about Henry Withington's refusal to continue his work as Ruling Elder as other elders were refusing to do their share. The Annals reported:

> . . (For) ye chirch - he being formerly appointed with ye other elders for to seat people in ye seats of ye meeting house - he would not willing to doe ye works any longer but was resolved to lay it down ye other elders not acting in, that thing with himself but left to him only.

As he continued on as Ruling Elder for a number of years more, it would appear that the problem was resolved in his favor.

He was also elected selectman and in that capacity took part in a transaction of great historic moment. In 1634/35 the General Court of Massachusetts granted Thompson's Island to the inhabitants of the town of Dorchester "to enjoy to them, to their heirs and successors which shall inhabit them forever." In May 1639 the town voted to lay a tax on the proprietors of the island (who included most of the prominent male inhabitants of the town) for the maintenance of a school. The big sum of twenty pounds yearly was voted as the salary of the schoolmaster who was to teach:

> . . english, latin and other tongues, and also writing, the said schoolmaster to be chosen from tyme to tyme from the freemen and that is left to the discretion of the elders and the 7 men for the time being whether mayds shall be taught with the boys or not.

The establishment of this free school was an educational mile stone and was immediately followed by other towns, including Newbury. Competent authorities have declared this to have been the first school supported by public taxation in the western world. As the "Fortieth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education" was to state: "No grander spectacle is presented in the history of any people than that of these ancient men, . . amid the privation and dangers of border life. . . "

In 1641 the island was directly conveyed to the town as there had been difficulty in collecting the rents due from the proprietors. The document officially transferring the property was signed by seventy-one of the "most prominent inhabitants," of whom Henry Withington's was number four - after Israel Stoughton, Richard Mather and George Minot.

In 1664, after the restoration of Charles II, the colonists became anxious about their liberties which they had enjoyed since their arrival and especially under the Commonwealth. As a result a petition was sent by the freemen of Dorchester to the General Court requesting that these liberties be continued and both Henry and his only son Richard signed the petition.

According to Aunt Anne's notes our progenitor was a blacksmith by trade and F. S. Withington wrote that he was one of founders of the iron works on Mill River in Taunton, evidently intended by the original founder James Leonard, Sr. to be named for Henry Withington, "even though the "corruption of the name to Whittington and Whittenton."

There seems to be some validity to this claim. First, Henry Withington listed two shares in the iron works "not yet prized" in his will. Samuel Hopkins Emery in his History of Taunton (1893) states that the Pilgrims discovered iron ore near the Two Miles River and "opted" to establish a "Bloomerie" on that river. Two Welshmen, Henry and James Leonard, who were expert in the making of iron, were persuaded to take over the operations in 1652 and established the first iron works in the "Old Colony," i.e., Plymouth. (An iron works had already been formed in 1642 that had first operated in Braintree before moving to Saugus) Emery states that John Leonard purchased 100 acres on the Mill River, where he erected a "bloomerie" for the manufacture of charcoal iron and called it Whithington Forge in 1666. In 1824 the name was changed to the

Whittenton Manufacturing Co. and in 1858 was owned by William Lovering. Records show that there were about twenty-three original proprietors and that there were about twenty-four who contributed from five to twenty pounds each for shares, among whom were "Henry Withington of Dorchester." Others were such important people as Governor John Leverett, Benedict Arnold of Newport, and James Leonard himself. Apparently dividends were paid in the iron as the records show that during the first three years "No iron was shared. . . . (in) 1659, 400 shared, (and in) 1660 a ton of iron sould to buy goods, whi: were divided." in 1659 400 (pounds?) shared. . . (in) 1660 a ton of iron sould to buy goods, whi: were divided." The works were later leased to George Hall in exchange for four tons of iron a year. "They took into partnership (13, of which) Henry Withington" was last on the list. Iron, according to Emery, was a medium of exchange and became as valuable as gold. The Leonard family was noted for several generations as iron makers, not only in New England but as far south as New Jersey. It is interesting to know that the grantor of the land for the works was no less than James Bate and Henry's daughter Anne married James Bate, junior, which adds additional weight to the claim that the iron works were named after Henry.

That Henry was not only a religious, a political and a business leader, but he must have been considered honest and competant. As noted he was appointed by Richard Mather as executor of his will, but he also acted in the same capacity along with George Minot and two other for the estate of John Holland, who died in 1652. Holland had arrived in 1633 and had made a fortune in "navigation" and in land and houses in both Dorchester and Boston. His total estate amounted to 3325 pounds plus another thousand owed to him.

Henry Withington died in Dorchester on the 2nd of March 1666/1667. In his will dated August 11, 1664 he stated that he was "about the Age of 76 years or upon 77." He left an estate of 850 l.17s 3p - a large sum for those days, even considering the depreciation of colonial money as compared to England, where one could live like a gentleman for about fifty pounds a year. After making sure his wife was taken care of, the bulk of his estate went to Richard except for small bequests to children and grandchildren. (See appendix for complete will) His death took place

in a house on a lot he had purchased in 1638 from Mattias Sensin. "He was, according to many records, unversally loved and trusted." Not only did Richard Mather call him "beloved friend," but the Rev. John Danforth said he was "a man excelled in wisdom, meekness and goodness."

Henry, as has been mentioned, had three daughters, all three of them marrying well. The eldest, Faith, who came with her father and stepmother to New England, married about 1639 Richard Baker and they became the ancestors of Walter Baker, who in the late nineteenth century owned one of the largest chocolate manufacturing companies in the country. Mary and Anne were the daughters of Elizabeth Smith, Henry's second wife. The former married Thomas Danforth of Cambridge, who became one of the most important men in the colony. He was a representative to the General Court in 1657-58, Assistant (an office somewhat like a modern Senator) from 1659 to 1679 and Deputy Governor from 1679 to 1686. Moreover, during the last period he was also President of the Province of Maine. Later he became an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the province, where he opposed the charges against the alleged witches of Salem. Anne married about 1647 James Bates (sometimes spelled Bate), whose father had been one of the sponsors of the Taunton iron works venture. They moved to Connecticut and later to Huntington, Long Island.

In 1666 Dorchester included what is today Milton, Dedham, Dorchester Heights, Washington Village, Hyde Park, Stoughton, Sharon, Foxboro and parts of Wrentham and the city of Boston. In 1637 Dorchester was granted by the General court all the land "beyond the Blue-Hills" - south to the Plymouth line - an area of about 40,000 acres. It is not known how the land was originally granted or divided, but the town itself was designed to keep the inhabitants closely together. Thus a family's homestead would be from four to six acres, but might have several other plots scattered all over the township. In 1668 (one year after Henry's death) "the people met and drew lots for the 'Twelve Divisions' . . . In 1695 a committee was chosen to lay out the lands unto each proprietor according to a former grant, which had been agreed upon by a vote of the proprietors in 1671. Twelve times as much land was . . ." given under an earlier (unknown) formula. The population in 1700 was around 400 males - thus a population of about 1600. HRW has a 1891 reproduction of a map (the Library of Congress also has one) of a division of land in 1696 and

1697 "beyond the Blue-Hills." The original map was drawn by John Butcher and redone in 1726. On the map there is a fairly large plot marked: "No. 64, Aer. 308" (acres?) with the names: Mr. Withington; Rich Withington; John Garnell. Adjacent is another plot marked:" No. 58, Aer. 468," with four owners: Mr. Mather; Tim. Mather; Major Atherton; Mr. Duncan.

Although it never approached Boston in importance, the town had "firsts." Already mentioned was the building of the first meeting house and the first free education. 1634 saw the first use of water power in New England. Mr. Stoughton, the wealthiest man in the township, built a fish weir in the same year and by 1640 ship building became an important industry, although most were shallops of between forty and fifty tons. Dorchester also has a close connection with Paul Revere, for in 1801 he established the first copper works in the United States on the Neponset.

Richard was Henry's only son and therefore all the Dorchester Withingtons are descended from him as well. He, like his siblings, was born in Leigh and baptized on May 3, 1618, just short of nineteen months after that of his sister Faith. He was seventeen when he arrived in America, but waited to marry until he was about thirty. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Philip and Elizabeth (Sybthorpe) Eliot and niece of the Rev. John Eliot, the so-called Apostle to the Indians. Richard, while not as prominent as his father, was elected selectman several times and was deacon of the church. He was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, which organization was founded in Boston in 1638 and is today the oldest existing military organization in the United States. In 1675 Richard Withington was appointed "to see that the school house be filled with seats and a lock and key for the front door." Five years later according to the town records, the County Court "desired the selectmen of Dorchester to nominate some person to keep a house of public entertainment." Richard, Ensign Hall and Isaac Jones were nominated, but "neither (sic) would consent."

When he died on 22 December 1701, age "about 84," he left an estate of 418 l. 4s. While his estate was only about a half of that of his his father his will is of interest. He wrote:

"I will unto my son Ebenezer two acres in the field to lye next to Jonathan Hall to be his and his Childrens, but if he dye without Child or Children of his body begotten, it shall return to his Brothers and

Sisters. I will unto my son in Law Jonathan Hall and his children by my daughter his wife two acres in the field next to his house and two acres of salt meadow at little neck. I will unto my son Philip (fourth son and ancestor of D. L. W.) besides what he hath had already ten acres of woodland lying by a certain meadow called Peiree's Meadow. I will unto my Daughter in Law Sarah Withington (widow of Henry II, third son) besides what she hath already all that land below the Cross fence at the west end of the field, and one third part of my lot called Rawson's Lot to enjoy during her widowhood and to her children by my son Henry to be theirs forever in proportion according to law. I will to my son Joseph (fifth and youngest son), after his mother's death my house and Barne, and two hundred pounds worth of Land, and he shall take ye same where he shall choose of any of my Lands their remaining unsold, and not given otherwise." The will continued by stating that if at "the time of my death any one of my natural children have not received of my Estate, Lands, Moveables or money to the value of three score pounds that then it shall immediately be made up into that value unto them. Finally All my Estate remaining after my death, . . I leave with my beloved wife Elizabeth, whom I appoint sole Executrix of this my will. . ." The will ends by expressing the wish that Joseph "live in my House and improve my Estate."

The Indians at Mattapan (the native name for the original settlement) are said to have been kind to the whites in the early days. An interesting instance is their compassion for one settler, Nicholas Upsall, who had been driven into the wilderness for befriending the Quakers. But, there is a story in the Withington family that on one occasion in the 17th century when all the members of one of our ancestral households were attending meeting, one young daughter was left behind for some reason. She was seated by the open fire when she heard a sound at the window and looking behind her saw an Indian warrior about to push the window up with his shoulders and back. She seized a shovel, filled it with hot coals and ran towards him. She threw the coals at his naked breast (back?) and he, not seeing from his position where the attack came from, fled shrieking, followed by other Indians.

With Richard's death the Withington name was to be passed on by only three of his five sons. The second son Ebenezer had no surviving

children and Henry, the third son, had but two daughters. John, the eldest, had two sons, Richard and Samuel, while the youngest, Joseph, also had two sons. D.L.W.'s ancestor Philip, the fourth son, had three sons, of whom the second was Ebenezer.

Before ending this chapter there are some individuals from whom the family are descended that are worth mentioning. The descendants of Nathan Noyes and Elizabeth Little Withington are descended from Tristram Coffin a total of nine times. The Coffins arrived in Massachusetts in 1642 and after several moves settled in Newbury. Tristram, the second of that name, married Judith Greenleaf in 1653 and together they had ten children. When Judith died at age 80 one year after her husband, she was survived by 177 descendants. Some of the Coffins moved to Nantucket, where they became the leading family on the island. The descendants of Tristram and Judith number in the thousands and the Coffin society has its own bulletin and members gather together annually.

Three famous ministers who arrived in Massachusetts in the 1630's have to be included. The Reverend John Oxenbridge, who was both a friend and relative of John Milton, was called "the last of the four great Boston Johns." The other three, I surmise, would be the Reverends John Cotton, Eliot and Wilson, to which might be added a fifth great John - Winthrop. Oxenbridge, according to Lothrop I, could trace his lineage to "both the royal Houses of York and Lancaster and practically all of the signers of the Magna Carta and the Battle Abbey barons" (i.e., those that fought with William the Conqueror at Hastings). The second of our three was the Rev. Henry Scudder, originally from Groton in Suffolk (where John Winthrop's Groton Manor was located). He was the presiding official (per ATW) of the Westminster Assembly that in 1643 created the "Westminster Confession, Directory and Catechism," which is the basic doctrine of the English Calvinist churches and their offshoots. The third is Michael Wigglesworth, who graduated from Harvard in 1651 and besides being minister was what might be called the poet laureate of Puritan Massachusetts. His poem the "Day of Doom" represented the fundamentals of Calvinism and was highly popular. His diary, 1653-1657, has been printed as recently as 1965 by Harper and Row. The editor, Professor Edmund S. Morgan of Yale in the concluding paragraph of the introductions states: "In the pages that follow he has left the record

of a mind which had the strength to digest what seems to us a bitter doctrine. . .Wigglesworth's meditations are neither pretty nor pleasant, but they are, I think, emphatically, uniquely Puritan."

The earliest Harvard graduate and ancestor is Peter Thacher of the class of 1650 to which may be added his son-in-law, Samuel Niles of the class of 1699 and his grandson, also a Samuel Niles of the class of 1731. For further information on the Niles family see the Appendix.

Another 17th century ancestor who was descended from the rich and famous was Anne Boynton, who was married to Mr. Christopher Batt and came from Old Sarum (Salisbury) in Wiltshire and settled in Salisbury, Massachusetts in 1637. She, according to Lothrop I, was the great granddaughter of Bess of Hardwick (1518-1608), who became the wealthiest person in Elizabethan England next to the Queen herself. After inheriting the estate of her first husband, she married Sir William Cavendish, by whom she had six children, from whom were to come both the ducal families of Devonshire and of Newcastle. She was to add to her wealth by inheriting the estate of her third husband, upon whose death she married the Earl of Shrewsbury, through whom aided by her own wealth she was able to enhance the fortunes of her Cavendish offspring. For posterity and the glory of the Cavendishes she built Chatsworth, perhaps the most stately of the stately homes of England. Why Anne Boynton would desert the comforts of England for the perils of the new world is essentially the story of the Puritan migration to Massachusetts Bay.

Nor should we overlook Mr. Francis Willoughby, who was Deputy Governor of the colony. His will instructed his heirs to bury him "ten feet deep" and to leave the top of his "grave plain, only covered with turf of ye grasse." As for Major General Humphery Atherton from whom the family is descended four times, the reader will find his biography in the Appendix. Indeed, D.L.W. had very litttle "Withington blood" in him as he could only trace his descent from Henry in two lines - one from Faith Withington Baker and the other from Richard - whereas he traced his descent four times from George Little, three from Michael Wigglesworth and twice each from Abraham and Susannah Toppan, Nicholas and Mary Noyes, Samuel and Elizabeth Scudder Lothrop, John and Jane Niles, and Christopher and Anne Boynton Batt. No wonder New Englanders of D.L.W.'s generation called almost all their acquaintances "cousin."

IV

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

There is little data about the family between Richard (1618-1701) and Leonard, who was born in 1789. One of the reasons is due to the fact that when the household of Joseph Weeks Withington was broken up after his death in 1845, "the family papers were burned in the brick oven under the boiler used for washing." Aunt Eliza Withington, who died in 1891 aged 100, used to say: "It took Monday after Monday to burn them all there were so many." (ATW) It does appear, however, that none of the four 18th century male ancestors were as prominent as Henry and Richard.

Richard Withington had five sons: John, who was born in 1649 and died in 1690 when he was "drowned, with forty-six others of the Dorchester Company, of which he was captain, in the expedition of Sir William Phips against Quebec;" Ebenezer (1651 to February 11, 1728/29); Henry (1659 to February 2, 1687/88); Philip, our ancestor; and, Joseph (1668 to 1747). Only three of the sons, John, Philip and Joseph, had sons that would carry the name on until today. Ebenezer had no children and Henry had two daughters who had offspring. It is known that John, Ebenezer and Joseph served as Selectmen at some time or other - an honor that was also to be won by Philip.

Our ancestor was born in Dorchester on the 26th of March, 1659 and died there December 27, 1736. He was married first to Thankful Pond (1661-1711), whose maternal grandfather, George Dyer was a member of the first Dorchester party that arrived on the Mary and John at the end of May in 1630, while her father came in the 1635 emigration. On the death of Thankful, Philip married secondly, as it seems, Sarah __?__, of whom according to F. S. Withington nothing besides the date of her death is known.

Philip and Thankfull Pond had eleven recorded children in their twenty-nine years of marriage - of whom nine lived to adulthood and eight had children. Our ancestor was Ebenezer, the third child and second son. We do know that Philip was a blacksmith and apparently a

successful one. In 1726 he was elected Selectman with the second highest vote of the candidates with 77 as compared to 105 for James Blake. There is an entry in the town records that Philip Withington and Joseph Leeds were "chosen Tythingmen for this year (1722) . . the first year such an office was chosen." Their sole duty was to prevent an improper use of the Sabbath and to allow only legal and decent conduct on that sacred day.The office had a short life and was eliminated when it was found to be a farce.

On December 17, 1683 Philip "owned ye Covenant in order to baptize his child." This child was undoubtedly John, who died shortly after the baptism. The "owning of ye Covenant" apparently pertains to a serious theological problem that had arisen. In 1631 the General Court of Massachusetts had ruled that no man shall be "admitted to the freedom of this body politic, but such as are members of the churches . . ." By 1657 there arose the question of the status of the children of the original members of the church. Should they be baptized since they might not themselves ever demonstrate that they possessed God's grace, which was necessary for membership? And what about their children? The matter was settled in a general synod of the churches in 1662 by the "Half Way Covenant." This compromise created two kinds of church membership: one for the "godly," who were full members and could take the communion; the other for "the godly but unregenerated," who had a limited membership which entitled them "to own the Covenant and have their children baptized." Six years later Philip contributed "½ a bl." of corn for the poor. Perhaps this helped both Philip and Thankful to be admitted on June 18, 1693 to full membership to the church. This was only three months after his older brother Ebenezer and his second wife, Mary Royal, were "called before the church to confess the sin of fornication before marriage." While both of them were charged, it was on Ebenezer that the main blame was placed. According to family tradition Mary stood up and pointed out that she was at least half at fault. Ebenezer and Mary's only child was born in December of the same year, but died less than a month later. Ebenezer and Mary were eventually forgiven as they to were later admitted to membership and in 1721 gave the church "a new piece of plate" for the Lord's Supper.

We learn a bit more about Philip from his will made on the 31st of

December "in the eighth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second King of Great Britain ye Anno Dom. 1734." The will was to be contested in the probate court even though the wording of the will appears to be clear and straight forward.

After noting that he was healthy and of sound mind he calls "to mind the mortality of my Body and knowing that it is Appointed to all men once to Die, Do make & ordain this to be my Last Will & Testament. That is to say , Principally & First of all I give & recommend my Soul into the hands of God that gave it and my Body I recommend to the Earth to be buried in decent Christian Burial at the discretion of my Executors, nothing doubting but at the General Resurrection I shall receive the same again by the Mighty Power of God . . ." He bequeathed "unto my loving wife the Improvement of the biggest Lower Room of my now Dwelling House with priviledge (sic) in the Cellar under the same and in the well of water thereby, so long as she my said wife shall see cause to Improve the same by personally Dwelling there & no longer. Also I give to my wife all the Moveable Estate she brought with her to me at our Marriage . . also fourteen pounds p. ann. in Ye Province Bills of Public Credit." To the Church in Dorchester he gave his "biggest Silver Beaker Cup for the Service of the Lords Table there forever" (Not quite - I have read it was sold around 1920). As for the rest of the movable estate it was to be divided equally among his children or their heirs, except as "hereafter" specified. To William, who was to carry on as blacksmith, he left his tools. To his son John, to whom he had already given 250 pounds, he left the land Philip had inherited in Stoughton which was called his "Rights in the Twelve Divisions" (land alloted to descendants of the original settlers by an agreement made in 1668). His third daughter Elizabeth was unmarried at the time of Philip's death (although at age 41 she was to become the second wife of Captain George Talbot) and she was to get one half of a pasture plus five pounds. To Abigail, who was married to Samuel Paul, he left twenty pounds. Sarah, whose husband was Deacon Nathaniel Holmes, received one half of Philip's woodlot in Dorchester. He also gave twenty pounds to his youngest daughter Ann, married to Samuel Paul's brother Isaac. The youngest son William was to receive a "Housing Barn & Shop & and Home Lott on wch they stand" and all the land adjoining except that already given to

Ebenezer, who in turn was to be granted another ten acres. His grandson Ebenezer Topliff, son of his daughter Mary, who had only recently died, received twenty-five pounds.
(Note: "to improve" meant "to make good use of; to occupy")

For reasons that are not clear the will was disputed by the heirs and the agreed to settlemnt is still on file at the Suffolk County Court House in Boston. The preamble (somewhat modernized) reads:

> To all people to whom these presents shall come, Greeting: Know ye that we John Withington, blacksmith, alias miller, & Daniel Stone, yeoman, both of Stoughton, & Ebenezer Withington, tanner, & William Withington, blacksmith, Elizabeth Withington, Samuel Paul, yeoman, and Abigail, his wife. & Isaac Paul, yeoman, & Ann, his wife, & Nathaniel Holmes, cordwainer, & Sarah, his wife, all of Dorchester, being all in the County of Suffolk in his Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England and being the children and representives of the children and heirs of Philip Withington, late of Dorchester in the said County of Suffolk, blacksmith, deceased. The said Ebenezer Withington representing Ebenezer Topliff and the said Daniel Stone representing the heirs of Thankful Stone, daughter of the said Ebenezer Withington, deceased, mentioned in the last will and testament of the said Philip Withington, deceased, now on file in the Court of Probate for said County. To the intent there may be a final end to all controversies & questions concerning the real or personal estate of the said Philip Withington decd. & Thankfull Withington, his former wife, decd & concerning the said last will and testament of the said Philip Withington.

From the statement that this agreement "do accordingly discharge the Executors Ebenezer Withington & William Withington in the said will named and their heirs and each other from any further Demands . . ." it is possible that Elizabeth had been the trouble maker, since she was the only heir to get more than stated in the original will.

Ebenezer, the harassed executor of Philip's will, was a farmer by trade. He married on May first, 1711 Katharine Mather (1690-1774), the great granddaughter of the Reverend Richard Mather. Thus she was the grand niece of the Rev. Increase Mather, of whom the noted Harvard historian, Samuel Eliot Morison, says "was easily the most distinguished man that the (Harvard) college had for president before the nineteenth century," and first cousin once removed of his son, the even more famous Rev. Cotton Mather, who condoned the Salem witchcraft persecutions (but recanted later), championed small pox inoculation, wrote numerous works, including Magnalia Christi Americana, a history of the church in

America, but never achieved his ambition of becoming president of Harvard. Katharine also brought to our family the honor of being descended from Major General Humphrey Atherton. The major-general was from Lancashire and undoubtedly was related to the family of the same name who were lords of the manor at Atherton. He may have arrived on the James with Henry in 1635 and within a short time showed a decided taste for the military. He was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and was its captain from 1650 to 1658, before which time he had already formed a military guard in Dorchester. His military title came from the fact that he was created major general of the Suffolk regiment and was the chief military officer in New England. He died a rather tragic death in 1661 when riding home from the south end of Boston and he fell from his horse which had been startled by a cow. The following was inscribed on his tomb:

Here lies our Captain, & Major of Suffolk was withall;
A Godly Magestrate was he, and Major Generall.
Two Troops of Horse with him heare came, such worth his
love did crave;
Ten Companies of Foot also mourning march'd to his grave.
Let all that Read be sure to keep ye Faith as he hath done.
In Christ he lives now Crown'd, his name was Humphrey Atherton.

He was more than a soldier for he was many times a Selectman and town treasurer and once, representing Springfield, was Speaker of the General Court. In addition he was appointed by the governor to serve as an Assistant. Little wonder that both Dorchester and Massachusetts Bay mourned him.

Ebenezer was to upset the orthodox members of the church when he became a follower of George Whitefield. The Rev. Mr. Whitefield was an Oxford graduate like John Wesley, and like him felt that both the Anglican and the Puritan churches had become too impersonal and were lacking in enthusiasm. Both these men were to preach in America before thousands and created a religious revolution called the Great Awakening. In the winter of 1746 Mr. Whitfield's preaching was to cause a commotion in the Dorchester church and for "their separation and injurious treatment of ye minister, the Rev. Johnathan Bowman . . ye whole Church were laid under censure of admonition and (were) forbid to come to

communion until Repentance and Reformation." Of the seven church members particularly picked out for censure one was Ebenezer Withington and another was Benjamin Bird, Esqr., "who had been excommunicated from the church for intemperate drinking."

Blake's Annals of Dorchester explains how this religious dispute between the "New Lights" and the Old was to be settled. A council representing the two groups were to be chosen:

. . and that each party should choose five, and if any one side failed, ye same No. of ye other side be taken off; & ye Churches should be desired to send their Elder & one Messenger. Accordingly ye Church Chose Mr. Walker of Roxbury, Mr. Barnard of Marblehead, Mr. Prescott of Salem, Mr. Gay of Hingham, & Mr. Taylor of Milton; and ye other party Chose Mr. Leonard of Plymouth, Mr. Weld of Attleborough, Mr. Hobbes of Reading, Mr. Rogers of Ipswich, & Mr. Cotton of Halifax, who together with their Delegates accordingly met at Dorchester, Tuesday, May 19th, 1747, all but Mr. Rogers . . and Mr. Gay went off upon ye Churches side to keep ye number equal. The Council being formed sat chiefly in the Meeting-house where was a Publick Hearing, & a great throng of people, many from other Towns. Mr. Walter was Moderator, but Mr. Barnard was his Assistant, who chiefly managed, by reason of ye infirmities of old age rendering ye business too tedious for Mr. Walter. The Council sat 4 Days . . . They patiently heard all that ye Parties had to say, and in their Result Justified Mr. Bowman & ye Church . . . & Condemned ye Sd party & advised them & ye Sd Mr. Bird to Submit and Return to ye Church &c. Since which ye Church has been quiet, which before was continually disturbed with Letters & Charges from ye Sd Brethren. . . But none of ye Sd Party have yet followed ye advice of Council, but have till lately continued their Meetings at ye House of ye Sd Ebenezer Withington; where the Sd Mr. Bird's Son (a young man that has staid 3 years at ye College & ye 4th year was Expelled being of their party) Preached to them . . , and is now ordained by two New-Light Ministers, (as they are called) . . . in Dustable. I think at this present our Separate party have no Constant Meeting. And two days ago, viz. March 9th, 1747, the Sd Ebenezer Withington at whose House they used to meet Deceased.

The Annals conclude on a more worldly note: "I think ye Charge of ye Council cost ye Church something more than One Hundred Pounds old tenor." As there may be some who are not familiar with the term "New Light," it is well to explain that this refers to those that believed that the established churches had become too intellectual and were lacking in enthusiasm. The New Lights like Whitefield and other revivalist preachers displayed their spiritual enthusiasm by ranting and raving into a frenzy not unlike some modern evangelicals. The offshoot of this in New England was that New Lights broke off and became Baptists and Methodists, while many of the wealthy returned to the Anglican

faith, while the intellectuals founded the Unitarian Church.

Ebenezer and Katharine had five children of whom one died young. The youngest and only sibling to have children was Philip II. The eldest was Mather Withington (1714-1736) probably the most brilliant of all the Withingtons. He graduated from Harvard in 1732 and became famous for his scholarship, especially in mathematics. It was written: "His manuscripts in arithmetic, geography, geometry and astronomy disclose great proficiency in these sciences. He had calculated eclipses for many years." His sudden death at age 21 was to bring to an end a promising career. According to the same source his papers came into the possession of his next younger brother, Captain Ebenezer Withington. The Harvard biographies of 17th and 18th century graduates state that these papers were in the possession of F. S. Withington, but in 1980 neither of his sons had ever seen them. As Capt. Ebenezer's two sons had no male descendants, these papers may be held by one of the descendants of their daughters. The third son, Philip, was our ancestor, but he and his older brother were to play an interesting part in the Boston Tea Party.

Ebenezer was a very common name in the 17th and 18th centuries and almost resulted in a disastrous case of mistaken identity. The leaders of the Boston Tea Party mistook the captain for his namesake, otherwise known as "Old Straddlebug" of "Sodom," which place according to Aunt Anne was in the neighborhood of the present Freeport Street. As she writes: "Dorchester was then so remote from Boston that Capt. Ebenezer and his wife had not heard of the exciting events and Mrs. Withington was astonished when in response to a knock at the door she opened it to find several Indians who asked her if she had any tea in the house. She brought out all she had, a tea caddy with tea. When the 'Indians' were convinced that this small amount was really all, they explained that they were not Indians but members of the 'Tea Party' who had thrown the tea into Boston Harbor and they had heard that Ebenezer Withington of Dorchester had gone out into the bay and picked some of the tea out of the water. Of course it was the other Ebenezer."

The Essex Gazette reported the story on 4 January 1774: "Whereas it was reported that one Withington of Dorchester had taken up and partially disposed of a chest of the East India Company's tea, a number of the Cape or Naraganset Indians went to the house of Capt. Ebenezer

Withington, and his brother Philip Withington, (both living on the lower road from Boston to Milton), last Friday evening and with their consent thoroughly searched their houses, without offering the least offense to any one. But finding no tea, they proceeded to the house of Ebenezer Withington, at a place called Sodom below the Dorchester Meeting-house where they found a part of a half chest which had floated, and cast upon Dorchester Point. This they seized and brought to Boston Common, where they committed it to the flames."

Philip (II), second surviving son of Ebenezer and younger brother of Ebenezer (II), was born on December 3, 1731. He married on the 29th of of May, 1755, Abigail Weeks, whose mother had been married to Samuel Withington, his father's first cousin before marrying Joseph Weeks, who was several years her junior. Philip and Abigail had seven children and apparently only our ancestor, Joseph Weeks Withington, had progeny. Philip, like his father, served as a soldier at Dorchester Heights in 1775, but only long enough to see the British leave for New York.

In his will, in which he described himself as "yeoman," Philip left a fair sized estate. His homestead consisting of three and a half acres that lay "between the lower road and the Turnpike which crosses my land . . . and also one half of my Pew in the Meeting House" was left to his eldest son and namesake. To his daughter Katharine Mather Withington who died unmarried in 1825, he left one half of a certain pasture plus southwest chamber in Philip's house and "the bedding and other furniture therein." She was also to have the use of one seat in the pew during her lifetime. Our ancestor, Joseph Weeks, who was one of the executors, received all the land lying west of the Turnpike amounting to about four and a half acres. As he also inherited one half of the pew, either the unmarried Philip or the Joseph Weeks family would have to give up one seat to Katharine. To his third son, Ebenezer, who though married never had any children, he gave twenty acres of pasture and finally to his daughter, Lois Withington Freeze, who also never had any offspring although married twice, the salt marshland and life interest in "upland laying at Calf Pasture."

Philip was concerned about the welfare of Katharine as he granted to Philip Jr. and to Joseph Weeks half of some pasture land to be used for the support of their sister. Furthermore if her inheritance was not

sufficient to support her, the three sons "shall provide equally for her necessary support."

Besides the actual will the appraisal of his estate that was probated is of interest. The homestead was valued at $1507.00, the total of the various pasture lands came to $1805.00, the land given to Joseph Weeks was appraised at $675.00, the salt marsh at $214.00 and the pew in the Dorchester North Meeting House was worth $100.00. The total of all the real estate - which included the pew - was $4301.00 and that of his "personal estate" was $334.44, making a grand total of $4635.44. Whether the will was written due to a premonition of death is not known, but the will is dated the eighth of June, 1808 and he died the following September, three years after his wife.

Aunt Anne wrote that Joseph Weeks Withington had two brothers, Philip and Ebenezer, and a sister, Aunt Katy, who as one may recall was to be taken care of by the two eldest brothers. Anne writes: "Philip and Katy were conspicuously undersized, but Philip carried himself with such an air of importance that he was known in Dorchester as 'King Philip,' while Joseph Weeks was a very tall man. . . Leonard Withington used to say of his Uncle Ebenezer 'he was the weakest of all the Withingtons.' Eliza Withington Noyes says there was a story in the family that he had been frozen as a baby, a fact that accounted for his weak intellect, but all are agreed that the brilliant minds of Joseph Weeks Withington's sons came from their mother, Elizabeth White, and not from the apparently run-out Withington side of the house."

Joseph Weeks was born 29 September 1759, married Elizabeth White (1769-1843), daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth (Mary?) Leeds White, and died on the 13th of May 1845. Little is known about him except that like his father he served with his fellow townsmen at various times during the American Revolution. He was with the "Lexington Alarm Service" and afterwards helped in erecting the fortifications on Dorchester Heights (South Boston) that eventually made Boston untenable, even though the British had powerful guns. Thus he was one of those Massachusetts' volunteers that George Washington, when he first took command, despaired of in private for their lack of discipline.He spent twelve days in March of 1776 guarding the shores at the mouth of the Milton River when he was a member of Capt. John Robinson's company, which was a part of Colonel

Benjamin Gill's regiment. He served at various other times during the war, including a forty day expedition to Rhode Island under Capt. John Armstrong. Perhaps the most unusual thing about him was that he was baptized Joseph Weeks, the full name of his maternal grandfather, and thus had two given names. This is certainly not unusual for the 20th century but very rare in the eighteenth. As for what the family inherited from Elizabeth White, Aunt Anne's notes on the White family may be enlightening. "Edward (White) and his wife came from Cranbrook, Kent, and (sailed on) the Abigail Hopewell in 1635 to Dorchester. His son James, who evidently kept a tavern in the town, married Sarah Baker, whose mother was Faith Withington, daughter of Henry. Son Edward was the father of Deacon Abijah White, long a well known and beloved figure in Dorchester. He was involved in a bitter controversy with the Rev. Mr. Bowman of the first church, of which he was deacon for 48 years. His son Samuel was drowned in Dorchester Bay when a very young man and Deacon Abijah White brought up his grandchild, Elizabeth White. She married Joseph Weeks Withington when very young" (17) and was to produce six children including two very interesting sons, Leonard and William.

V

THE LAST PURITAN

With the birth of Leonard Withington this story arrives at a point where there are many written records, plus the memoirs of family members and others who lived into this century. Leonard was born on the 9th of August, 1789 in Scarborough Place, Dorchester, now a part of Franklin Park. There the family owned a good deal of land and there was a joke among the people of the town that the Withington house was so inconvenient that had all the architects in Boston planned to make it so, they could not have succeeded so well. Not far away was the property of Samuel White, Joseph Weeks' father-in-law. Later Leonard's brother, the Rev. William Withington, was to build a house nearby that was to become the rectory for St. Leo's Church. (It seems ironic that a Roman Catholic rectory should be located on Calvinist Withington property, but St. Leo is appropriate as Leonard means "one who has courage of a leo")

Leonard was the first in our family to move away from Dorchester - going all the way to Newbury, about forty miles away. There in 1816 he became the pastor of the First Parish Church, which was just six years before Massachusetts "disestablished" after almost two hundred years the Congregational Church. He was to remain in Newbury until his death at almost 96 years of age. His obituary in the Newburyport Herald of April 23, 1885 contains several thousand words and must have been written by Leonard's son, Nathan Noyes, who was editor of the paper, as it contains intimate matters that only a member of the family would know about as well as some sardonic observations. The following is an edited version:

The Reverend Leonard Withington, D.D., died at his home in Newbury on Wednesday in the 96th year of his age. Dr. Withington was born in Dorchester, now a part of Boston, on the 9th of August, 1789. His parents were Joseph Weeks and Elizabeth White Withington. The family had lived in that town from the time it was first settled and were substantial people and one of his grandfathers held a Royal Commission as Captain. (Who this could be I cannot determine. His grandfather Philip W. was a soldier at Dorchester Heights during the siege of Boston and his grandfather Samuel White "was drowned in Dorchester Bay when a

very young man." None of his great grandfathers appear to have been military men.) The boy learned to read at a very young age and from the first displayed a great avidity for books. One of the first to capture him was Bunyon's allegory of the Pilgrim's Progress. This he read at so early an age that he imagined that a small pasture gate at some distance from his house was the "wicked gate" at which Christians knocked, so he contrived a burden for his shoulders and set forth on a pilgrimage. The incident illustrates the vividness of imagination which characterized him through life and which made the world more to him than what can be seen by the bodily eye. While the schools were not too good in those days, he managed to pick up the rudiments in which he was assisted by an uncle (White?). At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to the late Joseph T. Buckingham of Boston to learn the trade of printer. This part of his life he enjoyed since it opened up to him a larger field for reading, beside allowing him to have the association of intelligent and aspiring people, both young and old, to participate in and to attend the theaters of Boston, where he saw some of the great lights of the American stage.

The young Withington was a favorite of Buckingham, who gave him special opportunities and a regard grew up between master and apprentice which continued throughout their lives. Some time before the expiration of his apprenticeship Mr. Withington's ambition was to become an editor of a magazine or review. For this he felt the need of a college education. Mr. Buckingham forgave him most of the last year of his apprenticeship in order that he might fit for college. Mr. Withington in 1810 went to (Phillips) Academy at Andover for one year and while there joined Dr. Harris's church. After leaving Andover he studied for one year at home under the Rev. John Codman, D.D., of Dorchester, who induced him to enter Yale, which was the Orthodox college, rather than Harvard (which had become an anathema to the "Old Lights" as it had become the hot bed of Unitarianism), which was nearer home. Accordingly he entered as a sophomore and gained a high standing in his class from the beginning. During his final year he had a severe fit of illness so that his life was despaired of. Except for this he would have graduated first in his class of 1814. Nevertheless he was considered to be first in writing in the college at the time of his graduation. (Note: The

academic records at Yale begin with the class of 1818 and therefore the editor could not verify either of these claims) At his death he was the oldest surviving graduate of the college, as well as the oldest Congregational minister in the United States.

While in college he was influenced by the President of Yale (Timothy) Dwight (1752-1817) and the Rev. Dr. Codman to change his original plan and to study for the ministry. He accordingly studied with President Dwight and with Dr. Codman in Dorchester and then was approbated to preach in 1816 by the Union Association of Boston at the house of Dr. Morse of Charlestown. Soon after he received two calls from churches, one was the First Church of Newbury and although the salary offered was but one-third of that assured by the other call, yet the larger salary was from income from a fund, and he felt there would be little religious interest by parishioners who did not pay for its preaching. Accordingly he accepted the call from Newbury and was ordained pastor October 30, 1816. On January 17, 1817 he was married to Sophia, daughter of William Sherburne, Esq. of Boston. He established his home in the house that had been built by his predecessor, Dr. Abraham Moore, which stands at the head of Marlborough Street and here is where all his children were born. His first wife died April 1, 1826 and on May 28, 1827 he was married to Caroline, daughter of Honorable Nathan Noyes, M.D., of Newburyport. By his first wife Mr. Withington had three sons, all of whom died young and by his second wife he had five sons and four daughters, of whom two sons and four daughters survive. The second wife died in 1860, since which time he has remained a widower. Mr. Withington had a dislike for honorary college titles, which mean nothing, and this feeling was understood by his own alma mater, but in 1850 Bowdoin College gave him the degree of doctor of divinity, by which he was generally known except in his own parish. After forty-two years of active service in the pastorate of the first parish of Newbury, Mr. Withington retired on the anniversary of his ordination with the title of senior pastor.

Mr. Withington made an impression on the community from the time of his arrival. Although he lacked the voice and graces of an orator, he was a man of original thought, vigorous expression, extensive and accurate learning, especially of literature, which he read omnivorously

and for which he had an accurate memory. He was a thorough Greek and Latin scholar and well versed in Hebrew. He stimulated the Essex (County) North Association of Congregational Ministers to the study of the scriptures in the original so that the Association became soon noted for its learning in Hebrew and New Testament Greek.

He was one of the original temperance advocates in the vicinity. When he came here it was the custom of the ministers to put wine and spirits on the table at Association dinners. Mr. Withington and the late Rev. L. F. Dimmick agreed together to discontinue the practice and although it seemed inhospitable at first, it soon became the practice. (He was, however, against abolishing alcoholic beverages by law. See below for his "Talk Against a Proposed Prohibition Law")

His old master in the printing trade said of Mr. Withington, "As a critical student of English literature, I do not think he has many superiors among his clerical brethren. The works of the best writers in poetry and prose are as familiar to him - I had almost said - his Bible. He is of the 'Orthodox' school of theology and as a writer of sermons is not inferior to the best of that class of theologians. Indeed his style has very little of orthodoxy, but has all its earnestness and power. His style of speaking is not elegant or eloquent. It has some peculiarities that to a stranger are not attractive, but there is no affectation about it - though affectation of solemnity is the besetting sin of almost all of his Calvinistic contemporaries. His writing, whether sermons or lyceum lectures, orations for literary societies or essays for magazines or newspapers - and he has tried his hand at all of them - are characterized by originality of thought, strength of expression, and aptness of illustration. There is that in his manner of speaking which reminded me of Dr. Beecher the senior."

Perhaps nowhere did Mr. Withington show the qualities spoken of by Mr. Buckingham to better effect than in his Tuesday evening lectures. These lectures were extemporaneous talks and were illustrated by the latest readings of the speaker, who would often get carried away with his subject and he carried his audience with him. The vestry was filled with people and aside from their religious aspect the lectures were indeed an intellectual stimulus which was felt by hundreds of young people who today are no longer young. They were not formal discourses

and often the speaker did not know where the inspiration would lead him. They were, however, the delightful talks of a scholar and wit and humorist, which attracted many beside the members of the parish. With regard to the "Calvinism" spoken of by Mr. Buckingham, Dr, Withington in one of his private papers gives some account of himself and his views:

"I have aimed to be a modified Calvinist, that is I do not make sovereignty and free agency crowd out responsibility and human action so much as the old Calvinists did. I have tried to give a breadth to my preaching which I suppose our fathers failed in. I fancy myself something of an eclectic, not by bringing jarring systems together, but by taking the doctrine of grace for the nucleus of my system and engrafting on it all the harmonizing truth I can find. I have never been a party man: never swam well in the party - often suspected, sometimes vilified, and almost excommunicated. I set out to be independent and paid the penalty of it and reaped the reward. I am a firm believer, however, in the Trinity; the atonement, the divinity of Christ, and the total depravity of man. Unconditional election I also receive. I only demand it be so stated as not to convey error when you mean truth. The same I should say of the perseverance of the Saints. In short I am a modified Calvinist rather by the accretions I have gathered around the system, than removing any of the fundamental doctrines. The fault I had with the old system is that it is a skeleton when it ought to be a body, clothed with flesh and beaming with life."

It is not surprising . . . to find in another part of this private paper this jotting: "It is remarkable that all my calls for settlement before and after ordination were from liberal parishes."

Among his public addresses were the election sermon preached before the Massachusetts Legislature in 1831; a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa at Yale on September the 11th, 1821; an address delivered before a society in Dartmouth College in 1837; and, numerous lectures before Lyceums, the Essex Agricultural Society and others. From youth to his last days he contributed to magazines and newspapers and published many sermons and pamphlets upon public topics and Dr. Withington contributed to the Biblioteca Sacra even after he was eighty years old. (The card catalog of the Library of Congress lists many of his publications)

He published two books. One of these was The Puritan, consisting of

a series of papers - largely essays, but with some slight thread of narrative - in 1835. The other work was Solomon's Song: Translated and Explained in Three Parts (I - The Manuduction; II - The Version; III - The Supplement), published in 1861. About this work a late critic in one of the theological reviews said: it was "the ablest exposition ever published of the wrong theory as to Solomon's Song." His own estimate of his own writings was always extremely modest after they were published and he did not like to hear them spoken of. He especially refused to have The Puritan go into a second edition, though the publisher urged it because of the good demand.

In conversation he excelled and he was fond of delighting and terrifying his children with stories woven out of his fertile imagination and making up little poems on events in the family. He was an indulgent father, who wanted his children to hear, read, and think for themselves and he had a habit of asking questions so as to set them to reading and studying to find the answers which he would not supply. His conversation attracted many intelligent people to the house, so there was no lack of intellectual entertainment, to which was added the books of the library of a literary man and theologian.

He had a complete and rounded life if there ever was one. Although not of a robust frame and of rather feeble health in his early life, he grew more healthy as life wore on and his old age was one of calm happiness - living until the last lingering ember burned out. It can hardly be said that he died yesterday: he had ceased to live as a sheaf of corn fully ripe, He was gathered in as one lays down to sleep after the labors of the day are over. So he fell asleep after the labors of a day of the longest allotted to humanity. It was a happy life. He had been convinced that it was his duty to become a minister and such duty became his pleasure.

He was contented in the country parish in which he was settled and had the leisure for the literary labors which were his delight. He retired from the pastorate of people who would have gladly retained his services and while his powers were still in full vigor, leaving no impression of decline. His declining years were a period of companionship of children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, who admired his genius, loved his person and were devoted to his comfort.

Old as he was and feeble and broken, his departure leaves a great and sad void - especially to those who had known him and loved him from infancy until their own hair is whitening with age.

In volume VI of the Biographical Sketches of the Graduates of Yale College (September 1805 - September 1815) by Franklin Bowditch Dexter, published by the Yale University press in 1912 there is some material; not covered elsewhere. In his senior year he was one of the editors of the bi-weekly magazine, The Athanaeum. While it mentions that he delivered a poem at commencement in 1821 before the Phi Beta Kappa society, it also notes that he delivered the annual address before the alumni in 1845. The manuscript titled "A Dialogue," which he wrote for exhibition at his graduation commencement in 1814 is preserved at the Yale Library. Among the articles he wrote and published were: "Good Tidings of Great Joy - An Anonymous Satire;" "The Excellence of the Scriptures," published in the American Evangelist; "The Final Tendency of the Religious Disputes of the Present Day Impartially Considered (Boston: 1829) - all in all some twenty-three articles and works are listed.

The book commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the First Parish: Newbury, Massachusetts (1635-1935), edited by Eliza Adams Little and Lucretia Little Ilsley (with Harriot Withington Colman as one of the contributors) contains bits of additional information. Joseph Weeks Withington, according to the author, was "esteemed as a man of sound judgment" and that his wife, Elizabeth White, had "a rare intellect and social charm" and "entirely infused into her children her passion for reading." While we know that Leonard went to work for Joseph T. Buckingham when he was fifteen, the actual name of the firm was Thomas and Andrews of Newbury Street, Boston, where "he had access to a varied and extensive library." His particular job became one of a "literary character" and he set the type for the printing of John Locke's major epistemological work, Essay on Understanding as well as of Darwin's Laws of Organic Life - a work in "partial anticipation of his famous grandson's views on evolution." His ambition at first was to found a magazine of which he would be the editor and his brother Joseph (1794-1818), who was an engraver, would

illustrate. He wrote of himself: "It was not my original intention to be a preacher, I had no love for the office. . . . It appeared to me to require a narrow round of formal virtues, to which I was reluctant to submit. . . . But circumstances bore me away. I found my friends passionately determined that I should be a preacher. I seem to see the finger of providence pointing in that direction."

When he took over the First Parish of Newbury his organizational skills soon came into play. In less than two years he had established a Sunday School. A year later on April 22, 1819 he formed the Women's Missionary Society and in 1852 the Parish Circle for the "mutual benefit, improvement, and mutual enjoyment of men and women of all ages." He started the "famous" fourth of July Sunday School picnics in 1838, which were to continue long after his retirement. All this certainly contributed to the adding of 360 members to the parish rolls. Heating was installed in the church during his pastorate and the stove was situated in the center of the main aisle. Due to its location when "his eldest daughter (Sarah Elizabeth) was married (to James C. Colman) it was necessary for the bridal party of eight to separate and go each side of the stove and then reunite." Music was a part of the Sunday service and for some unknown reason during the early years of his pastorate a clarionet and a bass viol were used of which two of the latter were still in existence in 1935. Later these were replaced by a piano, then a melodeon and finally by an organ.

Of interest is that the Rev. L. W. replaced as pastor the Rev. John Popkin, who had been offered and accepted a professorship at Harvard. Nor did L. W. accept without reservations. In Currier's History of Newbury it states that he "was unwilling to accept the position unless some changes were made in the church covenant and in the ordinances relating to baptism of children whose parent were not in full communion with the church." This meant doing away with the hypocritical "Half-Way" Covenant of the 17th century. These changes were agreed to and then he suggested that a committee be formed to "confer with the Presbyterian church in Newburyport to settle the animosities" resulting from the organization of that church. The result was a lasting reconciliation.

The review of Solomon's Song in the parish history is much more favorable than that in the obituary. One critic was reported as saying

that it was "a very readable book" and that the "song has a spiritual meaning quite peculiar to itself and that there is a Dramatic Element in Scripture - Uses for the Imagination - which are of radical importance to the right interpretation of the Bible." It is learned that his last public address was at the funeral of William Wheelwright on October 17, 1873, which was published by the family and called "In Memoriam."

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Also revealing are the following (edited) remembrances of Aunt Anne about her grandfather: One important influence on Leonard's career was the bitter struggle that was dividing New England between those who supported the new Unitarianism and those who remained loyal to the established Congregational Church. Some of the leading men of the Second Church of Dorchester were in sympathy with the Unitarian movement, while the pastor Dr. Codman (Harvard 1802) was a rabid Calvinist. Violent measures were taken on both sides - including barring the pastor from the pulpit or at other times the pastor took steps to exclude his opponents. As the Withington family sympathized with Dr. Codman, this was to help Leonard Withington to become the orthodox of the orthodox - a position he maintained all his life, although his intellectual curiosity and alertness compelled him to read all that his adversaries had to say.

He learned Latin on his own, had a year's preparation at Phillips Academy at Andover and then, influenced by Dr, Codman, went to Yale. After graduating in 1814 he went to the Andover Theological School, which was adjacent to the Academy. He used to tell with enjoyment a story about his first meal with the theological students. He said that coming from Yale to Andover he expected to find his fellow theological students wholly absorbed in spiritual matters, but at his first meal upon looking up after grace was said, he was astonished to see practically all the students with their knives and forks poised in their hands ready to begin the moment grace was over.

He had a strong dramatic sense, having enjoyed the theatre in his youth. His son, Nathan Noyes, used to say that he dramatized the fires of Hell and enjoyed doing it as much as he would have enjoyed giving a theatrical performance.

He resigned the active pastorate in 1858 at the age of 69, but

remained as pastor emeritus until his death in 1885 - sixty-nine years in his one parish. He was an active member of the community, serving in many capacities. He wrote continually and in Whittier's Child Life in Prose there is a charming piece called "The Bird's Nest in the Moon," a story of "Moon Island," which was written by Leonard Withington. Under the sobriquet of "Jonathan Oldbug" he wrote The Puritan. (Aunt Anne stated that he used the same sobriquet for Solomon's Song, but my copy clearly states on the title page that the author was Leonard Withington and there was only one edition.)

He was a trustee of Phillips Acadamy at Andover and of Dummer Academy. Rather interesting that he should be a trustee in both schools: one the oldest incorporated school in the United States (Andover) and the other the oldest boarding school. At the centennial celebration of Dummer Academy in 1863 it was said that the "Rev. Leonard Withington was for several years President of the Board of Trustees. This distinguished clergyman whose genius and scholarship have so long been the admiration of all who knew him, was seven years a trustee. . . He evinced his confidence by placing his sons in the school. His presence imparted life and spirit to our examinations. Many a man now in middle life must still remember those racy, offhand talks, so full of wisdom and good sense and so entirely free from theological cant and . . . commonplace."

John Greenleaf Whittier in his poem "To My Old Schoolmaster" wrote:

In my pew for many a year
Homily from Oldbug hear;
Who, to wit, like that of South
And the Syrian's golden mouth,
Doth the homely pathos add
Which the pilgrim preachers had;
Breaking like a child at play,
Gilded idols of the day,
Cant of knave and pomp of Jove
Tossing with his ridicule,
Yet, in earnest or in jest,
Ever keeping truth abreast.

He had many opportunities to go to city churches, but he liked the leisure his country parish gave him for study. He read a chapter of

Hebrew every day until his death. He loved the world of out of doors and especially liked to walk. When nearing ninety he walked two and a half miles miles to the house of James Parton (who was most important biographer of his day) to see a new French encyclopedia and then walked home. He was always very fond of the water and was a great swimmer. After he was eighty he swam out beyond the breakers at Plum Island.

With the publication of the Origin of Species Nathan Noyes and Elizabeth Little Withington could no longer subscribe to the creed and his father put them out of the church. Even though they only lived across the street from each other, their discussions were by letter and so their personal relations were never broken. N.N.W. admired his father's brilliance, enjoyed his scholarship, but was aware of his mental peculiarities. He did not have the affection for his father that he had for his mother. Nathan Noyes used to quote his uncle-in-law, Dr. Francis V. Noyes, saying his father felt no more responsibility for his children than a turtle had for the eggs that it had laid.

Leonard had a total of twelve children, three by Sophia Sherburne and nine by Caroline Noyes, of whom nine lived to adulthood. William Sherburne, who after studying at Amherst, went to sea and died at Matanzas, Cuba and Leonard Withington (II), who lived and died in West Fairlee, Vermont, were children by his first wife. The latter had two daughters of whom only Harriet Sophia married. Her husband was Henry Lyman Cornell, grand nephew of Ezra Cornell, benefactor and founder of Cornell University. They moved to Boston where he managed a large estate left to him by his maternal uncle. Some of their descendants must still exist as they had five children - one son and three daughters.

Of the nine children of his second marriage six were alive in 1903. Nathan Noyes was the eldest son and Sarah Elizabeth, who married James Chute Colman, was the eldest daughter. She had two daughters, neither of whom married. Lucy, the second oldest daughter, married John Thurston Jaques, a descendant of Henry Jaques, who settled in Newbury in 1640 at the same time as George Little. She had one surviving son, William White Jaques (Cousin Will), who was eighteen months younger than his cousin, D.L.W. He was a noted scientist who had graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1876 with a B.Sc. He then attended Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore where he earned one of earliest Ph.D's.

in science in the United States. While experimenting on the use of underground electric wiring for "automatic electric wiring for cities," the American Bell Telephone company called on him for help and then he joined that company (AT&T) as their chief scientist. Low I says that "all the great development of the telephone being under his direction and the long distance telephone (was) his accomplishment." He had many important inventions and developed the "Jaques Battery or Direct Action Scheme for obtaining electricity from coal, an invention destined to eventually to make a greater economic revolution than the steam engine. This invention was the subject of the enthusiastic . . attention of Lord Kelvin just before his death and burial in Westminster Abbey." Cousin Will had also attended several German universities, including Heidelburg and was awarded many honorary degrees. He had three daughters one of whom, Louise, married John Miller of Chester, Nova Scotia, who was the scion of the leading lumber family in Great Britain and had at least one son. (HRW can remember visiting Cousin Will in 1920 at his house on Beacon Street in Boston and hearing his father, Paul, mention on more than one occasion the electricity from coal "scheme." Cousin Will would take a piece of coal from a scuttle and then say in effect, "There is enough energy in this piece of coal to supply Boston with all its electric needs." What was the theory? What has happened to it? Did it have any relationship to Einstein's theories, which were first published in 1905 and Kelvin died in 1907?)

Joseph, the second oldest son, never married and lived in Matoon, Illinois. He was a captain in the Seventh Illinois Volunteers in the Civil War and held various town offices including mayor. Richard died of cholera on Hart's Island , New York Harbor, while still in service in the Veterans' Reserve Corps in 1866. Twins, Francis and William, died in infancy, while the youngest, Mary Niles, married the Reverend Joseph Boardman by whom she had several children including another "Cousin Will."

These children learned much of poetry, much of New England folklore and humor. Leonard wrote verses for them and told them stories. His ready pen and aptitude for verse delighted them - and often a wider audience. One verse that shows him in this role was about an aged wheelwright:

Aunt Susan Wheelwright, who at the gate of heaven locks,
'Gainst all except the strictest Orthodox,
May find one day that She
Against herself has locked that very Gate
And thrown away the key.

Leonard Withington lived to be the oldest living graduate of Yale and the college paid him a tribute on his death by writing: "He was man of original thought and vigorous expression; and of extensive and accurate learning. No one could meet him, even casually, without admiration of his unusual gifts." Thomas Wentworth Higginson told me (ATW) that Leonard Withington was the last of the Puritans. Perhaps this was one of the reasons that his name was included in Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography and other biographical dictionaries of the time.

His younger brother, William, an Episcopal minister, later became the oldest living graduate of Harvard and was, of course, the ancestor of the so-called Cleveland Withingtons. Their sister Eliza lived to be one hundred and one and died only then, I verily believe, because she thought she had lived long enough (August 31, 1791 to December 17, 1891).

The last Thanksgiving of Leonard Withington's life, in 1884, three of his great-grandchildren were of the family party (This would have included Leonard III, oldest son of David Little Withington, who was born in March of that year), The family always gathered for a mid-day dinner at the house in Oldtown, stayed until after supper - which usually included escalloped oysters as the main dish - and then played games. One year there were twenty-eight of us.

Note: Geographically the original Newbury had an area of about 30,000 acres. Newburyport was separated when it became a town in 1764 and given additional land in 1851 when incorporated as a city. In the seventeenth century part of the original grant was split off to form a part of Rowley and in 1820 West Newbury was created and this was to leave Newbury with about twelve square miles, which was mostly farm land. By 1800 there were five parishes within the area of the original grant, but the First Parish church was close to the eastern Newburyport boundary.

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Before leaving "The Last Puritan" perhaps the key to knowing the "real" person lies in the two essays of his of which I have knowledge. The first is a "Talk Against a Proposed Prohibition Law," which he wrote in 1846 and the second his "Sermon for the Two Hundredth Anniversary . . of the First Church in Newbury," . . delivered October 20 of the same year. His position on prohibition for one whose temperance beliefs had resulted in the doing away with wine at the Congregational Association meetings would be unbelievable in most cases, but not for this remarkable man. Since it is short, what follows is the entire text:

For several years past, a glorious and very successful war has been waged in our Commonwealth against that most deformed and worst of all tyrants - Intemperance. How often are we compelled in the reading the history of moral reformation, to see a cause begin in wisdom and end in folly.

The only way to preserve government in our country is to confine it to its practical objects. If there should ever arise in our land a set of men, incited by an unwise zeal and misled by impractical theories, who should attempt to apply "the strong arm of the law" to objects which under the genius of republicanism, it never can effect, such men, in the end, will do much to prostrate all power and the reins of authority will snap in their hands. Strange that sober men should be so perverse! - that jealous virtue should never pause to think!

It is always best to ask in all schemes of legislation what the people will bear, I mean what they will execute. Laws partially executed are but legalized injustice. Abstract perfection is the very objection which a good man, who mingles experience with goodness, should urge against a law which is to be executed by imperfect men in this imperfect world. The secret of strength is moderation; republicanism, too, is a very critical machine.

We cannot expect to exterminate drunkeness any more than other sins until God blesses his Gospel and a better day dawns on the world. On the other hand, it seems to me, while temperate men confine themselves to rational measures, their causes are peculiarly successful. Trace the evil to its cause, and endeavor to remove it. Remember some are drunkards because they are poor, some because they are idle, some

because they are disappointed, some because they are ignorant, some because of an unhappy nervous system. Reflect that there are indirect as well as direct efforts to oppose this evil and that sometimes the indirect efforts are the most effectual. Very little good has been done by the "Absolute Shall". It provokes all the pugnacity that slumbers in the Yankies' heart.

The second, the sermon commemorating the First Parish church's two hundredth is eighteen pages long, but the passages I have selected show not only his knowledge and intelligence, but his humaneness:

The text is Psalm XCIX, 8, 9: THOU ANSWEREDEST THEM O LORD, OUR GOD: THOU WAST A GOD WHO FORGAVEST THEM, THOUGH THOU TOOKEST VENGEANCE OF THEIR INVENTIONS. EXALT THE LORD OUR GOD, AND WORSHIP HIS HOLY HILL; FOR THE LORD OUR GOD IS HOLY.

The veneration with which we look back on our ancestors . . is a strong feeling, implanted in our hearts by Providence, and there are occasions when it needs to be regulated rather increased. Pride, if it ever be lawful, becomes honest when we look back on ancestors to whom, under God, we owe half our virtue and nearly all our happiness. . . .

The praises, however, bestowed on the Puritans have not always been discriminating. They are our fathers; and we have been sometimes led into the amiable error of over-rating their virtues and turning our eyes away from their faults. . . . No doubt God led them to this wilderness; he employed them in a very important work - he took them away from feudalism of the old world; he sent them out, as he sent Abram to Canaan, to this distant continent; he employed them in building up a new system of government and religion; . . . he gave them all the virtues which he saw necessary, and he allowed some of the errors which his own deep wisdom sometimes condescends to use in bringing about its mighty purposes.

New England owes its existence to the faults of the reformation. When we read the history (of the reformation) our sympathy is enlisted with the reformers; we admire their fortitude; their zeal; their sincerity; their scorn of tyrants and their reverence for God. Our feelings inform us where they ought to have stopped; and we regret deeply when we see the beauty and the progress of the work marred by the dissentions of good men. O, if Queen Elizabeth had had a little more

earnest piety; if her bishops had been a little more conciliating and their measure more mild; if the puritans themselves had been less zealous about the surplice, and a little more men of the world, - what a beautiful edifice of unity and wisdom might have sprung up. . . But God's ways are not our ways. It is his will that the Church be torn by dissension . . (and) it was these contests of the protestants that planted New England.

New England from her very commencement was shaken by religious disunion. The everlasting question of uniting the rights of conscience with the unity and welfare of the Church. . . They came to this shore to enjoy peace; but reformation is a series of questions which seem to exist in an everlasting chain. How can you have peace when every impetuous Jehu, yokes his chariot and whips his horses, and says to every wise man that meets him : WHAT HAST THOU DO WITH PEACE? TURN THEE BEHIND ME.

This ancient parish may be considered as the very concentration of the character of New England. . . The first parish of Newbury gives . . proofs in its written records that it preferred strenuous liberty to peaceful bondage . . .

There are some subjects which even now I should not go to (works) of the Calvinists to find the best discussion of (truths). Tillotson's sermon on evil speaking; Dr. Barrows' discourses on industry; Sherlock's views on restitution and reparation as absolutely necessary to the sincerity of repentance, are far better . . . than in the writings of men who . . . insist on the depravity of man and salvation by a free pardon.*

More harm has been done in this world by partial truth than positive error.

. . . the history of this church may throw some new light on the principles of toleration. It has been much disputed who has the credit of handing this precious jewel to the world. Some say it was John Goodwin, the Arminian.** Some advocate the claim of Dr. Owen. Some mention Cromwell; some applaud the Quakers; some give the laurel to Milton. Locke's letters on Toleration and the commentary of Bayle, the French sceptic, have been mentioned and applauded. It has always seemed to me that it is too precious a gift to belong to any party or man. . .

(But) in the origin of New England, toleration would not have been wise. This country derived its character; its energy; its piety, almost wholly from its uniformity. The wisdom of toleration depends upon the degree of advancement among the people.

I can say of all my predecessors, what I hope will be said of me, . . . that they caught some of the fragments of the seamless robe of Christ, which is too often parted in this polemic world. . . If judicious preachers have had some success here in forming an intelligent audience, perhaps an intelligent audience has had some effect in producing judicious preachers.

*John Tillotson (1630-1694), Archbishop of Canterbury, 1689-1694. He was the son of a Puritan and married a niece of Oliver Cromwell, but in 1662 with the passage of the Act of Uniformity that disenfranchised the non-conformists (dissenters), he "conformed." In 1672 he was made Dean of Canterbury and had considerable influence on Princess Anne, the future Queen, who supported the Glorious Revolution against her Roman Catholic father, James II. He was known for his support of dissenters and with the accession of William and Mary he became Archbishop of Canterbury, when Archbishop Sancroft refused to take an oath of loyalty to a king and queen "elected" by Parliament while James was still alive.

Thomas Sherlock (1678-1761), Bishop of (1) Bangor, (2) Salisbury and last of London. When chaplain to George I he refuted Bishop Hoadly of Bangor, who started the Bangorian controversy by declaring that "God's favor did not depend on any particular method of religious observance, but on sincerity in the conduct of the conscience and of actions." Sherlock pointed out that this argument "led directly to deism." Yet he was friendly to the dissenters and friend of the Whig Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole.

** "Arminian:" a follower of Jacobus Arminius (1560-1609), who held that "election" for salvation for only "particular" persons, as claimed by Calvin, meant there was no possible salvation for the others. Thus predestination would make God the "author of sin" and therefore man has free will.

VI

NATHAN NOYES AND ELIZABETH LITTLE WITHINGTON

Reminiscences by Anne Toppan Withington

Nathan Noyes Withington was born on March 9, 1828 and Elizabeth Little thirty-one days earlier on February 7th. They were both born in the First Parish of Newbury of which Leonard Withington was pastor: Nathan Noyes in the house on High Street opposite Marlborough Street, where he was to live until he was fourteen. In 1842 the family moved to what is still called the Withington house on land that Caroline had inherited from her father, Dr. Nathan Noyes. As both families attended the same meeting house, the two had many acquaintances in common, although they lived in different parts of town.

It must have been quite a household considering that there were to be eight children who lived to be grown up. There were Nathan Noyes' two half brothers, William Sherburne and Leonard,Jr., besides Nathan Noyes, who was the eldest of Caroline's offspring, Sarah Elizabeth, Lucy, Joseph, Harriet, and Mary Niles (whose twin died four months after birth). In spite of his Puritanism Leonard was possessed of much fun and humor and it was a happy family.

N.N.W., with the exception of a short term at the Upper Green School and the time when he was fitting for college at (Governor) Dummer Academy, he went to school in Newburyport. (This was not difficult since the family lived almost on the boundary of the two places) He was so little when he was sent to his first "dame's" school that he used to be carried out and put to sleep on a bed in a neighboring room as best he could remember. I am not sure whether or not it was this school that was kept by a teacher who used to walk about the room during morning prayer with a busk (a strip of steel or whalebone that strengthened a woman's corset) in her hand to whack any head that she saw raised from the child's arms folded on the desk. My father said it was something like this as she stalked about opening an eye to see what was going on: "Our Father who art in Heaven" (whack to the right), "Hallowed be Thy Name" (whack to the left), etc.

Later he went to Miss Mulliken's school (located at the corner of

High and Allen Streets) and there he wore an apron like those that French children wear, but his was made of gingham. Later he attended Master Savery' school, where he formed life long friendships with many of his schoolmates. Some of them were from the two of three families that lived in the two ends of the Ilsey house. The middle part was occupied by two old maids and a bachelor brother who had been a Revolutionary soldier. The long attic of the Ilsley house was open from end to end and the children were forbidden to tread on that part of the attic that was directly over the heads of the three elderly people. The children dutifully obeyed, but amused themselves by rolling a Revolutionary War cannon ball from one end to the other, which was not exactly pleasant for the people below. One playmate of my father's was Wade Ilsley and together they had an imaginary companion whose name was "Bee Bobbie." He was never present when the two playmates were together, but the two boys told of his sayings and doings.

In the big house on the corner of High and Marlborough Streets lived "Uncle Joe Tappin" (Toppan) and Aunt Patience, who was a sister of Tristram Little, Elizabeth's father. She first had married a man named March, by whom she had a daughter. Left a widow, she married the rich old bachelor, Joseph Toppan, who was nearing seventy, and had two children by him: Joe, Jr. and Ann, for whom I was named. One day Uncle Joe, who was almost blind, and another old codger were standing in front of his house when they heard cries of alarm from the Withington house across the street. Leaning far out of an upper story window was the youthful Nathan apparently dangling his brother Joseph by a rope - all the while crying out, "Now will you give up? Now will you give up?" The two old men toddled over to tell their mother, Caroline, that Nathan was murdering Joe. She dashed upstairs into the bedroom to find a delighted Joe peeping out to see his stuffed clothes being shaken violently by his older brother while he himself supplied some terrifying yells. They were indeed an imaginative lot.

Uncle Joe said my father and he were walking together along High Street when a wagon passed them. "Run along little wheels" said N.N.W. to the fore wheels "or the big wheels will catch you." Their father took the children on walks and told them stories, wrote verses for them and recited poems. Their mother sang old folk songs like "Soldier, soldier,

marry me with your musket, fife and drum;" "Villikens and his Dinah;" "Lord Lovel, he stood at his castle gate;" etc. She told them folk tales such as "Up Heart, Liver and Lights." Uncle Joe was so entranced with the Arabian Nights that he possessed himself of an old brass lamp and retired to a dark place in the cellar where he rubbed it and said words of incantation, hoping the genii would appear.

There was not much system or guidance in the family and the children seem to have done much as they chose about their education. N.N.W. seems to have been continually in fights, although he played the hero in a play based on a Sunday school book famous at the time named "A Kiss for a Blow" by the Rev. Henry C. Wright, a leader in the struggle against slavery. The Rev. Mr. Wright was one of the many ministers to visit the Withington home and was so impressed by the youthful Nathan that he had written this story about him. However, on Wright's next visit the hero made his appearance with a bleeding nose, the result of one of his many fights. Mr. Wright was said to have remarked that he would be obliged to write a sequel.

There existed then and for years after a kind of feud between the "upalong" and "downalong" boys, but as N.N.W. lived in the lower part of town and went to school with the boys from the upper part, he managed to come in for all the frays.(This is confusing: NNW lived near the Upper Green; ATW here calls it "lower part of town" - meaning Newburyport?)

He was often sent on household errands to the shop of one of his father's parishioners on Lime Street in Newburyport. Nearer to home was another shop kept by the Lime Street owner's father, who resented the family trade going to his son. One day N.N.W. was bringing back on his sled a jug which contained whale oil. The father rushed out of his shop as he passed by and exclaimed, "Why do you go up to my son Jim's when I have West Injy molasses just as good as his" and then seized the jug and tasted the supposed molasses. The delighted Nathan let him have his taste without a word. Another day, to his great disgust, he was sent to buy three <u>pots de chambre</u> and in order to take revenge on his mother for sending him on this errand, he removed the wrappings, put one on his head, took one in each hand and marched down High Street clashing them like cymbals.

Those were the days of old New England "help" and the "help" in the

Withington family for some years was Abigail Farrington, the daughter of a West Newbury farmer. She had what was then called a "follower" and N.N.W. said he enjoyed being allowed to go into the kitchen when the young man was there and call out: "It's nine o'clock and mother says it's time for you to go." This same Abigail, I think, was the one who used to say when the frying doughnuts bounced out of the kettle: "Marm Hooper has bewitched them." Eventually she married the "follower." He was not what the family felt was a desirable person and when my grandmother heard that Abigail was going to marry him, she asked why. "Mrs. Withington," she replied, "I've got to marry him to get rid of him."

Master Savary, who kept the school to which N.N.W. went for a number of years, was of the old thrashing type who taught with a ferule. N.N.W. said he had a superstition that if he knelt on a certain nail during morning family prayers, he would not be whipped that day. There was one boy who, it was said, was whipped every day. Master Savery was considered by some to be a fine teacher, but he left a lasting hatred in the hearts of the boys. After Nathan had been at Savery's school for several years, his father told him one day the story of the Dutch boy who saved the lives of his neighbors by putting his finger in a hole in the dyke. When finishing the story he asked Nathan if he would be willing to save a man's life. "I wouldn't save old Savery," was the reply. His father shortly afterwards took Nathan out of Savery's school, saying that any boy who felt that way about his teacher would get little good from him. Years later N.N.W. was walking into Newburyport and met Dick Spoffard, who called out to him gleefully, "Old Savery is dead." A little farther on he met Amos Noyes, who exclaimed, "Old Savery is dead." And still later another former school fellow cheerfully announced the news.

While attending Master Savery's school he had dinner every day with his grandfather and grandmother Noyes at their house on Federal Street. His grandfather had retired from the practice of medicine and did a great deal for his two daughters, Caroline and her prosperous sister, Mrs. Balch. Once grandfather Noyes sent the Withington family a barrel of eggs as a present. "Now, children," said their mother, you can have boiled eggs, fried eggs, scrambled eggs, or any kind of eggs - but you

must eat eggs." The family used to say that for many years they hated the sight of eggs. Sometimes their rich city cousins would send to the family of the poor pastor's family their cast off finery. After Nathan Noyes' half brother William died in Cuba in 1841 some pink silk bonnets arrived and as a sop to the period of mourning the girls put black ribbons on their bonnets and set off for church. Their mother very properly told them they could choose between bonnets and mourning, but could not combine them.

Relatives, of whom there were many, often stayed with them, especially the Niles, the Noyes, and the Balches. The Matoon, Illinois, Noyes cousins would come on when their father, Uncle Eben Noyes, had one of his streaks of good fortune. His daughter Maria was very plain, but a clever woman with a sharp tongue. My uncle Dick (the 11th out of the fourteen of Leonard's children) took her aside one day and said solemnly, "Maria, I want to speak seriously to you. I've seen for a long time what your feeling is for me." She in turn indignantly demanded: "What do you mean?"

"Oh," he replied, "I quite understand your denying it, but it is useless, Maria. In all kindness I tell you it is useless."

The even nore indignant woman cried out, "Dick Withington, you are a puppy - you are nothing but a puppy."

"Yes, dear Maria, "he replied sadly, "I quite understand."

Uncle Dick was the center of another yarn. There was a plague of rats and my grandfather Leonard told Uncle Dick he would give him twenty-five cents for every rat he caught. After hunting a whole day he appeared in his father's study with one rat. His father paid the twenty-five cents and he retired. In a very short time Uncle Dick again returned with a rat. His father paid him and he withdrew only to appear in a suspiciously short time with a rat. "Richard," said Grandpa, "You may leave the rat here this time." The game was up.

Uncle Dick went to California when young and was later to die of cholera just after the close of the Civil War. My mother said of her mother-in-law that she worried so when Uncle Dick left Newbury that she never felt well afterwards. (As Caroline Noyes Withington died in 1860, this would be only a couple of years after "Uncle Dick" had left for California at age of about twenty) The two older half brothers, sons of

Sophia Sherburne, both died young. William Sherburne Withington went to Amherst. As he was not well he went on a sea voyage, as was a customary prescription for various illnesses, and died of yellow fever in Matanzas, Cuba. Leonard, Jr. went to West Fairlee, Vt.and carried on his stepmother's great-grandfather's (Judge, Congressman, etc. Nathaniel Niles) place. He married there and had two daughters, Catherine, who never married, and Harriet Sophia, who married Henry Lyman Cornell and had several children. It was Leonard Junior that wrote the valentine to Miss Mary Jane Sweetzer, the most dignified spinster in his father's parish:

Oh Mary Jane, you're very <u>good</u>;
I <u>hope</u> I shall be understood.

As the Reverend Leonard Withington's and his son's initials were the same, the valentine became quite a sensation when its content became public.

Uncle Joe was the only one of my father's brothers I remember. He was six years younger than my father and was among the first pupils to attend the Putnam School. I remember him as being very handsome and amusing. He went to Illinois when he was sixteen and was fortunate to hear two of the seven Lincoln-Douglas debates. At the debate at Charleston, which was not very far from Matoon, Uncle Joe, age twenty-four, watched the crowds as they pushed up to the platform to grasp Abe's hand. Uncle Joe then jumped on a barrel and called out, "Does anyone want to shake the only hand that hasn't shaken Mr. Lincoln's hand?" There was a roar of laughter and a small crowd began shaking his hand. Then over the heads of his crowd came a long arm and a voice said: "And now shake hands with me, too."

Uncle Joe was a captain in the 7th Illinois Volunteers and was in some of the worst battles of the war. When his regiment was attached to Grant's Army of the Mississippi on its way to Vicksburg he was given strict orders that no one was to pass through the lines unless absolutely accounted for. A man in a plain overcoat was brought to him since the man had been unclear as to his business. Uncle Joe ordered the overcoat removed and then saw to his embarrassment the insignia of a major general. Uncle Joe immediately recognized him, but Grant assured him that he and his men had been entirely in the right.

The three older daughters of Leonard and Caroline lived in the Newburyport area during their entire lives, but the youngest, Mary Niles, who married the Rev. Joseph Boardman, and went to one of the Carolinas after the Civil War to teach the "freedmen." She and her husband later returned to New England. All the children, however, were for the most part allowed to decide what they wanted to do. When N.N.W. was fourteen and had reached his full height and strength, he thought he would like to be a farmer. His father took him out of school and put him on the farm of Joseph Lunt, near Oldtown hill. At this time the region was the most remote and rural part of the county. The Lunts were a queer lot and I think he rather enjoyed the experience at first, but in about a year he decided that he wanted to go to college. He was sent to (Governor) Dummer Academy where Frederick Adams was principal.

The part of Oldtown in which E.L.W. was born in 1828 was little changed from the Newbury of the seventeenth century. There was the same old High Road that ran from from the Parker River into Newburyport. The Lower Road branched off from the High Road at the Upper Green and ran into Hay Street and then on to Knight's Crossing, which was then Knight's mill where the grist was ground. It then continued on to the "Neck," as the Littles called the land about the Devil's Basin, which is bounded by salt marshes. On these roads lived the descendants of the first settlers: Little, Noyes, Moody, Plummer, Ilsley, Knight, Kent, Rolfe, Dole, Poor, Stickney, Short, Bray, etc.

There was a whole tribe of Littles, some of whom were after a period of two hundred years only distantly related. And in spite of the democratic traditions of the community there was a considerable difference in their standing. The more prosperous and more enlightened members of the parish lived chiefly on the Lower Road, where there was "Scotland," the home of the Coffins and on Hay Street, where the Moodys lived. Farther down on Plummer Street (Plummer's Lane or Short's Hole, my mother called it) and far down on High Road lived some very odd characters. Henry Bailey Little said he was told that before Leonard Withington came to the parish the settlement around the Lower Green was considered a "heathenish place." Mr. Withington began to hold services in a nearby school house and in time brought these people into the church.

Many of these people's ancestors had come over after the first migration and their descendants had never lifted themselves from out of the poverty and ignorance of the England from whence their forebears had come.I once said to my father after he had told stories about members of the Short, Jaques and Bray families that they seemed to me to be like Bottom, the weaver, and his friends in A Midsummer Night's Dream. "Exactly the same kind," said he. There were "Paul and Joan," who courted for fifty years and then didn't marry because they never were ready to change. It was Ben Short who Ellen Noyes Balch declared she heard beg in a prayer: "Oh Lord, help us to be and make us to be that which Thou knowest we can never be," One of the Shorts was in the American Revolution and later became the sexton. He married twice - the second time when he was nearly seventy, so that today (May 1926) Miss Ruth Short is the daughter of a man who served in the Revolution.

When my sister Molly and I went to London in 1887 we stayed at a place in Dorset Square that had been recommended by friends in Chicago. Much to our surprise we found ourselves staying with the granddaughter of the old sexton. One of the Short girls married a man named Bray, who worked on the Little place and whom I remember as a very old man. He was well known in Oldtown for his tall stories. Though he probably had never been out of Newbury, he claimed he had visited every country of the globe. "Have you ever been in Egypt?" one of the Little children asked. "Oh, yes," he replied, "awful dark place." Some of the Shorts lived to be very old and once a stranger to the area saw an old man whimpering on his doorstep. "What's the matter," the man asked. The old man replied, "My father has beaten me." There was also the tale that three generations of this tribe had kicked his father downstairs.

The social life of the parish centered about the meeting house where there were two services each Sunday. Though in my mother's day most people walked to the meeting house, but I can remember the sheds that had been built for horses and carriages. My mother insisted that Oldtown lacked the initiative and venturesomeness of Byfield and West Newbury because, as she claimed, Byfield had the Academy and the adventuresome went to West Newbury leaving Oldtown with the left behinds.

In the old house where Elizabeth Little was born lived her paternal

grandfather and grandmother, Nathaniel and Mary Toppan Little, her Uncle Henry Little and his family of eight on the south side of the house and her own father and mother, Tristram and Sarah (Little) Little, and their eight children on the north side. The house had originally faced south, but when it had been enlarged the wide hall that divided the families was entered through the front door on the west. Near by was Uncle Silas' "brick house" where Cousin Joe and his big family lived besides "Squire" Silas, Aunt Lucretia and Cousin Sally. Cousin Joe or, in order to distinguish him from the other Deacon Littles, called Deacon Joe and his wife were married for seventy-five years and they were still alive when I was grown up. All in all there must have been at least twenty-four children in the two houses, although there would have been a considerable difference in ages.

Except for Sundays at the meeting house and an occasional trip to Newburyport the family had small need for contact with the outer world. I do not think that in my mother's day the spinning was done at home and tailoresses and mantua makers were paid to make their best clothes. The family had a story about one of the latter who generally had supper with the family before returning to her home. She would be asked invariably if she would have another helping and she would invariably reply, "Well - perhaps I can walk it down." All the cooking was done in the fireplace or in the big brick oven. They had little fresh meat except poultry and most other meats were salted. Butter and cheese, soap and candles were made at home. Stockings were knit by the female members of the family, but there was a large store of linens handed down from past generations. Geese were kept and their feathers were plucked for bedding by the children as part of their chores. Elizabeth, being one of the younger children, did not have as heavy a load as the older.

Compared with today there were many hardships. The only heat in the winter came from the big fireplace and Squire Silas' house must have been particularly uncomfortable as there was a tradition that the big front door was not shut for fifty years. At home and at the meeting house they had footwarmers and soapstones to take the edge off the cold and there were warming pans to take the chill off the beds. During the winter the family sat as close <u>inside</u> the fireplace as they could get and as there was no woven warm underclothing, they added layers of

outside clothing to keep warm. The death rate was very high among young people who seemed always to be "going into a decline." My father said that frequently some girl was carried out after fainting during the Sunday service.

The district school to which all these Little children went was on what is now called Hay Street (sometimes called Sweet Briar Lane) near the High Road - one of the most charming parts of Oldtown. The teaching was of the old fashioned kind - the children reciting the alphabet and multiplication tables in chorus. At one time the school was taught by a Miss Pike of Ring's Island, Salisbury (across the Merrimac from Newbury), who lived with the Tristram Littles. My father declared she was "a pompous old prig," but she seemed a wonderful person from an outer world to my mother.

My mother always longed to see the world and anyone from regions beyond Oldtown had a romantic attraction for her. Among such were Uncle William and Aunt Polly who sometimes drove from Danvers (all of twenty miles away) in their chaise to see their Oldtown relatives. Sometimes there were visits from connections in Belleville (part of Newbury) and even from the remoter cousins from Maine. A walk to Newburyport was an anticipated and rather rare event. As her Uncle Henry was a Unitarian, she on occasion would attend the Unitarian meeting house in Newburyport accompanied by one of her girl cousins. My mother remembered every celebration including Sunday school picnics: one in Tenney's orchard where N.N.W. read the Declaration of Independence. She remembered the Fourth of July when a balloon came down in a field near the Upper Green.

Mary March, daughter of Aunt Patience Toppan's first marriage, died soon after she reached maturity and never was there a calmer departure from this world. She ordered the mourning the family was to wear. Aunt Mary Little was at the Toppan house when Mary March made her half sister Ann put on her mourning clothes so she could be inspected. Ann objected vigorously and pouted when she was being viewed. Mary March observed calmly to Aunt Mary: "She was always disagreeable." The next morning she departed this life - presumably happy that she had arranged matters to her own satisfaction.

Christmas was not celebrated like today, but "Fast Day" was a

religious holiday. (Christmas to the Puritans was a Catholic mass and considered sacreligious. Fast Day was a day set aside for fasting by each individual parish: generally a day during the week before the day designated for the Ordinance of the Lord's Supper) The Puritan festival was Thanksgiving Day and July fourth was a great occasion for celebration in which the surviving members of the Continental Army rode in triumph. My mother said her father always spoke of the Battle of Lexington, as did all the elders, as the "Concord fight." She could remember her grandmother, who was a child at the time, tell of her fear when the Oldtown men started off for Concord when they heard the news of the fight and she had been left alone with a sick grandmother and she wanted to go over to a neighboring house. (Ethel Parton wrote a poem about it that was published in the St. Nicholas magazine) E.L.W.'s sister, Mary Toppan Little, has another version of this story. She wrote: My grandmother, Abigail Noyes, who was eight years old at the time, retained a vivid impression of those terrible days and especially of the fright which happened two days after the battle. One of the neighbors came in crying, "Mr. Noyes, the Regulars are coming; have got as far as the Old Town bridge and are cutting and slashing all before them." The child's father shouldered his musket and left. The little girl stood at the bedroom window expecting every minute to see the red-coats coming - and she thought, "O, if only I could go over to Mr. Little's, I should be safe." But she did not desert her post for there was her sick mother and little sister with no one but herself to protect them. So she waited and watched, Every trial comes to an end and so it did for her. The two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury in 1635 was marked with a great celebration. E.L. was only seven years old, but she remembered seeing the orators, including the famous Edward Everett, and she could recite the ode composed for the event.

As the Littles had lived on the same land from the earliest settlement many anecdotes had been accumulated and were told and retold. One concerns both the Little and Withington families. Every summer the farmers went to the salt marshes to mow and the man who mowed more than his neighbors was kind of a hero. Early in my grandfather's pastorate he asked my grandfather Little if it was true that he sent his workers to the marshes without the usual portion of rum and if it was possible for

the men to do good work without liquor. The answer must have been in the affirmative and Tristram Little was one of the first to eliminate the supplying of liquor to his farm hands.

The family took great interest in politics and admired Senator Daniel Webster until he supported the Fugitive Slave Law at the time of the Compromise of 1850. Henry Bailey Little says his grandfather, my Uncle Henry, was in sympathy with the radical abolishionists and the anti-slavery people, but my grandfather's branch did not at the time agree with William Lloyd Garrison. My mother told the story of Garrison's being driven off Browne Square in Newburyport, but was told by Butler the baker, that he might speak on the lot that he owned. There was not much sympathy either for poverty in Oldtown and the Joppa people (Gypsies?) were held in contempt. One of the common Joppa names was, and is, Howard. She said that she was astonished to find that Howard was the greatest name in England (family name of the Dukes of Norfolk).

Elizabeth and her younger sister, Sarah, were sent to Newburyport to a young lady's school kept by Miss Dolly Colman. Afterwards, along with Aunt Sarah Withington, who later married James Chute Colman, they went to Bradford Academy, whose principal was Miss Hazeltine, who was famous because she was considered to be the perfection of all that a lady should be. She would tell the girls that no young lady would be allowed to graduate who immodestly exposed her ears. Bradford Academy was a great place for missionaries to come looking for wives, but my mother said that she never saw the girls lined up for inspection as they did at Mount Holyoke and Miss Lyon's school. My mother was considered very pretty with blue eyes and dark hair. My father claimed that they were engaged when they were fifteen, but she denied this.

Nathan Noyes first went to Amherst, which he hated. He was homesick and said that he felt as if the hills around Amherst were shutting him off from everything he wanted to see. He was eager to get letters with news from home and after what had seemed an eternity he received five letters with no item of news except that "the converted Jew was dead." In his disgust he wished the converted Jew had never been born. Another reason for leaving Amherst was the result of a revival meeting where the leader asked the audience if they would not rejoice if they found themselves alone, while all the rest of the world perished. He made up

his mind he wanted no more of such teaching. He then went to Yale where he enjoyed the friends he made. He said that he and another student (I think he was a future cabinet member named Noble) used the library more than the rest of the class put together. He left after one year, however. My mother claimed it was because his father felt he had been too extravagant, but Aunt Sarah Colman said it was because he was so terribly in love that he wanted to get married. Indeed, they were married about a year later on September 12, 1850, both at the age of twenty-two.

My mother's wedding dress and bonnet used to be a part of our theatrical properties when she allowed us to dress up in them. The dress was white muslin, gathered in at the waist, low neck and short sleeves gathered into a band and there was embroidery about both the neck and sleeves. The bonnet was a peach colored "poke" bonnet that had flowers inside on either side of the face. Aunt Sarah Little was the bridesmaid and Jim Richards, my father's roommate at college and born at Lahaina, Maui, was best man. Aunt Lucy (later Mrs. Jaques) said she and some other young people were skylarking at the wedding and she pretended to faint, whereupon Uncle David Little fanned her with his coat tails to revive her. The young pair went to live in what they called "The Morse House," an old house that stood on the Withington land, where the Newbury Grange now stands. Here they lived for six years (farming), until they went to Missouri.(The property Caroline Noyes W. inherited from her father consisted of 25 acres, The "Withington House" - raised by many helping hands" in November, 1843 - is now 21 High Road, Newbury)

N.N.W. was anything but an effective farmer and E.L.W. for the first time realized what it meant to have money worries. She was a tireless worker, but without order or accuracy and her family said she fell into "untidy Withington ways." Her husband liked routine all his life, but cared nothing for order. I remember going with my mother when she was quite old to make a call on a young bride. Mother exclaimed that the bride looked too young to be married, whereupon Mrs. Spofford, who was also there, replied: "I remember when you were married and you looked younger than she."

E.L.W. early began to take part in community life. In the town records for June 1853 there is an entry showing that Mrs. Leonard

Withington, Miss Matilda Plummer. Mrs. George Little, Mrs. John Alter and Mrs. N. N. Withington, representing the ladies of the parish, were purchasing the building known as Parker Hall. She at twenty-five was much younger that any of the other women. At about the same time she went to Boston with Mrs. Alter to buy a new carpet from Eben Jordan, the elder, for the meeting house. (Mr. Jordan's son was to build Chilton Hall at the Forges, which was later owned by Mr. Sherman L. Whipple.)

N.N.W. had an offer to become the head of a school in Lagrange, Missouri, which promised to become one of the growing towns of the new west. There was a great to do in the Little family when it was proposed to take the two children, David Little and Lothrop, a baby of only a few months, "Out West." I think that my mother was glad to get out of Newbury and see the world. When she got to Lagrange, she certainly saw a very different world from that which she had known. Missouri was a slave as well as a pioneer state. The farmers were very prosperous and were able to trade their crops for all sorts of luxuries. My mother said she saw New York bonnets set along side by side with meat carcasses and vegetables many times. The boys at the school were sons of these farmers and boarded with our family. Most were of Southern ancestry and Southern in their sympathies. Once at the table one of the boys made offensive remarks about Yankees. My mother said to him, "It isn't very polite of you to talk so about Yankees when Mr. Withington and I are present." "Oh," replied the boy, "I don't mean ladies and gentlemen. I mean real Yankees." My mother claimed that the slaves seemed to sense a difference between them and the farmers. The slaves were generally not ill-treated, but were always being threatened with being sold South to the big cotton plantations. In fact there were one or two who were sold South while the Withingtons were in Lagrange. Some of the slaves were hired out by the day and my mother had some to help her with the housework. One of them was a young girl named Lize, who took care of the two children. One day she took David on a long walk on the levee on the Mississippi River and my mother reproved her for it, saying, "It is too far for such a little boy." A few days later she found David with a big clock key which he had put into baby Lothrop's mouth. "I'll wind him up. I'll wind him up," he kept saying. His mother seized him and said, "You ought to know better: a great big boy like you." David immediately replied, "You told Lize I was a little boy."

There was a great deal of typhoid and malaria in these river towns (of which Lagrange was no exception as it was on the Mississippi not too far from Quincy, Illinois) and mother nearly died of typhoid. Her hair turned white and Dr. Nichols, the friend who had urged my father to go west now urged him to leave the region for the sake of the health of the family. Besides this the Panic of 1857 had adversely affected the economy of the region and thus of the school. It was decided that my mother with the two children would go east at once and my father would follow at the close of the school year. She went to St. Louis by steamboat during the great days of Mississippi river travel. She saw southerners with their slaves and many of the river scenes made famous by authors like Mark Twain. She stopped at Matoon, Illinois, to see Uncle Joe and the Noyes relations. There she saw the log cabin in which the family had first lived . When she and the children arrived back in Newbury they had journeyed over ten different railroads and five steamboat lines. She nearly missed her train on which she had put the children at Indianapolis while she was buying food at the station.

The family on their return went to live in the old Little house as Tristram Little had moved to the "new house," which had been built for Nathaniel Little, Jr. at the time of his marriage. Nathan Noyes and Elizabeth's fortunes were at their lowest ebb and with the exception of my grandmother Withington the relatives were none too sympathetic. The thrifty Littles had little sympathy with financial failure. My father taught school and lived for a while in Hamilton and also at the Lower Green in Newbury. In the winter of 1858-1859 they were in Lynn, where my father edited the Lynn Bay State, which failed, and where Mary Noyes was born. Sometime in 1860 they moved to the "Lunt House," otherwise called the "Sewell House," opposite grandfather Leonard. Here they lived for ten years. During this time David spent much of his time with his grandfather Little's family and went to school along with Lothrop at the Upper Green School until he went to (Governor) Dummer.(HRW cannot resist mentioning that when he was about the same age he spent a great deal of his time with his grandmother Withington at 702 Prospect Street, Honolulu or on Tantalus)

Some months after the opening of the Civil War in 1861 N.N.W. enlisted in Company F, 11th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry for three

years. It was characteristic of him to refuse to go as anything but a private, as, he declared, he knew nothing of military affairs. Afterwards he used to say that he saw too many officers who would have done well to have been as modest. He was sent south, served under McClellan at Yorktown and Williamsburg and was sent to the Douglas Hospital in Washington to recover from a bad attack of malaria. There he stayed for a year doing clerical work. Eventually he was sent north (but not until after seeing President Lincoln) to New York and finally to Hartford to help quell the draft riots. As a little girl I can remember his saying that it would be dangerous for him to go into the Five Points District in New York, so violent was the resentment created by the draft. (The draft was considered very unfair as the wealthy could buy their way out) He at one point was offered a captain's commission in a colored regiment, but he could not pass the medical examination on account of a varicose vein. This is rather interesting since never in his long life did it interfere with his walking. A fellow Newburyite, Adolphus Greely, afterwards a general and artic explorer, was to go south with him. If he had been accepted, he would have been with Grant in the Shiloh campaign. He used to say that if he weren't killed, he might have ended up a colonel. But I doubt if he would have liked this, as he did not like to take responsibilities for others. One family legend should be told about our modest ancestor. As in all volunteer regiments in 1861, company officers, lieutenants and captains, were elected and N.N.W. was chosen an officer. As indicated above he refused the position and then to his amazement an office boy took the commission.

During the war the only income for E.L.W. and the children was the very small sum that was paid to a soldier, so she embarked on one of her various business enterprises. She had very little business ability (how unlike the Littles), but she enormously enjoyed business activities. She would have liked, I think, keeping a small shop, as a great many of the women of that time did, and later she did have one. Newburyport had many places in which all kinds of small wares were sold, such as Mrs. Alter's where dress fabrics were sold. These shops were great places for social intercourse. The owner usually lived in the house and had a sitting room in the rear of the shop. A bell rang when the door was opened by a

customer. The proprietor then emerged from the back to greet the customer and "pass the time of day." Some times E.L.W. did some repairing and mending of furs, but as she was not a good seamstress, they were probably not well done. Nevertheless she enjoyed this work. Peddlers were a joy to her and she was forever buying small and unnecessary things sold at the door, because her sympathy with the seller. Auctions were another delight and she bought things (called collectibles in the 1980's) that today would have considerable value. She frequently brought home amusing purchases which she enjoyed because she thought they were bargains.

The last year of the war when N.N.W. was in New Haven, David went to visit him travelling alone at the age of eleven. Soon afterwards my mother took Molly, who was only five. She was very good even then with mathematics and she played dominoes with the soldiers very skillfully. It was, I think, during this visit that he read Les Miserables aloud to my mother, a custom that had been formed early in their marriage. Molly was playing about and they did not think that she was listening, but she was and apparently was as engrossed in the story as they were. He came home on furlough several times and once when he made an unexpected appearance, Molly, who was playing in the front yard, said, "That's my Papa," which was for him a pleasing welcome.

In 1865 N.N.W. was mustered out and in 1870 he became editor of the Newburyport Herald. In the intervening years he wrote occasionally for the paper, taught and studied law in the office of his friend Amos Noyes. He was admitted to the bar, but never practiced. Financially it was a hard time for my mother, but she had her friends and children to keep her happy and busy. Both Nathan Noyes and Elizabeth were by 1870 no longer attending his father's church and she had begun to go to the Unitarian Church in Newburyport. They were much influenced, I think, by Darwin and Huxley. I also recall that Tennyson's "In Memoriam" made a great impression on them.

They enjoyed reading and frequently discussed the various issues and problems of the day with friends of whom they had many. These included not only intellectuals, but oddities with which Newbury and Newburyport abounded. Some of the latter lived in Oldtown around High and Parker (sometimes called West India Lane) Streets. One was Miriam Sargent, who

was "clever" in the strange sense in which New England country folk used that word. She helped mother take care of me as a baby and once my mother called to her from another room to ask the time. Miriam couldn't tell time but refused to admit it. Her reply was, "You see, Mrs. Withington, I can't tell time ever since my teeth were taken out." I think there were many more of these harmless queer people then than there are today. There was one of the Littles who would never take anything from another person's hand. Another Little never left his own place. He worked about the place and was perfectly well, but never talked with anyone.

On the day I was born (January 17, 1867) there was a great snow storm. David was at school preparing for Harvard at (Governor) Dummer and used to walk home with two or three other boys from school. In the afternoon my father saw that the storm was getting worse and the snow deeper and felt it would be dangerous for the boys to start home alone. He and one of the other fathers went to meet them - and just in time. Exhausted by struggling against the storm, one boy had lain down in the snow. I have been told that it was the greatest storm of the nineteenth century.

In 1870 the family moved to a house in Coffin's court, opposite the corner of High and Parsons Street, Newburyport, where we lived until 1880 when my mother bought 206 High Street. (Where they lived until 1914. Anne, I think, stayed on) David matriculated at Harvard in 1870, Lothrop went to the Putnam School and Molly first went to Miss Wheelwright's school and then to Putnam. Later Molly went to Boston University for a year of special studies. She was brilliant in mathematics and at a time when "elocution" was popular read extremely well. In the summer of 1880, when she was twenty-one, my father had a visit from the Rev. Mr. Rand, the missionary at south Seabrook. This was a forlorn and benighted village about ten miles from Newburyport and a community that had lapsed into a state of poverty and ignorance bordering on barbarism - their constant interbreeding had made them a byword. The missionary society maintained a minister and the town of Seabrook supported an elementary school. Mr. Rand had said that he was looking for a young woman interested in teaching who had a real zeal for helping his poor flock. In spite of the obvious disadvantages she agreed

to teach for a term. She took an early train each Monday morning, got off at a railroad crossing and walked five miles to the village. She lived with the Rands as did a young Dartmouth student who taught the upper grades. On Friday afternoon the family drove over to bring her home. Molly often said afterwards that the experience in teaching these backward, neglected children was of great help in her later career. The next year Miss Jane Andrews, whose private school in Newburyport was famous for being a pioneer in new educational methods, invited Molly to help her. This experience led to her going first to Madison, Wisconsin and then to Winnetka, Illinois. There she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Demerest Lloyd and taught her day school. Very shortly she moved to Evanston, a larger place, and her Winnetka pupils followed her. About a year later four Evanston men (one of whom was Daniel Burnham the architect of the Chicago World's Fair) offered to help her enlarge the school to included boarders. Her partner and friend was Fraulein Neuschafer, the German teacher, and the school was highly successful. Unfortunately she was to die on March seventeenth during the influenza epidemic of 1891. Mr. Burnham long afterwards told me that his child who had started school with Molly had a great advantage over other children. (The Withington School was the forerunner of what is the North Shore Country Day School, the eponym of the "country day schools." Perry Smith, long time headmaster, wrote this to C.R.W. some time in the 20's or early 30's.)

Both my parent belonged to the old Shakespeare Club and my father to the Tuesday Evening Club, where members would prepare papers on important topics for discussion by the members. (D.L.W. was to found a similar club in San Diego not too many years later) He made the Herald one of the most widely quoted papers in America. Mr. James Parton, probably the most popular biographer of the period, clipped a quotation from one of his editorials from the London Times. Newburyport was much more of self-sustained entity then than it is today. Although it seems a simple life now, the period following the Civil War saw many interesting people come to Newburyport and my parents met most of them. In the last year of his life my father felt that there was a distinct falling off in the intellectual caliber of the Tuesday Club. The newer members were mostly businessmen with little interest in discussing ideas. In the

nineties mother formed a neighborhood club of a dozen or fifteen men and women who meet weekly to read history and the organization lasted a number of years.

N.N.W. was an omnivorous reader. He read Greek and Latin with ease, but of the two preferred Greek. He read the Iliad and the Odyssey through each year beside other classics such as Herodotus. For several years he and Dr. E. P. Hurd read together almost every day. It was very funny to see these two old gentlemen read Suetonius' gossip about the court of Nero.

In 1875 he went to London where Lothrop had gone the year before. N.N.W. sailed on the Anchor Line which landed him in Scotland, so he saw Edinburgh, which he visited with a returning Scotsman who exclaimed as they arrived in the odoriferous old town, "Ah, sweet Edinburgh; I smell thee noo." He was taken about London by Lothrop (Lady Warwick told C.R.W. in 1914 that no one knew London better than her uncle-in-law) and saw the Princess of Wales when she was at the height of her beauty. Lothrop returned home with him and as he was only nineteen his worldly possessions were legally his father's. This turned out to be fortunate as Lothrop had bought a good many valuable books. On arriving in New York my father told the customs inspector that he was a newspaper editor, whereupon the inspector remarked, "Then these are implements of trade" and passed them without duty. He went to England again in the summer of 1890 as he had a kind of nervous breakdown. Lothrop again was his guide only this time he was taken to the newly organized Social Democratic Federation, where men of all parties and classes met for debate. There he saw many of the rising political stars. Both he and mother went in 1876 to Philadelphia to see the Centennial Celebration, the first of the great American expositions. In the spring of 1885 or 1886 they went to Washington for a short visit. In 1890 E.L.W. went to Chicago to see Molly and then in 1892 she went to California for a long visit with David and Marietta. She wrote an account of this trip and the visit on the ranch in Escondido for the Women's Alliance of the Unitarian Church. She liked to write about her reminiscences and some of these were published in the Youth's Companion.

Aside of duties at the Herald and the daily routine of writing editorials my father wrote magazine articles and many essays for the

Tuesday Club. He was always in demand for special occasions and many of his essays and addresses were published in one form or another. He served on the school board for a number of years, was a trustee of the Public Library and spent one year in the legislature. During his later years he took an interest in the Grand Army of the Republic, which he had regarded earlier with contempt when it was used politically. He said that many prominent Massachusets members of the G.A.R. had never been farther South during the Civil War than Salem Harbor. When they were few and old and unfashionable he liked to play cards and talk with them. Not long after he was ill in 1913 one of the local members came to see him so he could report on his adventures at the event celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, where both Southern and Union veterans were present. My father was much entertained by the man's tale. "Yes," he said, "them Rebs are all right." It turned out that on the eve of the celebration both Northerners and Southerners tried to reconstruct the battle and neither side could agree as to the various actions that had taken place. They postponed their differences till the next day. Each side was confident that it would be proven right. "But," said my father's visitor, "when we got out there the queer thing was that none of us had remembered right. There was hill in a place which showed neither of us could have done what we thought we had done.".My father's comment was that this is the way history is made and quoted Napoleon: "History is the lies we have agreed upon."

My mother was constantly interested in helping some charitable, philanthropic, or worthy civic enterprise. Her methods were not always in accord with modern ideas, but she had a very lively public spirit and enjoyed soliciting money and planning an enterprise or celebration. Someone once said she was a gifted beggar. She could get money out of misers for the Charitable Society or to get a wooden leg for somebody. She raised the money for the Old Settlers' Monument at the Lower Green from their descendants and enjoyed the letters she received from half the distinguished citizens of the United States.

When we were very young she would take us to visit the old, the sick and the poor, because she wanted us to be compassionate. She took us on various expeditions to visit the various industries in Newburyport: the old foundry, the cotton mills, the Butler bakery, and

the printing shop. She was not systematic, but she wanted to broaden our interests. She inherited the Littles love of land and worked hard in the garden at Coffin's Court and at 206 High Street, growing vegetables and fruits. It was a great comfort to own her own house as she could never never get used to living in a hired house. It seemed too temporary and uncertain.

We had a neighbor at Coffin's Court who was much given to the habit of intoxication. He was, however, fond of growing flowers, so my mother presented him with dozens of flower pots that she had bought at an auction. Shortly he and his family moved away and he kindly offered to sell her the pots at a very low price - an offer she accepted. A fortnight before her death she was planning with a young landscape architect to raise money for the city park at the foot of Green Street. Visitors from out of town were forever coming to see her in order to get information about houses of their ancestors. One summer day she had gone out to make some calls and as she had not returned at supper time we were rather anxious. About eight o'clock, however, an enormous red touring car drew up in front of the house and its owner assisted mother out of the car. When she entered the house with a glowing face and her bonnet awry, my father asked, "Where have you been?" She replied, "Oh, everywhere." N.N.W. then asked, "Well, who is that man who has been driving you around?" Her reply was: "I've forgotten his name, but I have his card. A most delightful person. I met him calling at the Noyes. He wanted to see the various places where his ancestors had lived , so I told him I'd show him." She had had a glorious afternoon. But she was always interested in doing things for the sake of doing than for the ultimate objective.

As I was starting for the train one day, she said, "I wish you would order some cakes for a little tea I think I'll give for Marion (D.L.W.'s son Leonard's wife: thus it must have been in 1910-12) Saturday." I asked how many people she planned to have. "Oh, perhaps four or five," she replied. Knowing my mother I ordered for a dozen persons. When I got back to Newburyport Friday night cousin Dr. Abby Little said to me, "Everyone I meet is going to that tea tomorrow." When I got home I asked my mother how many she had asked. "Well," said she,

"I think I've asked more than I planned for - perhaps fifteen or sixteen." I telephoned to increase the order to provide for two dozen. Twenty-nine persons came and at least a dozen sent regrets.

One of the never failing sources of amusement in the family was my father's habit of talking in his sleep. His half brothers early on had found that he could be made to talk after he had fallen asleep and they encouraged the habit as did the soldiers during the war. It seems to me that it was a great pity that a psychologist did not have the opportunity to study my father's talking in his sleep. He never had unusual dreams and did not talk about his dreams in his sleep, nor did he have the faintest remembrance of talking. His statements were completely irresponsible and he invented and lied as he chose. One night he said to my mother, I've been talking with John Milton and he recited some of his poetry to me and I recited some of mine to him." My mother then asked, "What did you recite to him?" Whereupon in a most sonorous voice he said:

Turn about, wheel about,
Jump Jim Crow.

When he was finished my mother asked him what Milton thought of his poetry. "He said," replied my father impressively, "that for nobility of sentiment and elevation of style he had never heard its equal." She then asked, "What did Milton recite to you?" And again in a very impressive voice he repeated the whole of "Rise my soul and stretch thy wings." (Hymn no. 512 in the 1892 Episcopal Hymnal; written by R. Seagrave-1742) When he had finished my mother said, "Well, that's the first time I ever heard that Milton wrote that." He could not be caught napping and immediately replied: "Now this is a good illustration of what I have always told you - Milton is an impostor."

One of his favorite topics was of heaven and hell. Not that it ever seemed to trouble him, but he did dramatize the subject. One night he groaned and moaned so that my mother asked him what the matter was. "It is dreadful," replied he, "to be so utterly insignificant." She asked, What makes you think you are insignificant?" The immediate reply was: "Because I asked the recording angel how my account stood and he looked through his book from A to Z and said, 'You are so insignificant that I have forgotten to put your name down.'" Mother then asked if he had

inquired for her record. "Oh, yes," he said, "and there was a great gilt harp and a crown tagged with your name off in a corner." He was forever hinting that she was hypocritical in her activities in these sleep talks. For example, once when he said that she would sing in the Celestial Choir: "In fact," said he, " the Celestial Choir is all soprano - one eternal squawk." Another time he referred to "Brimstone Bess" and upon my mother's inquiring who she might be he replied, "Brimstone Bess is my wife. She is small, but oh my." Another time my mother asked when he was talking about something else, what had become of Brimstone Bess. "Brimstone Bess," he exclaimed in a tone of shocked tone of reproval, "Where do you hear such language? If you get it from Laura Balch and the Flower Mission I think you'd better stay away." Laura Balch was one of the most ultra refined "maiden ladies" of Newburyport

Another night he announced that he had made his will and described his bequests. To David he gave heaven; to Lothrop hell; to Molly the Earth; to me the flesh; and, to Arthur the Devil; while my mother was to be the residuary legatee. Once he made up some doggerel that failed to arouse any enthusiasm from mother and so he called out, "Go poke that angel out from under the bureau and make him sing again." What is strange about this psychological quirk is that after my mother's death he never talked in his sleep except when his end was near and he was under the influence of morphia.

Both N.N.W. and E.L.W. could remember a world that had almost completely passed and both often read historical works, but they were really more interested in the present and the future than in the past. Although they both lived to be more than eighty years old, they did not feel old or seem old to others. I recall asking my mother when she was seventy-nine why she did not do something which would be of interest to her. Her reply was: "I've often thought if I lived to be old I would." My father claimed he liked people in reverse relation to their age. They would read the sporting news when their grandsons were in college. One day my mother said, after looking over the Herald, "There doesn't seem to be anything in the paper today." "What?" exclaimed N.N.W. She continued with "I can't find anything about Lothrop" (II). In amazement N.N.W. commented: "There may be nothing about Lothrop, but the House of Commons has taken away the power of the House of Lords."

My mother died on December 2nd, 1912 after a very short illness and N.N.W. lived until March 8th, 1914, the day before his 86th birthday. He was not very well after her death, but he did read over fifty books to me that winter and spring - many of them histories of various sorts, but also plays and poetry. Like his father he enjoyed the theatre all his life. He went to the opening night in the eighteen fifties of the old Boston Theatre and saw the English actor, Edward Askew Sothern (father of Edward Hugh Sothern), in "Our American Cousin," the play that Lincoln was attending the night he was shot. In fact N.N.W. often said that the greatest compensation for growing old was that one was the in a position to watch the drama and pageantry of life. Until the last neither one of them lost their zest for life.

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There was no obituary in the Herald, as by 1914 it had ceased to exist, but there was one in its successor, the Newburyport Daily News. There is also a hand written paper by Lothrop Withington I, which gives supplementary data. The obituary opens with: "The end of a long and useful life came last evening with the passing away of Nathan Noyes Withington, editor, soldier, lawyer, scholar and educator. The deceased was 86 years of age, a native of Newbury Oldtown . . ."

(ATW stated that he was born "in the house of High Street opposite Marlborough Street." Thus it would appear that the house was in "Newtown." In the history of the First Parish of Newbury it clearly states that the 1635 meeting house was located on the Lower Green of Oldtown, but in 1646 the first meeting house was taken down and moved to the "present burying ground of the First Parish. Thus the 'New Towners' gained the victory . . ." The present church, built in 1868 after an incendiary fire had destroyed its predecessor, is near the Upper Green and across the street from the meeting house of 1646. Aunt Anne seems to be consistent in locating "Oldtown" and the Upper Green as that area which was settled in 1635 along the Parker River, while "Newtown" and the Lower Green is near the Merrimack River and Newburyport. No matter, but Oldtown-Newtown and Lower Green-Upper Green is confusing)

Most of Lothrop Senior's piece is on Little genealogy (which may be found in the appendix), but he does provide some Withington anecdotage such as the story that his father was pulled out of Yale because his

father, Leonard, "objected to his graduating except at the head of his class." There may be some truth to this as his average grade for the first term was 2.66 and for the second term 2.44 as compared to the highest grade in the class, as far as I could determine, of 3.243 and the lowest of 2.10 by an unfortunate Mr. Edward W. Cane. My guess, however, was that he was homesick and lonely for Elizabeth, as he had been at Amherst, which would not be the only time a Withington has left college for love. He attended Amherst during the college year 1847-1848 according to the Amherst College records. He then went to Yale, whose president was the Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey, D.D., LL.D., who was also professor of Greek, the following college year. According to the college records he as a sophomore would have taken classes in Horace, Herodotus, The Alcestis of Euripides, and Day's mathematics, which would have included, measurements of heights and distances and navigation. The total costs for a year at Yale would run between $140.00 and $210.00, of which $54,00 was for instruction, about $75.00 for room and board, $10.00 for fuel and lights, and $5.00 to $15.00 for books, etc. During the year he lived at what was called "South Middle College."

Both the obituary and Lothrop give additional data on his Civil War record. In 1861 he enlisted in "Co. E, 11th Regiment, Massachusetts Infantry for four years." and that "he was in engagements at Yorktown, Va. and Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862. He was detailed as clerk to the military governor's office in that year and the examiner's board recommended him for a captaincy in the U. S. colored infantry. His physical condition was not satisfactory and he was transferred to Co. A, 3rd Regt. Veteran Reserve Corps and discharged at the close of the war as first sergeant of his company. He served afterwards as inspector in the United States internal revenue department."

Lothrop, as might be imagined, stressed the editorship of the Herald where he took over as editor in 1869 succeeding Joseph Lunt Colby. It was not only an honor to succeed Mr. Colby, but to carry on in the footsteps of such previous editors as Joseph Morse, Caleb Cushing, John Pierpont (grandfather of John Pierpont Morgan), the poet Angier March and his cousin Edmund March Blunt, founder of the Herald in 1794 - a continuation of the Essex Journal, which had been founded in 1773. Lothrop did not fail to mention that he was also following his own

father, Leonard, as editor. Not to be overlooked was that William Lloyd Garrison had once been an apprentice at the Herald, before going on to become the literary fire brand of abolition. Indeed, when Nathan Noyes died he was in terms of length of service the dean of active journalists. The newspaper noted that Nathan Noyes was one of the "incorporators of the Historical Society of Old Newbury in 1869 and delivered the address at the dedication of the Bartlett fountain on Cushing Park in 1906." Quite properly so as he was commander of the A. W. Bartlett Post of the G. A. R.

Lothrop said that even though his father was "of a very relaxed disposition and adverse to public office, he lost by only one vote of being sent to Congress for the Essex district in the Native American political avalanche of 1854," when he was barely legally old enough to serve.* He was elected to the state House of Representatives in 1881 and 1882 as a Republican, "to which party he had given active support since the labor reform movement of 1867."

There seems to be no doubt that Nathan Noyes Withington lived a full and happy life, aided by a remarkable helpmate, Elizabeth Little Withington, and as the obituary concludes:

"No man in the community will be more missed than he and in his demise Newburyport loses an honored and upright citizen, the common people a friend and the literary world one of its brightest minds."

*This probably refers to the "Know-Nothing Party," the nick name of the American Party, whose principles were anti-Roman Catholic and anti-immigration. Its roots were in the Native American Party of 1840's, but had a strong revival in 1852 to 1854. The founding of Republican Party ended its life. It would be interesting to know exactly what party N.N.W. belonged to at that time.

DAVID LITTLE AND MARIETTA DENNETT PAUL WITHINGTON

Part One

By H.R.W.

David Little Withington was born in Newbury on the second of February, 1854 at the time when his father was not a very successful farmer. When just over three years of age he was taken to La Grange, Missouri and a year later returned to Newbury. In spite of the failure of the Lynn Bay State (a newspaper) and the difficulty of having to live on a soldier's pay during the Civil War, somehow his parents were able to furnish him a good education. After graduating from (Governor) Dummer Academy he entered Harvard as a freshman in 1870 - the year N.N.W. became editor of the Newburyport Herald.

In 1874 he graduated and was one of the thirty-three members of a class of perhaps two hundred or so to become a member of Phi Beta Kappa. The alumni records office has the class scholastic grades for three of the four years (according to the archivist the sophomore records for the class of 1874 "may be lost."). I doubt if David's descendants would have liked to have gone to Harvard in the 1870's. He took eight subjects and according to a book in the Harvard archives titled "Absences From and Tardiness at Recitations and Lectures," Grandfather earned (penalized?) 6221 points - for Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Elocution, Ethics, Physics, French and Spanish. Charles Francis Withington, D.L.W.'s fourth cousin once removed, whom he had never known before, although later the two families were to become close friends, received 6572 points. These two were the third and fourth Withingtons to graduate from Harvard: the other two being Uncle Mather, Ebenezer's brother, in 1732 and William, Leonard's brother, of the class of 1821. Grandfather Withington's cumulative grade was eighty percent and ranked number 30. Richmond (who might be Charles Francis' cousin by marriage) was first with a grade of 92%. In his sophomore year he was required to take nine studies of which two grades are known: a grade of 91% with a rank of number five in required physics and a grade of 81% and a ranking of thirty-two in required chemistry. In his junior year he took required philosophy and

received a grade of 83% and a ranking of sixteen; political economy, 89% and number fifteen; required physics, 93% and number thirteen (but he fell down in physics lectures where with a 75% grade he was third from the bottom); physics II, 95% and ranked third; and, he was beginning to show his ability as a chemist when he ranked second with a grade of 96% in chemistry II. In his senior year he only had to take four courses of instruction. In history he was number seven with a grade of 89% (highest was 95%); physics III and IV in which he got a 90% and a 81%, ranking second and then third; and, chemistry III - this time a 96% and the same ranking as the year before of number two. Who stood number one in chemistry? N. D. C. Hodges. I wonder what ever happened to him? Grandfather went to Harvard at an interesting time. Eliot was replacing the old rote learning and traditional required courses with sciences and modern languages - a change that was to influence American higher education. He instituted new courses in science and the liberal arts and allowed electives. There was also a number of great teachers on the faculty: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Henry Adams, James Russell Lowell, James B. Greenough in Latin, George H. Palmer in Philosophy, and Louis Agassiz, the great naturalist.

It was the custom for each member of the graduating class to present a holographic report for the class records. This was written in seven sections: the first stated his birth; the second stated that his father had attended both Amherst and Yale and that his grandmother was the daughter of the Hon. Nathan Noyes, M.D. and of Sarah Niles, the daughter of Nathaniel Niles, A.B., Princeton 1766, and A.M., Harvard 1772. Also mentioned was that he was descended from the Rev. John Lothrop, who was associated with the first Congregational church in the world. Nor did he fail to mention that he was descended from Richard Mather, Tristram Coffin and of Colonel Moses Little, who commanded a regiment at Bunker Hill. (DLW could have added that he could also trace descent from Lieutenant, later Major of militia, Nathaniel Little) The rest of the essay is personal and autobiographical, commencing with with the fact he was born in Newbury, then lived in La Grange, Missouri from 1856 to 1858, then in Lynn, Hamilton and back to Newbury. He fitted for college at Dummer Academy in Byfield, where L.W. Stanton was principal. He stated that he could not remember when he first thought of

coming to college, but could assign it to nothing but "instructive conaption" (Ye ed. couldn't decipher these last two words from his handwriting). He entered the "college at the fall examinations of 1870, being in my 17th year." He noted that he had received "a Detur (?) at the beginning of the sophomore year and also, I believe, two prizes at the academy where I fitted." He was not a member of any college society, but "chummed with George Clarence Shepard in 30 College House" in his freshman year; in 7 College House his sophomore year; and, 57-58 College House the "other two years." After mentioning that his father and his two brothers had served in the Union Army, he went on to say that during the summer vacation of 1872, "a cousin, brother, and myself made a tour on foot in the White Mountains, which has been my only journey since coming to college." He expressed fondness for all his studies, both those required and elective, except "the languages and I have no distaste for them with the exception of Greek." On the other hand he had a "decided taste for mathematics and History, but have persued neither to any great extent in college, the former because it required a closer application than I was prepared to give to it; the latter because History is not to be learned by rote, as it seems to be __?____." The report concludes: "My plans of life are not settled, but probably shall make law my profession. David. L. Withington."

President Eliot, a chemist himself, urged D.L.W. to stay on and teach chemistry, but he was determined to be a lawyer. According to the family tradition D.L.W. was refused admittance to the Harvard Law School because Eliot was piqued and blacklisted him. But he may as well gone to Boston University because he could get his degree in one less year. Lothrop (I) states that after getting his law degree in 1876, he studied in the law offices of his father's first cousin, Francis Vergnies Balch, "the leader of the Boston bar" and later with Eben Francis Stone of Newburyport. From then on until 1887, when he moved to San Diego, he practiced law in both Newburyport and Boston. Lothrop also says that in 1884 his brother was a Mugwump, a Republican who supported the Democrat Grover Cleveland for president in that year, rather than the so-called Plumed Knight, James G. Blaine. This, however, was not exceptional as many Republicans deserted Blaine because of his questionable ethics. Even Theodore Roosevelt had qualms about Blaine, though in the last two

months of the campaign he stated that he was against Cleveland, but later according to Edmund Morris in a recent biography of T. R., he was to regret it. D.L.W.'s failure to support Blaine, according to his brother, "ruined his chance for political preferment in Massachusetts." If this was true, perhaps it was well that he moved to California.

In 1880 he married Sarah Elvira, daughter of Francis Curtis, who according to what I have been told was one of the first in the United States to build an automobile. Beside his law practice he was kept busy as a member of the Massachusetts State Republican Committee and for three years was an officer in the Volunteer Militia. On the tenth of March, 1884 Leonard was born, his first child, Nathan Noyes' first grandson and ninety-five year old Leonard's first Withington great grandchild. But tragedy fell four months later when Sarah died, leaving D.L.W. a widower with a baby son.

Why D.L.W. went to San Diego in December of 1886 is moot. Ostensibly he went on vacation to visit his roommate in college, George Shepherd. As it so happened also living in San Diego was Marietta Dennett Paul, headmistress of the Southwest Academy. Dennet understood that his father's almost immediate discovery that Miss Paul was in the vacinity was pure fate. So after spending just one night with Shepherd, he headed directly for Escondido where she was staying. She had bought a small ranch in this small town with a dryer climate than San Diego since it was about thirty miles inland. She probably was there on Christmas vacation and was boarding at the town's one hotel. But there are some who hold that George Shepherd was just a good excuse to find an old acquaintance who might make a good wife and mother to the now motherless Leonard, age two years and nine months. Whatever: they were married less than two months later on D.L.W's thirty-third birthday, February 2, 1887. Dennet says they spent their honeymoon in Escondido, but it would have been very brief. Their real honeymoon was when they returned to Newburyport. When they took the trip back to New England is not known, but presumably it would have had to have been after the school had closed for summer vacation. At any rate D.L.W. closed out his affairs and then made California their permanent home.

Marietta Dennett Paul was born in Kittery, Maine on September 15th, 1854 - thus she was seven months younger than her husband. The marriage

of her parents, Burlington Paul and Mary Dennett, united two York county (the southernmost in the state) pioneer families. Daniel Paul of Ipswich, Suffolk, England landed in Boston in 1640. There is some indication that he was a ship captain, but he was soon to change his occupation when he was granted land called "Long Reach" along the Piscataqua River in 1648. John Dennett arrived in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, which is near the mouth of the Piscataqua, in about 1660, but was to establish the family in Kittery across the river. There the Dennetts were to build the "Garrison House" about 1705. The house is so named because its exterior walls are very thick solid planking for defense against the Indians and a place for others of the community to gather in times of threatened attack. John Dennett II has been described as a carpenter and perhaps it was logical for him to be the builder of the Garrison House. The name Dennett is of Norman French origin and the founder of the family in England was Hugh D'Anet, who came over with William the Conqueror. In England the final "t" is missing as it is in the case of Dennet Withington.

Burlington Paul and Mary Dennett were married on September 27th, 1852 in Kittery, where he worked at the Kittery Navy Yard as a ship's carpenter, which today might be described as a foreman or overseer and one who might even help in the design of a ship. He was born on the 5th of October, 1825, while Mary Dennett was born on the second of January, 1834. Thus he was 27 and she was only 18 at the time of their marriage. Marietta was to appear two years later and before Mary died of tuberculosis in March of 1863 at least two other children were born. In the tiny graveyard on the farm at the Garrison House are the graves of Mary Dennett Paul and of Emmie Fidelia Paul, who died March 3(?), 1860 age six months, and of Mark Wilton Paul, who died September 23, 1862 age eight months. The graveyard can be seen today on the south side of Dennett Road across the street from the entrance to the Garrison House in the midst of a small grove of trees. A new road that was built as an access to I-95 separates the graveyard from the main property.

When Mary Dennett Paul died leaving Burlington a widower with a nine year old daughter, Marietta first lived with her grandfather Mark Dennett, the patriarch of the family, and then was sent to live in Newburyport with her mother's sister, Alice Burnham. Although at least

fifteen years older than she was her cousin Sylvester Burnham, whom many of my older cousins will remember. There in Newburyport she attended the public schools and graduated from the Massachusetts state normal school. She taught among other places at an elementary school in Brookline, Massachusetts, becoming principal - one of the first female principals of a metropolitan school in America. As so many members of her family had died of tuberculosis at an early age, she was concerned for herself and thus went to teach in a private school in Philadelphia, where she hoped the weather would be milder. As it was not she accepted the position of head mistress of Southwest Academy in San Diego, where the paths of D.L.W. and M.D.P. were to join permanently.

Dennet's "Reminiscences" in the next chapter contains the story of David's wooing of and marriage to Marietta on his birthday, February 2, 1887, but their movements from that date until they made their permanent residence in Escondido is a bit hazy. HRW had first determined that they remained in San Diego until school was over and then both went back to Newburyport as a delayed honeymoon and to close out DLW's affairs, but letters may indicate differently. On the twenty-fourth of June, 1887 DLW wrote the following letter from Newburyport to Marietta, who appears to have been in Brookline, where she once had been principal:
"My Own True Love:-

I fear you were wet through before you reached Boston. It rained here but I took Meriam and Alice (Sylvester's wife and daughter) to ride and now have a much worse cold. If I am able I shall come tomorrow, but do not feel sure of myself. If you come to Boston, do not wait long for me. I will come right out to Brookline. I think I can collect enough fragments of myself to take me to Boston.

Your affectionate husband -"

Could it have been that he left San Diego before her so as to clean up his affairs and she had then gone east at the end of the school year, stopping off in Brookline where she had been principal? Two months later they were again separated and he wrote this touching letter:
"Sunshine; Can I sit down and talk to you a little while before going to bed at Mother's? You must be somewhere here for as I was now reading your letter, the familiar rays warmed my heart and I knew you were here, wherever your bodily presence might be. Yet, dearest, you are not less a

sweet and joyous stream from the Heavens because you shine upon others, however cross and tyrannical I may seem when you do. I do not wish you to miss me so much when you are away; I only want one little throb of the pulse nearest your heart. It would be a poor return for the sacrifice you have made in marrying me if I should make you less happy because we are absent from one another. It makes me happy when you are away to think of the goodness of Providence that allows me the unworthy mortal that I am to enjoy such blessing.

"There is another good to me in your absence. I can think more clearly about the future. I wish for your sake not to make a mistake. My powers and defects are all untried in these new conditions. I doubt not that I could make money were it not that as yet I have been able to resist the temptation to do what I think is not a good thing for the community, even if not in itself immoral. I have watched the course of progress on the Pacific and in order to avoid the reaction which is sure to come in some form, we must so steer our course as not to be shipwrecked by that. Again, I want to be sure that in selling out now, I start right and that I am in good physical condition to do what I may be called upon to. There is another thing more important still:- to teach you what you yet little know that your poor husband is so narrow in his abilities that he has to put all his strength into what he does . . . It is almost impossible to accomplish anything to-day, because instead of thinking of business I have been thinking of the woman I love. . . . My love to all and kisses for yourself and Leonard."

The matter of not making money because he was "able to resist . . . temptation," certainly piques one's curiosity as what he was resisting, especially when it would not have been "a good thing for the community, even if not in itself immoral." No matter: the two of them and little Leonard soon headed west to make their permanent home.

Once in southern California it was decided that the ranch in Escondido would be their actual home, although his practice was in San Diego some thirty miles away. Escondido was probably chosen because of it dryer and warmer climate. This meant that DLW had to commute by train every weekend or go by horse and buggy or by bicycle or a combination of both. While this might seem an unromantic arrangement on the part of Marietta, that she was as much in love with David as he with her can be

found in excerpts from a long letter written from the Escondido Hotel, here they were staying until a house could be built on the ranch: "Oct. 3 (1887) - My Darling: What a silly wife you have," she wrote. "You left only a few hours ago and now I have an irresistible impulse to talk to you. . . I shall keep a diary and then send it from time to time and you will know just what I do and then I shall not have to tell you anything and you can talk all the time. Must I have this separation from you to know how truly I love you? I thought I knew it before, but to-day I had a new revelation of how you pervade my whole life. . .

"After you left the tears would come, but I lay down for a little nap with Leonard playing beside me. When I peeped at him his little eyes were full of tears and he said, 'Grandma didn't think the three cornered chair would go.' That remembrance always saddens him. What was it about the chair? . . . You are ever present in my thoughts - my own love."

DLW was to write the following day from San Diego: "Dearest: I am again at your old room at Pierce Place. . . I could not help taking the room, though the 'Madame' raised the price to $12 - for me there is a world of consolation of the past. . . I was all knocked out by yesterday's journey, but shall be all right tomorrow, I hope."

On January 25th, 1888 MDW gave birth to a son on whom they bestowed her maiden name of Paul. There is a remarkable coincidence in the boy's name and birthdate. Little did either Marietta or David, members of families that had long since put aside Roman Catholic and Anglican holy days, know that the 25th of January is St. Paul's Day.

For a short time D.L.W. practiced law alone, but soon found a partner, who in many ways was the direct opposite of him. Cassius Carter was born on the plantation of "Nomeni" in Virginia and was a descendant of "King" Carter, wealthiest and most powerful Virginian of the early 18th century. Several of the Carter plantation mansions still exist. As might be expected of a Virginian, he was a Democrat - a true Virginia democrat. He was three years younger than D.L.W., but the age difference did not mean that the younger paid homage to the elder. Stories have been told that their arguments could be heard all over downtown San Diego - yet their love for each other was like David and Jonathan. Indeed, the closeness of the two partners continued to their children and in my case to the third generation.

Cassius Carter was, as my father has said, a scholar and student of literature. He could quote Shakespeare from All Is Well That Ends Well to The Tragedy of Hamlet and all in between, but unfortunately was not destined to be monitarily successful. In 1884 the Santa Fe Railroad had reached San Diego and the result was a great land boom that affected San Diego and most of Southern California. Property that had sold for a few dollars one day sold for double the next. Then the bubble burst and San Diego went into the doldroms - indeed it was to remain relatively so until World War II. While the law practice kept the firm of Withington and Carter busy, money was scarce. One of the most important cases that D.L.W. won was the Warner Ranch case, which involved a dispute over ownership. I have been told that in payment D.L.W. received several thousand acres of land called La Jolla. As the fashionable seaside suburb of San Diego is La Jolla, I at one time had thought that my grandfather had owned most of it. Later Dennet was to tell me that there are several La Jollas in Southern California and that the Withington La Jolla was typical Southern California cattle land that was worth only ranch land prices at the turn of the century. Apparently the partnership was dissolved about 1902, for in 1903 Cassius Carter was district attorney, an elected position.

The Carter family was a remarkable one. Cassius was married to Ruth Birch, who was born and raised in western Missouri. She like her husband was a Southerner whose family had suffered economically from the Civil War. They had five children, all about the same ages as the Withington boys. Marie (originally Mary) was the oldest, followed by Cassius II, Armistead Byrd, Ruth Randolph and the youngest, Grayson. As I have mentioned times were hard for lawyers in San Diego and when Cassius was defeated for district attorney and then suddenly died in 1909, Mother Carter was left with five children. The love that David Little Withington had for the Carters was to be reflected in a small allowance he sent to Mother Carter for a time. The Carters in turn made every Withington feel like a member of the family. Perhaps adversity is good for the soul, for all five of the Carter children were to become well off. Marie married three times to three wealthy men. She was a truly fascinating woman. Like her father she could spout Shakespeare at the appropriate moment and had all the charm of a Cleopatra. Cassius became

the manager of her estate and did very well by it, but like his father died young. Armistead, who was like an uncle to me, might well have been called "Lucky Carter." Whatever (real estate) he touched turned to gold. When he died in 1980 at age 88 he was called by many Mr. San Diego. Grayson graduated from the Naval Academy and retired after World War II as a Rear Admiral and then imitated his brother Armistead and made a fortune in real estate in the "real" La Jolla area. Ruth (or Ruthie) passed through Honolulu about 1928 on her way to the orient and we saw her during the one day stop over. After she left my mother remarked that Ruthie just didn't have Marie's charm and seemed destined to be an old maid. It was only a few months later that we learned that Ruthie had married the president of the orient subsidiary of the British-American Tobacco Company, a Dane by the name of "Kaijo" Huykendorf, who was to be knighted by the Danish king. Only Cassius had any children: two boys. Cassius III, the elder, has never married, but I do not know about his brother, of whom Armistead never spoke.

By 1903 D.L.W. felt it was time to make a change, no matter how much they loved the ranch in Escondido and the people and the beauty of San Diego. He had six sons to educate and San Diego could not generate the where-with-all. Because of his prominence in the California Senate, where he served two terms, he was well known throughout the state. Indeed, he was urged to run for governor as a progressive Republican (those Republicans who were against the powerful influence of the Southern Pacific Railroad, whose big four of Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins and Crocker controlled the state until the election of Hiram Johnson as governor in 1910). He had offers from firms in both San Francisco and the rapidly growing city of Los Angeles. But surprisingly he had been lured into accepting a partnership with William Richards Castle in the newly created Territory of Hawaii. Under the organic act passed by Congress that served as the new territory's constitution all territorial court decisions could be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States and Mr. Castle needed a lawyer with experience in the federal court system. Thus "Providence" was to lead the Withington family to Honolulu.

A large farewell banquet was given D.L.W.on August 7, 1903 at the Brewster Hotel with fifty of the most prominent men of San Diego in

attendance including D.L.W.'s Harvard classmate and close friend for whom he had worked hard earlier trying to elect U. S. Senator, General U. S. Grant, Jr. Unfortunately the railroad barons were to seat their candidate. One cannot resist noting that the general married a divorcee as his second wife whose first name was America. The general loved to tell people that they met on the fourth of July! Of course Cassius Carter, now district attorney, was there, as was George Marston, the city's leading merchant who was to live to be over a hundred and become the city's greatest benefactor. Like D.L.W. the Marstons had originally come from Newburyport. Several of the guests were members of the Tuesday Club that D.L.W. had established, modeling it after its namesake in Newburyport. As a number of them were active Episcopalians, they would have known the former rector of St. Paul's and member of "The Club," Henry Bond Restarick, who was now Bishop of Honolulu and who had been instrumental in bringing Castle and Withington together.

It was with its seven courses a true banquet - the type Edward VII would have appreciated: Bouillon en tasse; Fish de sole au Vin Blanc accompanied with Reisling; Oyster patties served with Reffugee beans; Broiled dove on toast au Petit Pois served with Claret; followed by Spring chicken a la Maryland with Saratoga chips and Champagne; then Tomato mayonaise; all topped off with Assorted cakes, Fruit, Nuts and raisins, Cheese and Crackers and Cafe Noir.

The toastmaster, Judge Haines, gave a biographical sketch of the honoree: Where he was born and his life before coming to San Diego. He then mentioned that he had practiced law with Cassius Carter, the now district attorney; that he had served in 1894 and in 1897 as senator from the Fortieth Senatorial District and that the California Senate had "twice voted the thanks of that body for services rendered." While in the Senate he had worked for a revision of the county governments and helped in the passage of an "act relieving people tied up in irrigation districts." He had been president of the San Diego Civic Federation, director of the Bank of Escondido and the Escondido Lumber, Hay and Grain Company. Judge Haines concluded with the remark that in Hawaii as a partner of Hon. W. R. Castle, he will "have much to with the legal side of the management of corporate interests - the Castles being . . . interested in sugar plantations and other important enterprises."

The toastmaster introduced "the gentlemen who were to respond to the different toasts." One "response," as will be seen, would be today called "a roast." George Marston talked about D.L.W.'s relations with citizenship and social reform, in which he had been a leader. Dr. F. R. Burnham, a brother-in-law of Marston's and father of Theda Burnham Boynton, whom many Withingtons of my generation will remember, told of the Senator's work for the cause of education, which had been "of great value to the educational departments of the city and of the county as well." Dr. Burnham, incidentally was a member of the Tuesday Club. Harry L. Titus, who was in real estate and as a result "watched legislation regarding irrigation and water," told of the influence D.L.W. had on law reform both before and while in the Senate. Judge W. A. Sloane responded to the toast "The Lawyers Debt to the Community," by noting that the honoree "had well repaid the debt to this community."

In response a the toast to "The Bar of San Diego," Judge E. W. Hendrick became reminiscent and told a few of the stories of the bench and the bar . . ." He first said that once he had read a book that claimed there was no truth in history, but that it was all romance. To this the judge said that "here this evening there is more contradiction in real life than there is in anybody's romance, whether historical or not. But our dear friend Withington needs no comfort at this time when we reflect that in the last quarter of a century many of the most distinguished members of our bar . . . have gone away, scarcely creating a ripple . . ." Continuing in the same vein he wondered why the San Diego legal profession had not honored him previously instead of waiting until the eve of his departure. "Upon mentioning this to a once member of the bar, he suggested that it was because David had promised never to come back again."

"I picked up the morning paper," he continued, "and saw that the Supreme Court had recently decided that the Constitution did not extend to those islands; and inasmuch as I had seen Withington and Young in close consultation recently, it occurred to me that Withington was to go there as an advance agent to set up the constitution and by-laws of the San Diego Civic Federation in place of the antiquated Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States."

"It has been said that the great weakness of the Hawaiian

government is the lack of an intelligent opposition; there will be no lack of opposition when Withington goes over. He is a member of the same club to which I belong, and we always have some one (in opposition) when he is there: two when the firm of Withington and Carter is all there."

The toasts ended with one to "Our City" and then came "Mr. Withington's Valedictory:"

"When I came to California seventeen years ago, I left my kindred, birthplace and all the associations which gather around one's ancestral home; yet it is harder today to depart from later associations, although I am to go but a little way out on the great ocean that washes our shores. Why should not one love California? Southern California? San Diego? Certainly it has been good to me. It has restored my wife to health, given us seventeen years of activity, given to our six sons a healthy and vigorous life.

"One cannot doubt that no place in the world equals this county in advantages in building a home. Tom Reed's often quoted remark that, "had the Pilgrim fathers landed on the shores of California, instead of on Plymouth rock, they would never have crossed the Sierras," is full of suggestion. For not only is California a delightful place to live, but it furnishes more that is satisfying to the mind and the best energies of the individual than any other place. Although its past is not so ancient nor so memorable as that of Virginia or Massachusetts, they cannot equal the newer commonwealth in bright-hued visions of future greatness.

"Sometimes I think these constantly recurring hopes, many of which are dashed to the ground, are a source of weakness to the community - but when I reflect that it is those who are without hope who are dead and that the existence of hope means the power to struggle and to attain, I find it is the best evidence of a virile life. (D.L.W. is probably referring to San Diego's failure to grow and prosper as compared to inland Los Angeles 120 miles to the north, which was already challenging San Francisco as the leading city in the state. San Diego had seemed a natural with its magnificent location, its perfect climate and the only natural harbor south of San Francisco and this failure to live up to its potential frustrated many San Diegans, who would have starved to death if it weren't for the sick, the tourists and the Navy)

"It is evidence (continued D.L.W) of something more than a virile life - of faith which is the moving spirit of life, a faith in the land in which we live, in its future and the power of its people who dwell within its border, to achieve and make the most of that future. In my short experience in the state legislature, nothing was more marked than this quality, which gave and has always given to the Southern California members more than their numerical influence in legislation. Their confidence in each other and the empire which they represented gave them force which overcame seemingly impossible obstacles. No land, no country, no city, which has such abiding faith as is possessed by you, my fellow citizens, in our dearly beloved state, can fail to achieve success in the truest and highest sense."

Within a few days the entire family, except for Leonard, who was at Pomona College, plus Mrs. Davis and her two daughters, Margaret and Alice, set sail for Hawaii. On arrival they rented two identical houses on Beretania Street about a mile from down town and close to Punahou, where all the children would go to school. Their next door neighbors were the Restaricks, who lived in the third identical house. Here they stayed for a little over a year until they bought the house at 702 Prospect Street. This was high up the 492 foot extinct volcano named Puowaina by the Hawaiians, but called Punchbowl. It was large enough to hold all the family, had a magnificent 180 degree view that ranged from Diamond Head on the left, downtown Honolulu and the harbor in the foreground and the Waianae Mountains in the distance to the right. Although it was not as convenient a location for going to school, it was only a short walk to the office of Castle and Withington at 120 Merchant Street. Also directly below them on Beretania Street was Central Union Church, which was essentially Congregational and the offspring of the Missionary Society. This plus the view undoubtedly was what sold the house to M.D.W.

D.L.W. immediately fulfilled all of Mr. Castle's hopes, finding himself busy not only with appeal cases but with local business ventures. A few years earlier two young men, A. N. Campbell and Robert Shingle, had tried to get a franchise for a gas company from the territorial government, but the politically powerful who controlled the electric company did not like the idea of competition and prevented the

franchise from being awarded. Then there was also the question of financing. D.L.W., who had been involved with the Newburyport Gas Company, saw the opportunity and persuaded Mr Castle to invest in the venture. Thus Mr Castle took over Campbell's and Shingle's equity. As to the problem of the franchise, D.L.W. through his mainland political friends obtained a charter from the U.S. Congress itself that gave the company the perpetual right to manufacture and distribute gas in the City and County of Honolulu. D.L.W. was secretary and a director of the company until he died and through his personal interest was to see the company finally prosper. At his death he was the second largest stockholder after the Castles. At M.D.W's death the shares were divided five ways. Lothrop and Dennet sold theirs almost immediately, but Ted and his family must have held on to theirs until at least his death in 1942, while Lorraine held hers for Gertrude and Leonard III until her death just a few years ago. Dr. Paul held on to his and in 1933 became a director and remained one until retired as an emeritus. His shares are still held by his widow, Rosie, but the company is now caled Pacific Resources, Inc., a billion dollar company in the oil and gas business, of which the utility makes up a relatively small part.

D.L.W. died of stomach cancer on July 21, 1919. That afternoon the Honolulu Star Bulletin said this about him: "Since his coming there has been no move toward civic betterment, moral, intellectual or religious uplift in which he was not a leader. Though he never sacrificed the rights of his clients, he took no unfair advantage of his opponents. A man of strong opinions, he never tempered his course to the winds of circumstances, but tenaciously followed the star of right as he saw it.

"Undemonstrive on the surface, he was yet universally loved and respected. From the youngest tyro to the dean of the bar he was "Uncle Dave" to all his associates. But the kindly nickname indicated no whit of misunderstanding of the sterling character, or belittling of the facile, yet scholarly mind which combined a knowledge of the intricate mazes of the law with a most remarkable business sense, never stinted on behalf of those he represented."

Though perhaps less flowery the obituary printed on the front page of the Honolulu Advertiser of July 22, 1919 is more complete and, as it was undoubtedly written by Leonard, who was working for the Advertiser

at the time, it furnishes more of an insight into the sixteen years he lived in Honolulu and the place he occupied in the Islands.

* * * * * *

In Honolulu Mr.Withington has made his influence felt in many lines. Besides his large legal practice he found time for much serious work of a public or semi-public nature. He took part in various fights for good government. (He spoke publically) at rare intervals, but his addresses to the graduating classes of McKinley High School were scholarly productions. He was an active member of the Social Science Club and at his death was president of the University Club. He had been president of the Hawaiian Bar Association and of the Hawaii Sons of the American Revolution.

Coming from a family which numbered a number of distinguished clergymen, Mr. Withington took a deep interest in religious life and work. He was deacon of Central Union Church and his influence there was felt in many ways. For many years he was a teacher in the Sunday school, lately having a class of boys from the Honolulu Military Academy.

Himself an athlete of no mean ability, Mr. Withington always took the keenest interest in outdoor sports. In college he played on the university cricket team, then an important college sport, and on the college nine, which was then separate from the university team. (See also Dennet's Reminiscences) Up to recent years he was a strong swimmer and after coming to Honolulu was for some years prominent in the Honolulu Cricket Club. Since acquiring a cottage on Tantalus he has done much climbing among the hills, making the ascent of Konahuinui only a few months ago. (This is the highest peak of the Koolau Range that lies directly behind Honolulu and runs the length of the island) The athletic works of his sons at Harvard was always a delight to him and he attended many contests in which they participated. When on the mainland he was a frequent attendant at the major league baseball games. Here he hardly missed spending a Saturday at a school or league contest.

Besides his law practice Mr. Withington was connected with a number of local enterprises. He was an officer of the Honolulu Gas Company from its inception, was of counsel for the Rapid Transit and a director of numerous corporations. (HRW is sure he was a director of Alexander and Baldwin, and probably of Castle and Cooke and the Bank of Hawaii)

Aside from his devotion to his family . . . Mr. Withington's strongest trait was his devotion to principle, no matter how unpopular.

Within a week, speaking of the contest over the (city and county) supervisorial seats which took the last remaining ounces of his strength, he told his family:

"I went into this thing for two reasons. One was for the abstract principle of right which is something many people don't appreciate in its application. The other reason was to save to the city the services of a man I hardly knew but whose knowledge of the underground pipe system of this city, now badly worn out, will be lost to the people through control of the board of supervisors obtained by methods repugnant to the principles of our government." With him popularity was nothing when a principle was involved.

This may be compared with the statement made by the San Diego Tribune of June 7, 1903 when DLW was preparing to move to Honolulu:

"In many ways he has been able to direct influence in the way of keeping the city in the attention of the national government and it is owing to him that the Secretary of the Navy Moody recently made his definite statement relative to the harbor of San Diego. Not the least of the things in which Mr. Withngton has been a benefit to this city is the position he has occupied in the political field. He has been a successful example of cleanness and honesty in politics and is honored for his frankness and fearlessness."

They could say no less in Honolulu.

Part Two

D.L.W. and M.D.P.W - A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
By Dennet Withington

My father was about five feet ten inches tall and weighed about 170 pounds. He always wore a rather full mustache. As long as I can remember, both Mother and Father were grey. He was distinguished looking, but not what one would call handsome. In her youth Mother had lovely curly, dark red hair. Her beautiful dark brown eyes were her

distinguishing feature. She was about five feet six inches tall and weighed about 140 pounds. Father's eyes were blue grey.

Father's manner was rather gruff and very frank, but he had a kind heart and he contributed to many charities and helped more people than anyone knew. All Withington men love to argue and at family gatherings there would be some fierce arguments with loud shouting, which to an outsider would sound very bad tempered, but in reality it was all in good spirits and no feelings were hurt. Father had the best judicial mind I have ever known. If he were discussing a matter with someone informed on the subject, he would take the other side and argue vehemently. One would have thought that he was convinced of his point of view, but in a few days he would be arguing the other side. In this way he would get information from both sides and have a fair and informed opinion. Most of us argue over an important subject, convinced that our point of view is correct, but fail to convince our opponent.

David and I knew Father better than my older brothers, who saw him only on weekends when we lived in Escondido, while our pre-adult years were in Honolulu. He might shout at us, but we knew he was all bark and no bite. Mother never raised her voice, but we obeyed when she spoke. All of us six sons loved our parents dearly.

Mother did most of the disciplining since Father was in San Diego most of the week, and she was an excellent disciplinarian and did not spare the rod. But on one occasion Paul, Lothrop, and Ted had done something Mother thought deserved their father's attention, so Father took them out to the barn and applied the buggy whip, probably not very hard. Then Father gave the usual "this hurt me more than you line." He then then asked Paul were it hurt him. Paul was old enough to figure out the proper answer and said, "In my mind." Lothrop caught on from Paul and answered, "In my heart." Ted, the youngest of the three, was honest and replied, "On my bottom." Father took a quick exit. Restarick has dufferent version of this: The same three committed jointly something grievously wrong and as Father was away, Mother took all three of the boys to the barn and gave each a good whipping. After the punishment had been applied, Mother first asked Ted what lesson he had learned. He answered through his tears, "I have learned that I will be punished when I commit a sin." She then turned to Lothrop, who said something to the

effect that crime does not pay. She then turned to Paul, who said, "I've learned that you can't hurt me." There a third version according to Lothrop, It was Paul alone who had committed the deed. Mother took him into the barn to chastise him and after several whacks, she stopped to what the effect it had. He turned to her and said, "You can't hurt me" and that was the last time, according to Lothrop, that she tried corporal punishment on him.

In my Reminiscences I have written about Father's accomplishments in California. In Hawaii he made an equally fine record and was held in high regards everywhere. Hawaii was a territory and by U. S. law there was the Right of Appeal from the Supreme Court of Hawaii directly to the U.S. Supreme Court. The same procedure is not true in the case of state courts, where only matters involving the Constitution may be appealed to the Supreme Court. (As Hawaiian law before annexation had been largely influenced by English law, this meant that there were numerous differences that the courts would have to adjudicate. This is one reason why W. R. Castle and needed a partner like D.L.W. - one who had had much experience in the federal courts).

Father had an unbelievable record of getting the U.S. Supreme Court to reverse itself on three different occasions, and this was when the justices were the top legal minds and not political appointees.

Mother and Father had a most happy and fruitful life together. and they both had fine minds and strong wills. Of course, they had their disagreements. Once Father was on a ship returning to Honolulu when a passenger remarked that he had been married twenty-five years and there had never been a cross word or disagreement, to which Father replied, "My what an uninteresting life."

I have often said that Mother was the best teacher I ever had. She was on the San Diego County School Board, was the first president of Punahou's P.T.A. and Governor McCarthy (according to her obituary it was Wallace R, Farrington, Republican, 1921-1929) wanted to appoint her to the Board of Regents of the University of Hawaii. She refused the appointment as she was not a college graduate. She spent a great deal of time in the education and training of her sons. We did not start school until the second grade and all of us skipped a grade in school. She emphasized thinking clearly.

Both in Escondido and in Honolulu she was active in church and Sunday school work and was greatly beloved. Her gracious and affectionate manner drew many confused and disturbed women to her for advice and comfort. These women called her "mother" and thought she was a fount of wisdom. I don't doubt that she helped them more than the present day psychiatrists would have. She was truly democratic and race or social position made no difference to her.

Both my parents prided themselves on their lack of racial prejudice and in their democratic spirit. They liked people for what they were not for what they had and although we Withingtons do not feel superior to anyone else, neither do we feel any one is superior to us. Regarding this, however, Restarick has something to add. He says, "I am not so sure this generality is true. Perhaps that was Grandmother Withington's belief or claim, but even here her dominating character and requirements of those around her (an example is her demands on Aunt Tony, a woman of intellect and of her own generation) somewhat belies the claim. I doubt whether this is a Withington characteristic, unless Aunt Anne was different, i.e., not a true Withington. When I was courting a Vassar girl named Candace Alig of Des Moines, Iowa (later Mrs. Frank Vanderlip and now the Mrs James Van Alen of Newport, Rhode Island and New York), a beautiful and intelligent girl, but obviously a climber and "prom trotter," if there ever was one, I invited her to spend the weekend to attend a football game and the various attendant parties in the fall of 1932. She stayed with the Withies in Brookline and Aunt Anne was staying there also. She met Candy and later when talking to me, thinking I had marriage as an objective, she warned me in a general way about a hedonistic life, while praising the intellectual one. She then stated that while the Withingtons were not social snobs they prided themselves on being intellectual snobs. I think my grandmother felt we were all equal in the sight of God, but her life didn't admit of equity of all in the moral and intellectual areas. As in Orwell's Animal Farm, while all were equal, some were more equal than others and by this I in no way want it thought that I am adversely critical."

Father was responsible for obtaining the charter from the Congress in 1904 for the Honolulu Gas Company, as the local authorities refused to grant a charter that would be in competition to the electric company.

I worked there before going to the Stanford Law School and Restarick did also from 1935 to 1956 except for the war years when he was in the Navy. When Restarick first went to work for the company the office manager was Frank Branco, who had been an office boy in the very early years of the company. He worshiped Father and said he dropped in every day as he went to his office on Merchant Street to see how things were going. According to Frank there was a leading Honolulu citizen for whom Father had no use and let the man know it by refusing to speak to him. But one day instead of passing him by, he stopped him and bid him the time of day. The man was surprised and asked why he saw fit to salute him, to which Father replied. "I have just realized that we are the two most intelligent men in Honolulu." The man was obviously pleased until Father explained: "Certainly. It is because you know you are wrong (about something they disagreed about) and I do too." Whether this episode is true is questionable, but Frank Branco knew the man and felt that the remark was quite appropriate.

Paul told Restarick that Father's philosophy was to pay for his sons' education through college and thereafter they were to be on their own and not to expect an inheritance. (Fortunately he did leave Grandmother very well off and her estate helped at least two or three of the heirs to help weather the depression. My mother, CRW, told me that when she and my father were married and he was going to the Harvard Medical School, they had to live on what my father made as Assistant Treasurer of the Athletic Association, coaching, conducting classes for freshmen who were physically undeveloped, and writing sports articles for the papers. I imagine he did not pay for the graduate schools for the others either. My father also said that D.L.W., was conservative in his personal financial matters, preferring to invest in bonds and not in stocks. On the other hand, he invested the little money that Mrs. Davis had in stock and as a result when she died he had accumulated quite a good sum for her estate. He did invest in the gas company, probably because he was directly involved in its success and became the second largest share owner after the Castles. Thus his conservatism paid off in the long run and his high standards were to be passed on to the next generation. HRW)

Part Three

MARIETTA DENNETT PAUL WITHINGTON
By Constance Restarick Withington

My mother-in-law, Marietta Dennett Paul Withington, was quite a character. I don't think this was apparent to those outside the family, who thought her old-fashioned, perhaps, but a good Christian woman who lived according to her faith. I was fond of her and respected her but smiled with others of the family at some of her eccentricities. I don't think she approved of me - I was too worldly - but she was always tolerant of those who did not think as she did and she was always kind and helpful to all her daughters-in-law.

Her mother, Mary Dennett Paul, died of tuberculosis when she was quite young, as did one or more of her little brothers. For this reason she had an obsession about the disease and always feared that she, too, would fall a victim to the illness. She lived to be seventy-nine, dying of cancer and after having given birth to five healthy sons, the youngest, Dennet, being born when she was forty-six. It was for this reason that she went in 1886 to San Diego, which was then a mecca for sufferers with lung trouble. Though the climate of Southern California is mild compared with her native Massachusetts, she continued to wear the same underwear that she wore in the East. She thought corsets, which all women of her generation wore, were unhealthy and never wore one, but she swathed herself in a heavy undershirt and camisole and petticoats galore, including one of flannel. She never changed the style of her dress and to the day of her death wore the original model with high neck, long sleeves and shirts two inches off the floor. She confessed to me that she might not be in style but her dresses were always of the highest quality. I don't think she ever let the air touch her body except when taking a bath. She was always fearful of drafts and would sit at the head of the dining table in an arm chair completely surrounded by a steamer rug. One summer when she came East for a visit, Paul drove her to York to visit Grandmother Paul and Aunt Florence in the hottest day of the year with the temperature in the hundreds,

dressed in her usual heavy clothing, plus a heavy coat and bundled up in a steamer blanket. When my mother heard that Mrs. Withington was coming to Honolulu to live, she remarked to me, "I wonder if Mrs. Withington will arrive in Honolulu wearing her little old bonnet with strings which tied under her chin, which she was accustomed to wear in San Diego." I remember going to the steamer to meet the Withingtons and see this curiosity, but was disappointed to find she was wearing a hat.

Upon the death of her mother, Marietta was sent to be brought up by an aunt, Mrs. Burnham. I think the aunt must have been a Baptist for her son, Sylvester afterwards became a well-known Baptist minister, and this accounts for Mother Withington's fundamentalist beliefs. The Burham family must have been very religious and taken young, she never swerved from her early teachings and the Bible was the foundation of her life, in an almost primitive way. She did not believe in servants - all men were equal in her eyes - and her household was run on a communal basis. In Escondido, she found a poor deserted wife with two young daughters. She took them into her home, clothed and fed them and in return Mrs. Davis did the cooking and the housework and continued to do so until near her death. Mrs. Withington brought up the two girls as her own daughters, and later on in Honolulu, she took in a Chinese girl, (Amy Ching) and two Japanese girls who assisted in the housework for the privilege of being brought up in a Christian home. We all ate at the same table. Elsewhere we have told of mother's having to employ a negress and how she gave up the job when required to eat at the table with her employers. When Uncle Arthur and Aunt Tony came to Honolulu, they lived until they got settled with David and Marietta. To Aunt Tony's suprise, she was immediately told what her chores were to be. One of them was to escort little Gertrude (who with her little brother Leonard, was living with her grandparents because of the death of her mother, Marian) to the bus several blocks away and down a steep hill, so that she could go to school. Father Withington was dying of cancer of the liver and Aunt Tony told me she would never forget Marietta's coming into her room the night of his death and almost in a state of ecstasy announcing, "David's gone to glory, David's gone to glory."

Both Marietta and Aunt Tony were highly religious women but seemingly of a different brand and no two could have been so different.

Aunt Tony's first husband died of tuberculosis and as a young widow, she supported herself by writing articles and stories for children's magazines. Somehow she found her way to Boston and Dr. Richard Cabot, and together they conceived the idea of having social workers in hospitals as liaison between the doctors and patients. Aunt Tony became Dr. Cabot's own social worker, the first in the U.S., I believe. She first met Uncle Arthur when she was working with Dr. Cabot. At first in Honolulu, she worked as a secretary to the minister at Central Union Church, but when Paul and I returned to Honolulu, to my surprise I found she had become an Episcopalian. There she seemed to have found her home. She worked with the women's organizations of St. Andrew's Cathedral and started a unique weekly luncheon club, "Friendly Fridays", whose members fairly worshipped her, but besides her devotion to service, I think I am right in believing that her religion was of the mystical, spiritual kind and if she had not had Uncle Arthur as an anchor she might have drifted into Theosophy or Buddhism. I know she thought she had an Aura which was recognized by the selective few.

Mother Withington's religion was founded and bounded by the Bible. She was a student of the Bible, in fact she read little else. She had a Woman's Bible Class at Central Union Church, whose members were devoted to her and grateful to her for her careful expounding of the text. I have heard them say they had never had so good a teacher. As a graduate of a teacher's institute in Newburyport, she was indeed a good teacher and (one of) the first female school principals in the country, I believe. She was not an intellectual and her intellectual pursuits were limited by her Fundamentalist upbringing. I used to sit at dinner with Mother Withington at one end of the table and Father Withington at the other, surrounded by Mother's more or less charity cases, for besides the Davises, there were always some other hangers-on, the dressmaker for whom she felt sorry or some worthy woman who was in trouble, and feel sorry for my father-in-law, the intellectual, the thinker, the man who loved a good argument or discussion and think how boring it must be for him.

I think Father Withington was not the easiest man in the world to be married to. He was kind and generous, but his nerves were near the surface and he was easily irritated. Mother Withington confided to my

mother that their sex life was satisfactory, but I often wondered about the meeting of their minds. Then, too, there was this obsession about her health and how she couldn't live anywhere but in Escondido, obliging him to decline a chance of running for the governorship of California. When they came to Honolulu, Marietta more or less made it known that she was not a Society woman and in this way she cut her husband, who loved people, from the social gatherings of his kind. I think he must have missed his fellow cronies of the San Diego Tuesday Club and was glad to be reminded that he had founded the University Club of Honolulu. He supported his wife in her religious interests, but I am sure he was a free thinker. It's strange, looking backward, that Mother Withington's religious teachings did not rub off on her sons, except for Frederic. It is said that Newburyport was a community of individualists and this David and Marietta certainly were. Perhaps it was that background with a dash of tolerance which made the marriage work.
CRW - 1976

Part Four

DAVID LITTLE AND MARIETTA DENNETT PAUL WITHINGTON
Remembrances by HRW

My remembrances, while they are necessarily vague regarding D.L.W., those of grandmother Withington are deeply engraved in my brain.

When my father was interning at the Boston City Hospital, where he was on duty continuously, my mother took me back to Honolulu, where we stayed with her parents in the Bishop's House on Emma Square from mid 1915 to the late summer of 1916. Our being in Honolulu was the reason why she was able to greet Lothrop and Karkie on the dock when they came on their honeymoon to visit D.L. and M.D.W. at 702 Prospect Street. At the age of four memories are quite limited except for certain instances. David, Jr. entered Harvard in September of 1916 as a freshman and six Withingtons sailed from Honolulu to Vancouver: the two Davids, Lothrop and Karkie and my mother and me. My most vivid memory was of the largest passenger on board - Daisy, the Honolulu Zoo elephant (who, incidentally, was to return and was still alive at the zoo in the early

1930's). I have a recollection of grandfather, who was the only one with a moustache, taking me up to the deck where Daisy was penned. Also impressed in my mind due to later family chit-chat was the way David, Jr. was kept busy for the six day trip. Karkie had received literally hundreds of wedding presents and she hadn't had time to write her "thank you" letters, although she had the complete list of donors with her. The list was divided into two groups: those that would recognize Karkie's (very distinctively large) handwriting and those who wouldn't. You have the privilege of guessing who wrote the letters to the latter. All six of us ended up in the Boston region and mother and I rejoined the now full fledged physician at number 2 Avon Street, Cambridge. For the brief time D.L.W. was in the area he visited us and I clearly recall walking with him up Massachusetts Avenue to Harvard Square and back to the Avon Street apartment.

C.R.W. says in her essay on Grandmother Withington that she "was quite a character," meaning it in a meliorative sense. She was indeed not your run of the mill grandmothers. As previously noted I was in Honolulu for about a year in 1915 - 1916, but except for memories reinforced by photographs and family stories, my recollections are virtually nil. I do remember that in the front yard of 702 Prospect Street under a ponciana tree was an old horse car that still had its seats and the fare register that was activated by pulling a cord. Grandfather had bought it for the children to play in when the Beretania Street horse cars were replaced with electric trollies about 1904. As they had lived on Beretania Street when they first came to Honolulu in 1903, they must have often ridden in the very same car.

In May of 1920 my mother and I returned to Honolulu, where David Little Withington III was born on July 20th. Although I didn't hear it until later, Grandmother was so heartbroken after the death of first her son David and then her husband that she spread the word that the next grandson if named David Little would inherit David, Jr's share of her estate. Lothrop and Karkie had the first shot, but it was a girl and very appropriately named Marietta. Wisely the offer was never put in writing or put into effect.

Very shortly after David III was born my father arrived to make Honolulu our permanent home and the four of us moved to 702 Prospect

Street, where in the rear of the second floor was a suite of rooms consisting of a large bedroom, a sleeping porch, a sitting room and a bath. There we were to live until June of 1922 when we rented the Lindsay house in Manoa - just in time for Dennet to move in after graduating from Harvard. From this time until 1926 I really preferred to live with the two old ladies, for after Grandfather died Grandmother wanted a companion and hired Auntie Gardner. She was an ideal companion and was loved as much by all as if she had been a born member of the family. Although she had arrived in America very young as a poor Irish immigrant, she had married a wealthy older man who owned sailing ships. Unfortunately steam was rapidly replacing sail and when he died he left her a poor widow. Along the line she had become well read and appreciated great literature. In the back of my mind is the idea that all of all her husband's ships' names started with "Star of." Recently when in San Diego we went aboard the bark (originally a full rigged ship) "Star of India," that is moored in the harbor as a part of the city's maritime museum. I had hoped to find that she was one of Mr. Gardner's, but a check of her history so far shows no owner by that name.

Grandmother and Auntie Gardner spoiled me, so no wonder I enjoyed staying with them. From September to December of 1923 I lived at 702 Prospect Street and spent a good part of each summer on Mount Tantalus, where there was only the three of us. There Grandfather had bought several acres of land, had paid convict labor to build a road to the property and constructed a small rustic cottage and a stall big enough for one horse. At an elevation of about 1600 feet it was cooler than the house on Punchbowl and it had a magnificant view of Round Top, Honolulu below and the Waianae Mountains in the distance. One slept under mosquito netting, heard the rain patter nightly on the corrugated iron roof that collected the entire water supply, walk down the road to the Thompsons, where I cold play with Barbara and Dixie, or go into the Hawaiian "jungle" of kukui, ohia, koa, ferns and wild ginger. The ginger cones we would pick for Grandmother and she used its fragrant soapy juice to wash her hair. She claimed there was no soap in the world that could equal it for washing hair, not even the most expensive soap from France. There was no electricity so Auntie Gardner cooked on a kerosene

stove and we went to bed by kerosene lamp. There was a small but interesting collection of books. One I clearly remember was about the exciting adventures of a group of young Americans who had discovered the lost treasures of the last Inca king. It was deep in a scary watery cave and, of course, there were others who were after it. There was also an adventure tale about an expedition into the wilds of Lake Okeechobee that was full of danger - the alligators being not the least.

My mother is correct about grandmother's being more interested in religious matters than secular, but she never tried to influence my religion nor did she ever read the Bible to me. Perhaps this was because she deferred religious matters to my grandfather Restarick, the Bishop of Honolulu. Her strong personality and high moral standards, reinforced by her soft quiet, but not to be disobeyed, tone of voice certainly had an influence on my life. She encouraged my reading of books and using the Encyclopaedia Britannica in the great 11th edition of 1911 when I had a question, rather than expecting her or Auntie to furnish the answer. One of my great delights was to have Auntie Gardner read to me books that were to stimulate in me a desire to read more on my own.

Auntie Gardner slept in the front room on the second floor of the house at 702 Prospect Street. This room was at least forty feet long and may well have been the boys' "dormitory" when all five of her sons were living at home. There were windows that ran continuously on threes sides that gave one a view that went from Diamond Head to the Waianae Mountains. It was from here that Grandmother would use her mirror to signal the incoming and outgoing ships. Grandmother's room was to the left as one entered the long room. It was perhaps 14 by 16 and directly behind it was a very small bathroom that she had had constructed out of a hall closet. As she grew older she had a passion for building bathrooms and this one was an example. When she bought Dennet's house on Tantalus, which was directly back of the cottage, it had two bedrooms and one bath. She shortly added a wing with one additional bedroom, but two bathrooms - or was it three? Grandmother certainly could not have been a prude about the human body in spite of her neck to toes clothing. When I was about eleven I entered her tiny bathroom - I think she called to me to fetch something - while she was taking a bath. She was entirely naked and we held a discussion for some moments without any sense of

embarassment. In the years which I remember her, age eight to twenty-one, her peculiar (to many) dress didn't seem a bit strange to me: it was just Grandmother.

From the time we lived at 702 until Grandmother died Murata and later his wife, Take, were the house servants. Murata did the cooking and Take the rest. According to my mother he did fish as well as any cook, but was otherwise limited. For my part Murata was a great cook. I can still taste his floating island desert, the junket, the delicious popovers, and the best corned beef hash ever made by human hand. Murata had one of the most lucrative positions in all of Hawaii and I feel certain that Grandmother was aware of it. He did all the purchasing of household needs. The grocery wagon, owned by a Japanese, came daily up the alley that ran to Mrs. Davis' house and parked by the back door. Murata bought what was needed and of course he got his cut. He bought the meats, too, but only got his rake-off from the Japanese fish vender, since the other meats came from the Metropolitan Meat Market. When Murata pointed out that she could save money on eggs by raising her own chickens, she had a coop built and stocked with hens. She paid for the feed and paid Murata about fifty cents a dozen for his extra work. It should be mentioned that fresh eggs in Honolulu were very expensive in the twenties, averaging over a dollar a dozen (which in 1988 dollars would be equal to as much as ten dollars). In 1929 when Karkie brought her entire family of seven children from Boston to visit their Honolulu grandmother, she bought a used Studebaker touring car and when the Withies left, they gave the car to Grandmother. She then paid to have Murata learn to drive and on the rare occasion that she went for a drive paid him exactly what she paid her former Japanese taxi driver. Murata and family returned after Grandmother died to his native village in Japan where, I have been told, he was the richest man town.

The only thing that used electricity at 702 was the telephone. The cooking and water heating was by gas, the laundry irons were gas irons, and all the lights were gas with welsbach mantles. As Grandfather was responsible for obtaining the franchise for the gas company from the Congress of the United States, was an officer of the comapny and a large stockholder, plus the fact that when he bought 702 Prospect Street every customer was valuable, the use of gas is understandable. Grandmother

always maintained that gas light was more like sunlight and better for the eyes than those electric light bulbs. 702 Prospect Street was termite heaven. Regularly the flying ant type termites swarmed through and around the house. As those were the days before professional termite exterminators, it finally came down to whether Grandmother or the house would would outlast the other. If Grandmother had lived just a little longer, I am sure the termites would have won.

Comments have been made about her egalitarian ethic. I can understand the reasons for this claim, but while she may have believed that all were equal, she certainly expected all those around her or whom she supported to earn their keep and expected, like a ship captain, all to follow her suggestions. I can't remember her ever doing any house work: in town there was Murata, Take and the yard man and on Tantalus there was Auntie Gardner and the caretaker and his family. There is no question she would help the needy and bring people into her home no matter what their race or creed or economic status. She had two oriental girls educated as if they were her own daughters. She sent Amy Ching to Wellesley College because she was extremely bright and sent Alice Davis to the Honolulu Normal School just down the hill because she felt that Alice was not bright enough for an eastern college. How the fates insert themselves into human affairs. While Amy Ching became a school teacher and then a good mother to three girls, Alice gave up teaching and died several times a millionaire, leaving a trust fund for the college education of my sister Elizabeth and Leonard III's daughter Kiki. One of Amy's daughters, however, was to marry a man who was to become the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Hawaii. About 1936 Aunt Tony, Uncle Arthur's widow took a trip to Japan to gain background information for a book she was writing. When she returned she told of seeing a plaque at a Japanese Christian College honoring a benefactor - Marietta Dennett Withington. None of the family had ever previously heard of this bit of philanthropy. When living in San Diego county she was elected superintendent of the county public schools as she was the only person that all three major parties would agree on. In 1922 Governor Farrington offered her an appointment to the Board of Regents of the University of Hawaii. She with modesty turned it down.

Many tributes were paid her at her death. One by a dear friend who

wrote, "Clothed in a mantle of graciousness, with a character as rib-rocked as her New England home, she will always be remembered as an outstanding influence in the Central Union Church, to which she gave 30 years of devotion. As a profound Bible student, Mrs. Withington brought careful preparation and consecration to her Sunday School class. She was remarkable as a teacher; as a spiritual leader her powers were transcendent. She served for seven years as president of the Gleaners and for a much longer time, she was an active worker in the Woman's Board and the Women's Society. The love of Christ motivated her life". (Editorial page, November 10, 1933, Honolulu Star Bulletin)

The Honolulu Advertiser in their obituary dated November 9, 1933 wrote these words:

"Mother Withington had a large influence down the years through her Bible teaching. Boys and girls, men and women, both young and old, have sat at her feet. A profound student of the Bible itself, she had the ability of imparting her knowledge to others, and the rare genius of understanding the personalities of those whom she taught and adapting her teaching to their needs. As years brought a new type of Bible study, she understood the new and combined the best it offered with the best of the old. Countless persons have learned this spirit of tolerance from her and are carrying on in their own lives, and have imparted to their children truths learned from her. As the widening circle of a pool into which a pebble has been dropped, so was the influence of her Bible teaching."

Marietta Dennett Paul and David Little Withington were indeed two remarkable people and their eighteen grandchildren and their children and grandchildren are fortunate to have them as ancestors.

* * * * * * *

To close the chapter on DL and MDW the following letter from Uncle Arthur, dated February 2, 1927, seems appropriate:

Dear Marietta,

I feel like the little girl in Punch who told her mother "I'm glad you married into our family." I remember distinctly forty years ago today and how surprised I was that Dave had married Etta Paul, who was only a name to me. The more I reflect the greater the man I believe Dave

to have been and this was largely owing to his married life since Feb. 2, 1887. He was an example of the truth of the statement that only an honest man can be a great lawyer. I was speaking the other day of his triumph in the Atherly case before the Supreme Court of the United States. No one but a great lawyer and one who realized the greatness of the Supreme Court would dare to counsel an appeal a second time to that tribunal on the same facts. He, however, appreciated that if he could present to the whole court what Justice Holmes had decided: that as a court it would never sanction its own decision, to wit, that a guardian could fraudulently deprive his ward of property and there be no remedy in the law.

I have always felt it was a great pity Dave died before the argument in the Ozawa case. While Mr. Wickersham is a very able lawyer, he throughly believed the court would refuse to hear a case on the technical point that Ozawa's application for naturalization and final hearing extended over a period of seven years which the court could construe a(sic) barring him from naturalization owing to delay. Having this truly __(?)__ in his belief no man can argue a case, whatever its merits, to the best of his ability. Dave did not agree with Mr. Wickersham and events proved he was right. If he had argued the case, I believe the court might have held differently and decided there was no discrimination in the naturalization laws against the Japanese.

I intended to write a careful letter and so sketched this draft early this morning. Then I was called to attend to my duties with the result that it was now too late for you to receive it today, so I send this unorthodox letter (written in pencil on lined legal pad paper).

It, however, carries my deepest love and felicitations on that happy happy event forty years ago, which (also) celebrated Dave's thirty-third birthday. Your affectionate brother, Arthur.

VIII

FAMILY REMINISCENCES

(1974)

By Dennet Withington

with interpolations by Restarick and Constance Withington

I remember hearing from my father many stories about my great grandfather, Leonard Withington, who was born on the ninth of August, 1789 in Dorchester, Massachusetts. He received his B.A. from Yale in 1814; M.A. in 1821, and D.D. from Bowdoin in 1850. He was Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Newbury from 1816-1859 and Pastor Emeritus from 1859 until his death in 1885. He was eminent as a preacher and author of works in theological subjects and in great demand as a public speaker. He actually excommunicated his son, Nathan, and two daughters from the church because they thought he was getting too old and should retire, which shows he was something of a tyrant. (See Chapter VI for reasons for excommunicating Nathan Noyes and Elizabeth) The article in the First Parish, Newbury, Massachusetts: 1635-1935 on his long pastorate showed he was a clear thinker.

When he returned to the house where he boarded after his first service in Newbury, his landlady brought him a glass of rum which he refused. He was a worker for temperance all his life, yet in 1840 when the Massachusetts Legislature had before it a Prohibition Law, he worked strenuously against it. He reasoned that people should work for temperance but never to legislate liquor out of existence. He said it was better to have a few laws properly executed and respected than many laws which would not be obeyed and bring disrespect to all laws. After experiencing the 18th Amendment in our time, and our many restrictions, I must say that Great Grandfather was very smart.

He was engaged to be married when he first went to Newbury and married Sophia Shelbourne in 1817, a few months after assuming the pastorate. She bore him three children, all of whom died young. A year after her death in 1826 he married Caroline Noyes by whom he had nine children, five sons and four daughters of whom the eldest, Nathan Noyes, was the only son to have children.

Leonard Withington had only one brother who had offspring and he, William, lived a somewhat similar life. Rather than Yale he graduated from Harvard and later became an Episcopal minister. The two also were to have the distinction of becoming the oldest living graduates of their respective colleges. William, like his brother was also to have only one son to carry on the name: William Herbert, who commanded the 17th Regiment of the Michigan Volunteers during the Civil War and was made a Brevet Brigadier General. After the war he founded in Jackson, Michigan the Withington and Cooley Co., manufacturers of agricultural implements.

The General had two sons. Philip, the elder son, was born in 1871 in Jackson and later moved to Cleveland, Ohio when Withington and Cooley merged with the American Fork and Hoe Company, later named TruTemper. He also helped found Sparks-Withington Company in Jackson (which today is the Sparton Corporation). Philip had five daughters: Phyllis, born in 1897; Janet (1899); Rosamond (1902); Marguerite (1910); and, Harriet Elizabeth (1913). (See Appendix C: "The "Cleveland Withingtons")

The general's only surviving daughter, Katherine (Cousin Kate), who was very close to members of our branch, married rather late in life Fleming Carrow, a well known eye doctor. The younger son was Winthrop, who had only one child, William, who lives in Altadena, California. (He raised Afgans for a "living") Of all those of my generation Bill and I are the last males.(Bill died about 1980, leaving only an adopted (?) step-daughter who goes by the name of Virginia Withington).

My grandmother, Elizabeth Little W, was descended from George Little, who was born in London and came to Newbury in 1640. He is said to have been a tailor but on his arrival in Newbury had a talent for acquiring land which has characterized the Littles ever since. Aunt Anne says in her story of the Littles that George bought from Nicholas and John Osgood the land in Oldtown owned by the Littles of her day and 300 acres from Stephen Dummer in 1651, the "Birchen Meadows" at Turkey Hill. In 1940, there appeared in Ripley's cartoon "Believe it or Not," which was printed daily in the newspapers around the country, a drawing of the old Little House on Little's Lane, Newbury with the caption, "Celebrating the 300th anniversary of the oldest house in the U. S. occupied by the same family." (See Appendix for correct details)

My Grandmother Withington's father, Tristram Little, was born in

1784 and her mother was Sarah Little, his third cousin. Sarah's parents were Captain David Little (of the Massachusetts militia), who was born in 1761, and Abigail Noyes. Tristram Little was a dairy farmer in Newbury and worked his sons and grandsons on the farm with the result they did not get much education or culture. I knew three of Father's cousins, Henry Bailey Little on David Little's side and Carl and Heber Little on Tristam's side. One of the latter two married the hired girl of one of their customers and the wife of the other was about her equal. When Lothrop and Karkie were married at the Forges in 1916, it was a great society affair. All the relatives were invited, including the Carl and Heber Littles. The men did not attend but their wives came. They got there early and Arthur Beane, who was an usher, knowing that Little was a family name, seated them in the front row with the Withingtons. You can imagine Uncle Arthur's consternation, who was late, and had to sit well back, when he saw the two Little "family skeletons in the closet" sitting in the choice seats, up front, as big as life!

In 1913, Father and Mother took David and me East, and I remember one day as we were walking along High Street in Newburyport, a milk wagon pulled up beside us and to my surprise the milkman addressed father as "Hi, Dave", and to which my father replied "Hi, Heber". In Honolulu the milkman was either Portugese or Oriental and not very high on the social ladder. Seeing our surprise, Dad told us that Heber was one of our rich cousins. The Little family was always well fixed and they certainly did not throw their money away except that they always had good meals. As Grandfather was never too good a provider, Father often went to his grandfather Little's to get filled up.

1913 is also the year when the memories of my grandparents begin. First, Grandmother Withington was 4'11" tall and weighed 90 pounds while Grandfather was over six feet tall and weighed at least 200 pounds. Grandfather was 85 years old and I remember him as a powerfully-built man with a mustache and a beard. My older brothers have said that at 80, he could out-walk them. It was said that he used to talk in his sleep and Grandmother, awake, could carry on a conversation with him. He had a brilliant mind and read Greek for pleasure. He went to Yale but as he spent too little time on subjects that did not come as easily to him as

Greek, at the end of one year, his father pulled him out of Yale. He then went to Amherst, class of 1851, but I do not know how long he stayed there. Fortunately, my father was satisfied if I got a few B's along with my C's. (Family tradition is in error. He actually spent his freshman year at Amherst, then one year at Yale. According to the Yale records he left because of poor health. (HRW)

Grandfather Withington was the editor of the Newburyport Herald but like my brother, Leonard, who also edited the paper in later years, he put out too good a paper for a small town where everyone subscribed to the Boston papers. Shortly before the Civil War, he and Grandmother went out to Missouri where some say he taught school and others that he edited a paper. I do not know what else he he did until he became editor of the Herald, but I do know our irresponsibility in money matters from the Withingtons and not from the Littles. (?)

When the Civil War came, Grandfather was 32 years of age and had three children. He legally did not have to go to war, but he enlisted and served the entire four years. He was elected an officer of his Newburyport Company, but refused the commission on the grounds that he knew nothing of military science. The company then elected a man who had been an office boy in a town office. Father was ten years old at the end of the war. Before his father was mustered out, I believe in Hartford, Father went down to visit him. The army did not have the regulations as of today and for fun, someone got a sergeant's commission in a Colored Regiment issued to Father and for a number of years he used to tell people that he was a sergeant in the Civil War. His contemporaries would all say he was too young to have been in the War and then he would tell them the story. As he got older and his audience younger and not knowing he was too young, he stopped telling the story.

My Uncle Lothrop was a printer, then a reporter and correspondent for various papers in the U. S. and Europe, where he published The Anarchist. He assisted Victor Collins in cataloging the Library of Prince Louis Lucion Bonaparte for the British Museum and wrote for a number of socialist magazines. With F. J. Furnival he authored the book Elizabethan England. As a youth he read Dickens and decided to go to England to see Dickens' London with the result he lived in London most of his life and became a recognized authority on the city. He became a

Socialist and worked for the cause with the leading Socialists of England, among them John Burns, the first Labor Minister of the Cabinet and Lady Warwick. As a sideline he took up genealogy and had as clientele Americans who wanted to trace their ancestry to their English roots. He married in 1892 Caroline Lloyd, who was also a Socialist. She was a sister of Henry Demarest Lloyd, a Socialist and early muckraker in the U.S. Lothrop and Caroline believed in free love and their marriage may have been brought about by pressure from the Lloyds. They had no children and the marriage did not last long. (I have heard that they had a child that died shortly after birth. Also in my possession is a letter to CRW from Mrs. Henry Demarest Lloyd, Jr., in which she stated that her father-in-law was never a member of the Socialist Party. HRW)

Mollie Withington, having graduated from Boston University, became a successful and much beloved schoolteacher, first at Madison, Wisconsin and then at Evanston, Illinois, where she established the Withington School. (The North Shore Country Day School is a direct descendant of her school. HRW) Her untimely death occurred in a violent influenza epidemic.

Anne Toppan Withington was born in 1867 and was educated at Putnam Free School and Boston University. She took a job with the Chicago Board of Trade and at various times was an assistant at Chicago's Hull House. She edited with Jane Addams the posthumous works of Henry Demarest Lloyd. Mr. Lloyd had married the daughter of a former Governor of Illinois who was the second largest stockholder in the Chicago Tribune, hence the Lloyd money. (Richard J. Oglesby: Governor, 1865 to 1869; 1873; and 1885-89. He was a general in the C.W. and a senator.HRW)

Uncle Arthur, the youngest of my grandfather's family, was born in 1869. He was educated at Putnam Free School and graduated from the Boston University Law School. He was the Democrat of the family, having been delegate to the National Conventions of 1896 and 1890 and Democratic candidate for Congress in 1908 for the famous Essex district of Massachusetts and ran for mayor of Newburyport several times. He married Antoinette Blinn rather late in life. She was a widow, a magazine writer, a social worker, and after moving to Hawaii with Uncle Arthur, was the author of two successful books on the Islands. Just

after my father's death, Uncle Arthur became a member of the firm of Castle and Withington, a position he held until his death in 1933. Henry Demarest's three sons were at Harvard about the time of Paul and Lothrop. They were active in the Harvard Socialist Club. I never heard of these Socialists, like the Lloyds giving away any money. (Henry Demarest Lloyd, Jr. gave land south of New Bedford to Massachusetts as the Demerest Lloyd State Park. Mrs. H.D. Lloyd, Jr. addressed Constance R. Withington as "cousin." HRW) Somewhere around 1910 Father had to go to England to get a deed from a possible heir to some of the land belonging to the Waialua Plantation. While there, Uncle Lothrop took him on a three-day trip of England, Scotland and France, countries he knew like the back of his hand, and in these few days Father saw as much as if he had been there several weeks.

In 1914, Paul and Lothrop went to England with the Union Boat Club crew to row in the Henley Regatta. Both Paul and Lothrop in telling about Uncle Lothrop and how he was not very careful about his appearance and often looked as if he had slept in his clothes (he wore a Frock coat in which he carried his papers in the tails) Roger Cutler (stroke of the Union Boat Club crew of which P.W. was captain) used to kid the Withingtons about their peculiar uncle, but the tables were to turn. Roger came to P.W.'s hotel room and said that unfortunately the Cutler party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Cutler, her father, Lt. Gov. Frothingham of Massachusetts, and Leverett Saltonstall, stroke of the Harvard crew, could not spend the day with the three Withingtons as the Lt. Governor had been able to obtain only four tickets for seats in the House of Commons, where they were debating the most controversial subject of the day - women's suffrage. He was told that they understood and that they already had a date with Uncle Lothrop. When later Uncle L. appeared, he announced that he was taking them to hear the debate. When the four Withingtons arrived at the Houses of Parliament there was a long line of people, including the Frothingham party, trying to get in. Bobbies, however, blocked the way having announced that on orders of Parliament there would be no visitors for all that day. This did not perturb Uncle Lothrop one bit and he pushed his way up to one of the Bobbies and took out his card, wrote something on it and asked that it be taken to the Rt. Hon. John Burns, Minister for Labor. In almost no

time Mr. Burns was at the door and invited Uncle Lothrop and his nephews to enter. Either Paul or Lothrop then mentioned that the Lt. Governor of Massachusetts and his party were a part of the American Henley contingent and Mr. Burns graciously said they could join Uncle Lothrop's party. As a result all of them saw the Houses of Parliament from top to bottom. When they arrived at the Crypt where there was a small chapel which Mr. Burns said was often used for Royal Baptisms. Mr. Burns then turned to Connie and said: "Since you are a Bishop's daughter, I give you permission to raise the dust cloth which covers the Altar Cloth and underneath you will see a Cloth embroidered by Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I, (1272-1307). When she died, everywhere the funeral halted a cross was erected, hence the names, Banbury Cross, Charing Cross, etc." They ended up on the Terrace, overlooking the River Thames, and Mr. Burns asked Connie what she thought of the Thames. Without waiting for an answer, Mr. Burns said, "I was showing an American and a Canadian over Parliament and asked them the same question." The Canadian said, "Oh, you should see the St. Lawrence" and the American said, "You should see the Mississippi" to which I replied, "I have seen the St. Lawrence, that is crystal water; I have seen the Mississippi, that is muddy water, but the Thames is liquid history." While the boys were in England, Uncle Lothrop took them on a tour to show them places where their ancestors came from, and took them to churches to see the baptismal records of the Littles and Withingtons. He also wangled an invitation for Paul and Connie to have lunch with Lord and Lady Warwick. He went down on the Lusitania in 1915.

(Note: the reason why Parliament had been closed was because the day before several militant suffragettes had chained themselves to a metal railing overlooking the House of Commons and the railing had to be cut as well as the chains to free the protestors)

Aunt Anne, as I remember her, was a distinguished-looking woman and had a fine mind. She was an interesting conversationalist and very companionable, so much so that several times wealthy women took her abroad with them. Like my brother, Leonard, she had a way of getting free trips. Both Mr. Lloyd and Jane Addams had a great influence on her life. She was a "Do-Gooder" of the Eleanor Roosevelt type. She was always on the side of the "down trodden". Her ideas of the "down

trodden" did not always agree with her nephews. Lothrop once picked her up from a meeting on his way home from the office. She had a surly man with her and she asked Lothrop if he would give the man a lift, which he did, only to incur the indignation of the man because Lothrop would only take him halfway. After he got out of the car, Lothrop asked Aunt Anne what the meeting was about. She said it was a meeting for Conscientious Objectors in World War I. Aunt Anne was invited to go on Henry Ford's Peace Ship to Europe with Jane Addams, but she refused. Aunt Anne would have had a ball with present-day Civil Rights and Peace movements. One good thing about her, however, was that her friends led the parades and got their names in the paper, but Aunt Anne never did.

Uncle Arthur practiced law for years in Newburyport and was a great favorite, socially, especially with the summer colony. He enjoyed taking part in amateur theatricals. He was a typical Withington (Dennet speaks for himself. I haven't found many others to be "typical". HRW) in that he did not run his office in a business-like way and his friends took advantage of him and forgot to pay their bills. When Aunt Tony came to Newburyport as a social worker, she lived with our cousin, Dr. Abby Little. She was a handsome woman and stirred up quite a bit of excitement with the unattached males. I remember Mother remarking to Father about Aunt Tony's ability to attract men, to which father replied that it was easy to understand because she had her flag out.

Aunt Anne and Uncle Arthur never did get along very well, but after Uncle Arthur's marriage to Aunt Tony, who previously had been a great friend of Aunt Anne's, the rift was wider than ever. In 1918, Aunt Tony came to Lothrop and told him that she was coming to Boston to get a job, as Uncle Arthur was not making enough money to support the two of them. Lothrop asked her to wait and wrote to father and asked him if he had a place for his brother and that if not, he would ask Mr. Whipple to make a place for him. As it happened, Father needed another lawyer and so in the fall of 1918, Uncle Arthur and Aunt Tony came Honolulu. After Father's death in 1919, the Castles reorganized the firm in order to get Judge Robertson to take father's place and Uncle Arthur became a member of the firm and did well. Aunt Tony at first took a job as a worker in the Central Union Church. She was a very capable woman, but often fell out with the people with whom she worked.

The thing that infuriated Uncle Arthur with Lothrop was the quarrel over the furniture of 206 High Street, Newburyport. Arthur claimed the furniture was his as he had supported his father and mother in their last years. When he left Newburyport, he stored the furniture in the barn belonging to a friend, perhaps Jim Parton's aunt, Ethel Parton. Ted, when he went to teach in a boarding school in Rye, New York needed some furniture with which to furnish his and Mig's apartment and remembering the furniture in Newburyport which was doing nobody any good, asked Uncle Arthur if he could have some of it. The permission was given, but Ted stayed in Rye only a short time and when he left he shipped the furniture to Lothrop without telling Uncle Arthur. The first thing the latter knew about it was when he had dinner with Lothrop and Karkie in Brookline and immediately recognized "his" furniture. There was a great to do over this furniture, most of which were family heirlooms. Mother Withington sided with Lothrop, claiming Father Withington had an interest in them, too. Some of the furniture was eventually sent to Uncle Arthur but when he died, Aunt Tony, who had been upset by the feud, refused to have any of it in the house and gave it away to Paul (Four pieces: 18th century card table, 18th century dresser; 17th century dresser, 18th century tip top table. HRW) and me.

Father was educated at the public schools of Newburyport and at (Governor) Dummer Academy. He graduated from Harvard in 1874 with honors in Chemistry and was elected a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Perhaps the fact that the president of Harvard, Charles Eliot, was a chemist may have influenced him in his choice of subjects. He was a poor boy and I believe worked his way through college. Although he was a good baseball player, he did not play at Harvard for at that time there were no coaches and a clique controlled the team and he did not fit into the picture. However, he played in the old semi-pro New England League. He loved all sports, but baseball was his favorite.

Here let me tell a few stories about Father's love of sports. Mother was strict about Sunday. We always went to Sunday school and church and were never allowed to attend Sunday sporting events, although she did relax a little when David and I were in high school. On Sunday afternoons, Mother would read to us, often from Dickens' work and Father would go to the University Club to read in the library. While Lothrop

was still in Punahou, he had already developed the ability to trap one into a confession with a serious face. On Sunday night at supper, he told Father that he had climbed Punch Bowl and with our powerful field glasses he had been able to watch the baseball game at Aala Park. Father remarked that was interesting; upon which Lothrop added, "Dad, I could see you there." Father took it hook, line and sinker and answered, "I just stopped a moment on my way home." Our field glasses were really not that good and the field at least a mile away. Father had just taken a very roundabout way home. It was said that the arguments that Dad and loud-mouthed Doc Monserat, the local vet, got into were as good as the game itself. (Two other of his baseball buddies were James Castle and the Portuguese consul, Sr. Canavaro.)

Father always came to see his sons play in their athletic ventures, even if they were only on the 3rd team. Office hours in Honolulu were from 8 to 4, but if one of us were playing, he would show up at Alexander Field at Punahou, unless he were in court. He had no car and would have to take the street car. Often he would have to return to the office at night to catch up with his work.

When Paul, Lothrop and Ted were excelling in sports at Harvard, Father was fortunate in having friends in the supreme Court of the U.S. and in the circuit Court of Boston who always set his cases either in the fall or spring so he could watch his sons perform. He was proud of their athletic feats though he never would admit it. Hawaii was still a territory and if there were an appeal all cases went directly to the U.S. Supreme Court and father had a good number of such appeals. James Castle, a brother of Dad's partner, was sued in Massachusetts while on a visit there by a Mr. Lowry, who had been associated with Mr. Castle in a coffee venture. It was a long drawn-out case which was always set for the fall and spring terms (so he could see his sons play).

When we went East in 1913, Mother went to Boston from Chicago while father took David and me to Washington. In the morning he took us to various places of interest, had lunch with a Mr. Brown, a lawyer who had been associated with Father in some of his cases, drove through Rock Springs Park, and then, the most important thing to David and me, went to see our first big league game. Just as Mr. Brown was pointing out some especially beautiful spot, I asked, "Do you think Walter Johnson

will pitch?" Well, Johnson did pitch a two-hitter; Ty Cobb got one of them, then stole second and third. In New York, Father took us to see the Yankees play and in Boston we saw both Boston teams play a number of times.

While we were staying in Newburyport, a man who had been Father's roommate and one of his dearest friends, died. The funeral was to be in the morning and Father, dressed in his Frock coat, which lawyers wore in 1913, went off to the last rites in Boston. When it got to be 5 o'clock and then 6 and Father did not return, Mother became worried but Uncle Arthur knew the answer: there was a double-header between the Athletics and the Boston Red Sox, the two leading teams in the American League. When Father finally arrived about 7 p.m., I asked him who won and he replied with enthusiasm, "The Athletics won the first game and the Red Sox the second." Mother slowed the account of the game by remarking, "I thought you went to a funeral."

Upon graduating from Harvard, Father decided to go to law school, but President Charles Eliot had other ideas and insisted that Father was a chemist, not a lawyer. How wrong he was! As a result, Father went to the Boston University Law School. After law school, he returned to Newburyport to practice and later on also had an office in Boston. He studied in the law offices of his father's cousin, Frances V. Balch, leader of the Boston Bar. He was also Captain of Company A, 8th Regiment, Massachusetts Militia (the old Newburyport Artillery of 1775) and was orator at the Company's centenary in 1875. He was active in politics and was a member of the Republican State Committee and later on was vice-president of the American Bar Association. He had a nice nest egg when he moved to San Diego in 1886 where he practiced law in partnership with Cassius Carter for 16 years. He was a Republican member of the California Senate, 1895-1899, and could probably have been nominated governor of that state. In 1880, he married in Newburyport, Sarah Curtis, who died shortly after giving birth to my brother, Leonard, in 1884. Father took it very hard and Leonard was raised by his two grandmothers, each of whom blamed the other for his being spoiled.

Mother was born in Kittery, Maine on September 15, 1854. Her parents were Burlington Paul, and Mary Dennett. Grandfather was a

ship's carpenter and worked in the Kittery Naval Yard. Her ancestors on both sides were pioneer settlers of New Hampshire and Maine. Mark Dennett was Mother's maternal grandfather and was one of the leading citizens of Kittery. He owned a fine farm but was also a school teacher and a Justice of the Peace. He was considered a brilliant mind and Mother adored him. When Mother was four years old, her mother died of tuberculosis and she was raised by her mother's sister, Alice Dennett Burnham, in Newburyport.

Grandfather Paul then married a second time and his mother-in-law moved in with them, promptly taking charge of everything. In Maine, they took their politics seriously and she even wanted to control that. Grandfather was a kindly, easygoing man but when his mother-in-law took away his newspaper because it supported the wrong party, he rebelled and the mother-in-law and his wife moved out. She had her daughter get a divorce, which in those days was a great disgrace. Later he married Emma Junkins, (an aunt of my brother, Leonard's first wife, Marion). He developed a dizziness in heights and could no longer work in the shipyards so he and Emma went to live on the old farm on York River that belonged to her bachelor uncle. Aunt Florence and Aunt Gertrude were the children of this marriage. The former worked in the York Village Bank and Gertrude was a schoolteacher. Gertrude was the man of the family, taking care of the horse and doing all the outside work. She was a lovely person and much beloved. Her death of pneumonia in the winter of 1910 or 1911 was a great blow to my mother and my three older brothers who were fortunate enough to know her.

We all know Aunt Florence who is still alive at 96 and lives in York, Maine. Neither Aunt Florence nor Grandmother were good cooks and the house they lived in, in York Village, after they sold the farm, always had that mouldy smell that some old New England houses have. David and I were usually in the dog house when we were in college for not visiting York often enough but we found The Forges, near Plymouth, a much more attractive place. On one visit to York, David had to go to the bathroom, but Grandmother, who had constipation, was having one of her sessions in the one toilet. When David could wait no longer, he sat down on the crockery "thunder mug" in the bedroom. He had just about finished his task when the pot gave way to his 195 pounds. You can

imagine the mess he was in to say nothing of having to pick pieces of crockery out of his fanny.

As I have said, when her mother died, Mother went to live with her Aunt Alice Burnham whose husband was an intinerant Baptist Minister. They had two sons, Sylvester and Frederic, who were considerably older than Mother. The former was for years Dean of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Colgate University while Frederic was a Captain in the Civil War and afterwards practiced law for a short time, but died young as a result of wounds he had received. Aunt Alice was the dominant figure in the family.

Sylvester's wife, Aunt Miriam, was a real Christian. She and my mother were the two women I have known who have not only believed in Christianity, but lived a thoroughly Christian life. Uncle Sylvester was always in the spotlight, but aunt Miriam was always there in the wings in her quiet unassuming manner. She was considerably younger than her husband whose favorite pastime was reading Greek. When he lost his eyesight, Aunt Miriam, at the age of 70, learned Greek and Hebrew so that she could read to him.

In 1937, I went to my 15th Harvard reunion. I had very little time but Aunt Florence was insistent that I come to York to see her. Lothrop offered to take me but as that was the day she had her Garden Club meeting at Booth Tarkington's summer home and she would be tied up until late, we decided to go to Newburyport first and take Aunt Miriam to lunch. She lived in an upstairs room and her landlady took her meals to her. (Cousin Sylvester died in the spring of 1935, age 96 or 97. HRW) We found her at 87 years of age, cheerful and apparently happy although she was nearly blind and very deaf. As a hearing aid, she had a long rubber tube into which one had to shout. I did not think such a contraption still existed. When Lothrop suggested she go with us to Wolf's Tavern for lunch, she said she had just had her dinner and that she'd had ice cream. We persuaded her to come along, however, and on our ordering lobster salad, she decided she would have the same and then she had some more ice cream. After lunch we went to the First Church of Newbury where our Withington ancestors and Uncle Arthur are buried and then to the Bellview Cemetery where Father, Mother and David are buried. Then Lothrop suggested Aunt Miriam go with us to York. If someone told

you they were going to give you a trip around the world and $1,000 to spend, you would not be any more appreciative than Aunt Miriam was for her outing. She was so happy and enthusiastic that Aunt Florence never did get a chance to complain. York is about 30 miles from Newburyport and we got there in time for dinner at the Marshall House at York Harbor. Aunt Miriam who usually had a light supper, said to Lothrop, "I can't read the menu and you have to shout so loud to me, you order for me." After having her usual noon dinner and a substantial lunch. Lothrop was going to leave out a few courses, but she was enjoying herself so much that he ordered everything in a four-course dinner from soup to nuts. For once Lothrop had a break. When it came time to pay the bill, the waiter told him that Mr. Marshall had taken care of it. His mother was a Dennett and a cousin of Mother's and Uncle Sylvester's. We got Aunt Miriam back to Newburyport after 10 p.m. I said that I hoped that the trip and all the food did not kill her, but Lothrop said that at least she would die happy.

Mother was educated in the public schools and graduated from the Massachusetts State Normal School in 1874. She taught in the public schools of Brookline, Massachusetts and was principal of the Pierce School, one of the first women to be a principal of a metropolitan school in the U.S. Later she taught in a private school in Philadelphia, but the severe winters brought about respiratory troubles and always fearful of tuberculosis (from which her mother and small brothers had died) she accepted a position offered her by Mr. Sefton and Mr. Collier of San Diego and went West to become the principal of the South West Institute.

I went to fine schools, Punahou, Harvard, and Stanford but I never had a better teacher than Mother. She sometimes told us about her early days of teaching. Her first school was a one-room country school where some of the older boys were as old and as big as she was. She was only 18 but she soon demonstrated her ability as a disciplinarian. The biggest boy started to climb, head first, out of a window. Mother promptly closed the window so he could go no further and worked over his protruding rear with a ruler. After that she had no trouble with discipline.

It was the winter of 1884-85 that Mother had her first warning of

tuberculosis. Not feeling well, she went to a doctor who found she had spots on her lungs. She spent that winter in Georgia and on her return took a position in an exclusive girls school in Philadelphia where she thought the climate was milder than New England. Riding lessons were part of the curriculum and Mother learned to ride. She always rode side-saddle as most women did at that time.

Shortly before Mother's departure for the West, Father's first wife died. She had known Sarah well but she, according to Paul, knew Father very slightly and disliked him because she thought him brusque and thoughtless of others. One day Mother met Father on the street and stopped him to express her sympathy. She told him what a fine person she thought Sarah was and asked for little Leonard, thus doing something no one else had previously dared to do.

I believe it took Mother eight days to go by train to San Diego. I remember one experience she had. There were no observation cars and the platforms and steps were not closed in. Crossing an Indian reservation, Mother stepped out on the platform for some fresh air. The train slowed down and a fierce-looking Indian grabbed the hand rail and swung onto the steps. Mother was startled but not being one to scream and run, she stood her ground. The Indian stayed on the step for several miles, when again the train slowed down and the Indian jumped off. Later the conductor explained to her that in return for right of way across the reservation, the Indians were given the right to ride the train across it.

When Mother arrived in San Diego, probably in August 1886, there was a land boom and property doubled in value from sale to sale. The prices on some pieces of real estate were nearly as high as they were 50 years later during World War II prosperity. One of Mother's teachers was Rose McGookins, afterwards Mr. Culp. During the Christmas vacation she and Mother went to Escondido, 30 miles northeast of San Diego, inland where large pieces of land were advertised for sale. The climate there was dryer than in San Diego, which has a good deal of fog. The two schoolteachers were delighted with the valley and bought a number of acres east of the town of Escondido. They filed a subdivision map with lots marked off which they called the Paul-McGookins subdivision. There were never any lots sold and the western part became part of the Culp

Ranch and the eastern part was part of the Withington Ranch where five of us boys were born. At that time there were only ranches and no subdivisions, but since then Escondido has become a thriving town and resort. After we moved away, a dentist bought our ranch and built a nice house on the hill where the old house stood.

In December of 1886, father decided he would take a vacation and visit his Harvard classmate, George Shepherd, who had gone to San Diego for his health. When he arrived in San Diego, he found that Mother was in Escondido, so he spent only one night with George and went to Escondido. There was only one hotel, but it was quite a good one for those days. He checked in and upon inquiring for Miss Paul, discovered she was out horseback riding. Father took a room directly across from Mother's. After she came in from her ride and took a bath, she opened her door to go down to dinner. At the same time, the door across the hall opened and out stepped Father. I am sure this was a coincidence for I can't imagine Father pacing up and down in his room and peeking out, waiting for Mother to come out. Newburyport was a long way from California in those days and Mother was thrilled to see someone from home, and she invited him to have dinner with her. They had hardly been seated when Dad said, "I hear you have been gambling," referring to her land purchases. Mother replied vehemently, "I have not," and thought to herself, "Just as disagreeable as ever." She surmised he had come to California to propose to her but she had always said she would never marry because she thought tuberculosis could be inherited and David Withington was the last person she would marry. When they went back to San Diego, father called on her and she went downstairs fully intending to refuse him, but you know what happened - in spite of his bad beginning, he was so persuasive she ended up saying "yes" and they were married on Father's birthday, February 2, 1887 and lived happily ever afterwards!

Father never resumed his practice in Boston because Mother said she could live nowhere but in California and so he moved to San Diego. They had built part of the ranch house in Escondido which they planned to use as a summer home and went there on their honeymoon. It was still pretty wild country and Father and Mother had just gotten to sleep when an owl hit the newly installed window and let out a hoot. Then they had

just gotten to sleep again when some coyotes started wailing outside. If you have never heard a coyote howl, you have no idea what a frightening sound they make. When Mother got up in the morning, she discovered that Dad had gone to bed with the axe under the bed.

Father came down with some ailment so they stayed on the ranch until they went back to Newburyport to get Leonard. Mother would never go back to New England in the winter so I suppose they waited until late spring or summer. Father had to finish up his business in Boston and Newburyport, so I presume they were in the East a couple of months.

While they were in the East, he did something which demonstrated Father's great belief in justice and integrity. As he had to do a good deal of commuting between Newburyport and Boston, he bought a book of mileage tickets on the Boston and Maine. The railroad had two routes between the two towns. One was the fast main line that went on to Portland, Maine and the other route swung around to serve a number of small towns that were not on the main line. The fare was fixed at a cent a mile and on their first trip to Newburyport, Father tore off enough mileage tickets for paying the necessary two cents a mile for two people. The conductor asked for six cents more. Father told him he had given him the correct amount as he knew the number of miles. The conductor agreed but explained that the other route was three miles longer and they charged the same rate on both lines but charged the longer mileage. Father paid the six cents under protest and promptly sued the Boston and Maine for six cents. The president, who was a friend of Dad's said, "You are making a fool of yourself," to which Father replied, "No, I'm making a fool of you," and he won his suit. Of course, the money Father saved did not pay for his effort but there were several hundred people who commuted from Newburyport to Boston to work six days a week. They saved three cents each way or 36 cents a week, which in 1887 would have been equivalent to three for four dollars today. About ten years later, a man wrote Father, saying that he had kept track of the money he and his wife and children had saved and it amounted of over a thousand dollars.

There is another version of Father and Mother's courtship, told to Restarick by his father, Paul. According to this story, Mother knew David Withington sufficiently to know that he was brusk and apparently

thoughtless of others. Contrarily Father admired Mother for her obvious qualities and he went to San Diego to ask her to marry him using George Shepherd as an excuse. She refused his first proposals, but on their last ride together, her hat flew off and when he dismounted and picked it up, she felt that perhaps he did have some thoughtfulness in him after all. Incidentally she lived in the same boarding house in San Diego as the Henry B. Restaricks. (My first thought was to doubt this, but now find it possible as the old rectory was sold in 1886 and the new one was not finished until 1888 - HRW)

On their return from the East, it was decided they should live on the ranch. Mother had Leonard and Paul was on the way. The house was enlarged and a small house built for the man who did the ranch work. There was also a housekeeper, Mrs. Pray. The house was built on a hill and there was a screened porch in front, then a long living room, four bedrooms and a large kitchen. We used kerosene lamps and a wood stove and a small kerosene stove. There was no running water but there was a cistern or well just outside the kitchen with a hand pump inside the kitchen which ran down into the cistern, filled once a month with irrigation water. About 50 feet from the house there was a two-holer "Chic Sales." This had to be moved from time to time as the old hole filled up. Saturday night was bath night and quite an event. The water had to be heated on the wood stove and a big galvanized tub was brought into the kitchen. The house was built of redwood which expands and contracts with the changes of temperature. At night the house would crack and creak and it sounded as if someone were walking around in the living room. There was also a big barn.

The original ranch was about 25 acres and later Dad purchased ten acres across the road which was always planted to hay. Citrus trees were planted on the gradual slopes of the hill but it was not properly planted because there was a mixture of naval, valencia, blood, hermosa and sweet oranges and also lemons, grapefruit and tangerines. To be successful, a grove should not be mixed. On the lower ground there were several acres of grapes which did well in the Valley. The ranch never paid, but it was a wonderful place in which to raise boys.

Father started to practice law in San Diego which meant he had to live in the town and only come home on weekends. His partner was

Cassius Carter. Never were two men more different: Father, the outspoken, Puritanical Yankee who neither smoked, drank, nor gambled and Cassius, the soft-spoken, polite Virginian, who liked his bourbon, smoked cigars, and loved to play poker. In spite of these differences, they were very fond of each other and they had a successful partnership. The land boom had broken and everyone was land poor. There was plenty of litigation but often the fees were paid in land, which meant more taxes. I sold the last of father's fees in 1937. It was fortunate that he had left Massachusetts with some money.

Father made a place for himself in San Diego and became one of the leading lawyers. He was twice elected in the 1890's to the California State Senate and served on committees for irrigation and water rights and introduced many important bills: Bill 154 Civil Service; Bill No. (?) Uniformity of Legislation; Bill 158 Regulation of Irrigation; Bill 159 Roads; etc. (Twice the Senate voted it thanks for his work on local government reform legislation)

In Father's time, California was a strong Republican state and he was what one might call a progressive Republican as his bills would indicate. There were no primaries, but the party conventions nominated their candidates, In 1898, the powers in the party offered Father the nomination as governor. He turned it down in consideration of Mother. She took very good care of herself and was way ahead of her time in respect to diets and exercise, but she still had this fear of tuberculosis though she was as strong as a horse. Entertaining and night activities tired her and she thought the life of a governor's wife was not for her. As long as he lived, father's name was in Who's Who.

Father boarded in San Diego with another family of Carters - no relation to Cassius. On weekends he would go to Escondido, sometimes by train, which meant taking the Los Angeles train to Oceanside and transferring to a little local train southeast to Escondido. It was a long way around and the connections were not very good. But usually he would ride his bicycle and Mother or the boys as they grew older would meet him halfway at San Bernardo, put the bike in the carriage and drive the rest of the 15 miles. They always met at a certain place in the road and would put a good-sized stone there as a marker, until quite a cairn was built. Restarick says that in 1940 he and Ted drove out the

Poway Road and found the pile. Then again, he and Jaque found it in the winter of 1946, thus the cairn lasted over 60 years. In 1958 they drove to the spot but a new development had just started and the pile has disappeared. (The cairn was on the northeast corner of the old main San Diego-Escondido road and the road to Poway. HRW) Now, of course, the road has been straightened and the Poway grade has been eliminated and the road between San Diego is a fine highway, so that the two towns are only a half hour apart by motor. When I drive this highway, I always marvel at the changes that have taken place in my lifetime.

Father's handwriting was very illegible for he wrote very fast and did not attempt to form all the letters of the word. One story told about him is very funny. While he was in the Senate, he wrote a confidential letter to another senator, who opened the envelope and being unable to read the contents, showed it around to other senators to see if they could make it out. When Father went back to Sacramento, the senator hailed Father and told him what he had done. Father looked at the envelope upon which he had written several words and said, "You fool, that says 'strictly confidential.'"

Will Jaques, who was a first cousin of Father's, used to say he liked to get letters from Dave because every time he read one of them a second or third time, it was an entirely different letter. The only one who could read Father's writing was Mother, but even she could make a mistake. Father founded in San Diego the Tuesday Club modeled after the Fortnightly Club in Newburyport. The number of members was limited to 16, two each from the different professions and businesses. Father always said that starting this club was one of the best things he ever did and certainly the members such as George Marston, Cassius Carter, Dr. Burnham, Judge M.A. Luce, Julius Waggenheim and Henry B. Restarick were men of the highest caliber. They met at the home of one of the members every other Tuesday night and the host would read a paper, after which each member in turn would discuss it. Light refreshments were served, but to prevent one's wife from putting on a more elaborate spread than the next, the rule was that only simple food such as crackers and cheese and coffee should be served.

When it was Father's turn to entertain the Tuesday Club, he held it at the Carter's where he boarded and Mother was coming to help Mrs.

Carter. Mother received a postcard from Father which she read: "Have you any chickens?" As they had some young roosters, she thought that he wanted to serve chicken salad to his guests. She put the chickens in a box, placing it on the back seat of the carriage, as she and Leonard started off. As they neared San Diego, she thought they looked a little too countrified, so she told Leonard to put a lap robe over the box. Later she saw people looking at them very sympathetically, which led her to believe that they thought she had a dead child in the back of the carriage. This was quite natural as undertakers would not go out into the country and when a young child died the body was often put in a homemade casket and taken to the city for burial. As she preferred to have people think she was a country bumpkin, she instructed Leonard to remove the lap robe. Just as they were passing the Horton House, the largest hotel in San Diego where there were a lot of people sitting out front on the veranda, the young roosters thought it was morning and started to crow - much to the amusement of the crowd. She applied the whip to poor Dolly and left the scene in a hurry.

She was not in the best of moods when she pulled up in front of the Carter residence. Father was there to meet her and asked her in his abrupt manner what she had in the back seat. "Why," she said, "I have the chickens you asked me to bring." When he denied having done this, she produced his postcard. He then read it to her "Are you coming by carriage or by train?" Since they had the chickens, chicken salad was served. Father was fined $5 but when he told the club the story, the fine was suspended.

There were no psychiatrists in Mother's day and she always had a number of troubled women who came to her for advice. From observation I think she helped them more than the present day "head shrinker" and she did not get $25 or more for a visit. I once said to Paul that it was too bad there were not better men in this field which seems to be filled with a bunch of odd balls. Paul's reply was that psychiatrists usually sought out their own weakness.

Mother bought her first horse, Duke, from the daughter of the man who had owned the livery stable and who had raised him from a colt and had been his only rider. The horse was as gentle as a kitten with women, but he did not care for men. He gave Father trouble every time he rode

him. On one occasion he mounted him to ride a number of miles to pick up the laundry. With a big bundle of laundry in one hand, he tried to remount Duke with his free hand, but the horse would sidle away and Father could not get on. After a futile half hour, he gave up and led Duke home, carrying the bundle.

The hired man's wife always milked the cow, but when she was having a baby her husband had to take over. The cow would not stand still and kicked over the bucket. Finally when he put on his wife's dress and bonnet, he had no trouble. Dolly was our best horse when she behaved, but on several occasions she ran away. Once when Father was trying to catch her, she kicked him and broke his arm. One day Mother, Leonard and David, who was a small baby, were driving home from San Diego when something scared Dolly just as they were a short distance from the Poway grade. This was a winding, steep downhill grade with a sheer drop on one side. Mother told Leonard to wrap the baby up in the blanket and be ready to throw him out when they reached the grade if she were unable to stop the horse. She did not have much hope for herself and Leonard, but thought David would be safe. Fortunately, just a short distance from the top of the grade, there was a little store. As Dolly came racing up, two men stepped out and stopped her and calmed her. There was no other sign of civilization for miles. On one occasion as Mother was driving along on the San Diego Road, a mountain lion came out of the bush. He paid no attention to her, but ran along beside her for about half a mile. She was relieved when he turned off the road.

There was cow which was a little crazy. They could not keep her in the pasture because she would break through the fence. One moonlight night Mother looked out of the window and there was a large animal on top of a tall haystack. She thought it was a mountain lion and was worried that it was after the stock. Armed with an axe, brooms and mops, Mother, the housekeeper and the two older boys went out to drive it away, for mountain lions are rather timid animals. To their amazement they found it was the cow. How she ever got up on top of steep haystack, they never could figure out. Another time the cow got under the house, which was on the side of a hill. There was a doorway that was used to get under the house and she had lowered her head so as to get under the stringers, which were about four feet above the ground, until

her horns got caught and she could go no farther. Mother had to go in and back her out, pulling her head down at every stringer.

Some olive trees were planted at the ranch and the first crop consisted of a single olive. Olives off the tree are very bitter and first must be soaked in lye and then in brine. This Mother did and so that everyone could taste the olive, she cut into thirteen pieces - one for each person on the ranch.

Perhaps some of you will remember the very hard walking cane with a round knob at one end that used to be at the Prospect Street house. It was made from wood from a Cedar of Lebanon tree on the ranch that had died. If one had to go out in the dark, it was very assuring to carry it. All of us boys were born on the ranch. The family doctor lived about half a mile from us. I started to make my appearance in the middle of the night and Paul, then 13, had to go for the doctor down the country lane. He made sure he was accompanied by the cedar cane.

While still living in Escondido we started to spend our summers in a cottage at Point Loma, now part of San Diego. Our good friends Drs. Fred and Charlotte Baker lived there the year round. Dr. Charlotte came from Newburyport, which she said was the Mt. Ararat of America (due to the number of remarkable people throughout the United States who had originally come from there). Their son, Robert, was about Paul's age and later became a captain for the Matson Lines and (up until World War II) a shore captain in Hilo. (His son's name was Kenneth and his wife's maiden name was Ann Nutt, which as a boy I thought hillarious-HRW) Dr. Fred was an eye, ear and nose doctor and at the time his office was on the corner of 5th and B Streets (in downtown San Diego). He had a fast yacht in which he sailed to his office every day, and Father often would go with him as it was faster than going around the bay.

Mother took the family East several times for the summer and Father would join her for a few weeks. We always traveled tourist class and carried our own food and ate in the car instead of eating at the restaurants at places along the way where the trains stopped for meals. Once one of the children dropped a bottle of molasses on the floor. It broke and made a mess. Mother attempted to clean all this up with paper and asked Leonard to open the car window so she could throw the papers out. Leonard did not hear her and Mother proceeded to throw the molasses

soaked wads out of what she thought was an open window - only adding to the awful mess.

In 1893 Mother brought Father's Aunt Mary Little back with her. She was old and nearly blind. Mother had her hands full with four little boys: Leonard, 9; Paul, 5; Lothrop, 4; Ted, 2. They had to change trains in Chicago and as the Chicago World's Fair was in full swing and the station was crowded, Mother was having trouble when a kind gentleman offered to take Aunt Mary and they went on ahead. When Mother got on the California train, there was no Aunt Mary. She left Leonard in charge of the children with instructions of what to do should she fail to return and went back to the station calling for Aunt Mary. Fortunately she ran into the "kind" gentleman, who told her he had taken Aunt Mary to the Wabash train. Luckily, Mother believed in leaving plenty of time when traveling so they soon were all reunited. I do not think my Father or my brother Leonard ever got on a train more than a minute before it pulled out or on a ship until just before the gangplank was lowered - they always had last minute things to do.

In 1902, the Rev. H. B. Restarick, rector of St. Paul's, San Diego, was elected Bishop of Honolulu. He and his family landed in Honolulu in August of that year and he took over the diocese from the Anglican Church and was the first American Episcopal Bishop. The first missionaries to the Islands were Congregationalists and there had always been a feud between them and the Roman Catholics and the Anglicans. (One important reason was that Queen Liliuokalani, the Hawaiian royalty and monarchists were members of the Church of Hawaii, i.e., Anglican with an Englishman for a bishop) When Bishop Restarick came to Honolulu, one of the first things he did was to call on Mother Castle, the second wife of an original missionary, Samuel N. Castle. He had a great respect for the first missionaries and was able to heal the wounds. A son of S. N. Castle, William R. Castle, was a prominent lawyer in Honolulu and at a dinner at his house, Mr. Castle told the Bishop that his workload was so heavy as a result of annexation, he would like to find a first class lawyer as a partner (one who had experience in trials before the Supreme Court of the United States). The Bishop immediately suggested David Withington, whom he had known well in San Diego and whom he thought would be just the man for Mr. Castle as they were both Harvard men and members of the Congregational Church.

Mr. Castle wrote Father, who replied he was not interested in leaving California (though times were hard and he was having a difficult time supporting his big family). He had just won the Warner's Ranch suit and had received good offers from large firms in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Mr. Castle, however, was insistent and sent Father a round trip ticket; and, when they first met offered him a partnership with a guaranteed income. Father looked the situation over and told Bishop Restarick that he was impressed with the future of the Islands and the prospects for his sons. He told Mr. Castle that if he came he wanted nothing he did not earn and there would be no guarantee. I have thought he accepted the partnership because with his independence, he did not want to be obligated for the round trip ticket. Paul told Restarick that when Father returned to San Diego and asked Mother what she thought about moving to Hawaii, she agreed to go since "Providence had brought it about." Restarick says his grandmother told him this, too.

On August 12, 1903 the Withington entourage, consisting of Mother five sons, Mrs Davis the housekeeper and her two daughters, Margaret and Alice, and Father, of course, arrived in Honolulu. Leonard had remained behind to finish his last year at Pomona. When the Restaricks came to Honolulu, Mrs. Restarick had a terrible time finding a modern house, for most of the houses she looked at had no screens and people had to use mosquito nets, beside which the plumbing arrangements were primative. She had about given up when she heard of a group of houses which a progressive contractor by the name of Charles McCarthy, who afterwards became Governor of Hawaii under President Wilson, had built on Beretania Street. (The houses were convenient, too, because they were on the horse drawn steet car line) The Restaricks took one of the houses and since the two adjoining were vacant and the Withingtons needed two for their large family, we moved in. These three houses eventually became the Donna Hotel and were still standing in 1956. We remained there until February 1905, when we moved to the house at 702 Prospect Street, a house most of my nieces and nephews will remember. In the summer of 1904 we rented the George Castle house at Waikiki, where the older boys swam and surfed.

Paul entered Punahou as a junior, Lothrop as a sophomore, while Ted and Alice Davis were in the Punahou Elementary School. It was while we

were still living on Beretania Street that we acquired our Chinese "sister," Amy Ching. Her mother had died and her father was an office boy in Mr. Castle's office. Father and Mother all but adopted her. They sent her to Punahou and later to Wellesley College. She was a lovely person and repaid her benefactors with her loyalty and devotion. Soon after we moved to Prospect Street, Cora Green became a member of the family. She was a colored girl who came to the Islands with a Southern family who went broke and left her stranded in Honolulu. At the time there were practically no negroes in Hawaii. While she was a member of the family, she was paid for helping with the housework and Mother taught her to read and write. She saved her money and after abut two years, joined her sister in Seatle, but she used to correspond with Mother. Later we had two Japanese girls living with us. Sara, who attended the Normal School and became a teacher and then married the Secretary of the Japanese Y.M.C.A., and girl from Japan who was well educated but wanted to perfect her English while living with an American family. She married Mr. Ito, the manager of a large Japanese gift store. These girls all called my parents "Father" and "Mother." Mother must have given quite an amount of money to a Christian College (Congregational) in Kobe, for on a trip to Japan, Aunt Tony found a plaque dedicated to Marietta Withington at the school and as a result was treated like a visiting dignitary. Here I must insert a rather funny thing that happened as a result of treating her help as one of the family. After Mrs. Davis retired, she needed a housekeeper and she took a young negro woman who had applied for the job. Mother told her she was expected to eat at the table with the family. The woman did this for a time and then left, giving no reason. She applied to Dr. Whitney for a job as cook and when asked why she had left Mrs. Withington, she said it was because she was made to eat with the family,

The house at 702 Prospect Street was built on the slopes of the volcanic crater, "Punchbowl." (It stood above a four or five foot wall that ran along Prospect Street with a frontage of perhaps 150 feet. On the Ewa side was an unpaved lane that led to the Holii's house and to the path that led to the summit. With the acquisition of the Holii house the depth of the property must have been more than 250 feet. There were a number of structures on the place: the main house, a laundry building,

a large shed that could be used for a laundry, sleeping or eventually as a garage, and the Holii/Davis house in the rear. The back property line abutted the federal government Punchbowl military reservation. There was also a tennis court that was never given a surface. The crater is now a national cemetery where Paul is buried) From the front windows there was a wonderful view that extended from Diamond Head to the Waianae Mountains. It was the view that sold the house, I am sure, for my Mother remembered the view from the "villa" in San Diego, which she never tired of. There was a Large lanai (porch) in the front of the house. The downstairs consisted of a large parlor (almost never used), a sitting room, a large dining room, a kitchen and storage room and a large hall that led to a bathroom and the back entrance. Upstairs, I think, there were six bedrooms and a sleeping porch. We used to kid Mother and say that every time one of the boys went away to college, she would turn his room into a bathroom. She did the same thing to my house on Tantalus, which she bought from me, ending up with four additional toilets.

In back of the Prospect Street property there lived a family of Hawaiians named Holii. Mr. Holii was a "gracious gentleman" who did not like to work, but occasionally would get a job as a stevedore and would spend most of his money getting drunk. Then he would drive home in a hack. A fight generally followed with Mrs. Holii and the children all shouting and screaming. There were a lot of children plus chickens, a goat and four or five dogs. Certainly they were not the best of neighbors and Father wanted the house for Mrs. Davis and her daughters. Dad found that Holii had a mortgage with W.R. Castle which was in default. So Father bought the mortgage, but being too kind hearted to foreclose and evict, he paid them ample money for their non-existent equity - but he made the mistake of paying the money before they moved out. Mr. Holii gave excuses from month to month of why the did not move and finally Father got mad. Then he found that Holii had spent all the money and could not even pay rent. Father ended up by paying the movers to get them out. A few months later one of the children died and Dad paid for the funeral. The Holii house was renovated and Mrs. Davis and Alice lived there and after Mrs Davis' death, Mother's Japanese couple, the Muratas lived there

This might be a good place to tell my animal stories. I have told

Pages 139, 140, 141 and 142 are out of sequence

running away and I had to retrieve him from all over Punchbowl and we gave him away.

When I was about 13, my parent said I could have a horse and I found one advertised at Schofield Barracks which belonged to a Cavalry officer who was retiring. I took the Oahu Railway to Schofield, rode the horse, King, liked him and bought him. I arranged to come back the next Saturday by train with saddle and bridle and ride him the twenty miles back to Honolulu. As I told the story I played the part of the conductor, shouting, "All aboard - this train leaving for Aiea, Pearl City, Waipahu, Schofield and Haleiwa." The bell would ring, the whistle blow and the engine would "choo-choo." The conductor would announce each stop and the noises of the train starting would be repeated, thus dragging the story on and on.

When we first moved to Prospect Street, we hired a Japanese by the name of Ezaro Akimoto (but always called Charlie). He stayed with us for about twelve years and had a room in the house that had been used as a laundry. He was about five feet tall and he would take Father's old suits and cut them down so he could wear them. Father usually wore white duck or pongee suits and always white shoes, which were size 10½ or 11. This did not bother Charlie for he stuffed them with tissue paper. Sometimes he would put black shoe polish on them and they would turn out out blue. When Charlie was all dressed up on Sunday to go to the Shinto Temple, he looked like Charlie Chaplin.

A Mr. and Mrs Cunningham, who were both school teachers, were neighbors of ours. The former raised Minorca chickens, which are good producers of large white eggs. He used scientific methods and eventually went into chicken raising. Father had pens built for me and bought the fowl and feed. I was supposed to take care of the chickens and get paid for the eggs, deducting the cost of the feed. I am sure I had the best of the deal for often I would not get home from school or play and Charlie would fed the chickens for me. One of the things that Mrs. Cunningham told me was that hens laid better when the roosters were kept separate. So unless I wanted the eggs for hatching, I kept the rooster in a separate pen. This bothered Charlie, who thought there could be no eggs without the assistance of a rooster. We noticed that the eggs began to show fertility spots. I hid and watched Charlie feed the chickens. He

would catch a hen, take her to the rooster pen and hold her while the rooster serviced her. Then he would return her to her pen and catch another hen. I thought of this when in 1965, the California Welfare Department started the "Mars" program as an aid to needy children. "Mars" was an acronym for "Man in the home Assuming the Role of Spouse." The proponents justified this by the "father image" argument. The children had some wonderful "images" - loafers, crooks and narcotic users. I went to Sacramento to fight the "Mars" plan. Unfortunately they cut me off before I could tell the story of Charlie and the roosters. I was going to say that Charlie lived 50 years too soon. He would have made a great state social welfare worker.

Charlie was followed by Natori. He was about 40 and had several front teeth missing. Natori, who was born in Japan, as were all of our Japanese help, was a quiet industrious man. He arranged to get married to an Hawaiian-born Japanese girl about 18 years old. The arrangements were made by her parents and the girl had nothing to say in the matter. Preparing for the wedding ceremony Natori bought himself new clothes and had his teeth fixed. Father, Mother and I went to the elaborate wedding, which took place in a temple. When the ceremony was over, the girl told Natori that her parents could make her marry him , but they could not make her live with him. Poor Natori "lost face" and did not come back to us and moved to Maui.

Restarick has a story about a similar marriage. He and his first wife, Eleanor, employed in 1939 a Japanese girl from Waialua. She was 21 years old and had gone to high school. On weekends she would return to her parents on the plantation, but coming back she would be very sad and depressed. Finally Eleanor wormed it out of her that she was upset because her parents insisted she marry an older man who was distasteful to her. Eleanor told her, "But this is the United States; you are 21 years old and you don't have to marry him." "Oh, yes I do," she replied, "for my parent will take all my kimonos away from me and shave my head." (During this period the "marriage brokers" actually came to our house and when they left, the girl was in tears-HRW) She did go through with the marriage, but in a few weeks she was back again at Restarick's. Eleanor had employed another maid and did not know what to do with her, but fortunately Admiral and Mrs. Baughman at Pearl Harbor needed a maid

and they hired her. She had a spritely personality and spoke good English, a rarity in those days. Then came December 7th, 1941, and all the Japanese were ordered out of the Yard at once. In the midst of all the excitement over the bombing of Pearl Harbor, what should drive up to Restarick's door but an admiral's car with insignia flying and who should step out but the girl from Waialua. (Actually the house was the Huelani Place house, as we were in one of our "economic recovery periods" and our house on Diamond Head was rented out to Lt. Commander and Mrs. Harold Kaminsky, a nephew of Bernard Baruch, of whom Samuel Eliot Morison in his The Two Ocean War says was "one of the few communicators really on the ball that morning")

Mrs. Davis retired in 1916, but she continued to live in the cottage with Alice, who had gone to the Normal School and was teaching. Mother then hired Murata, who stayed with her until her death. He had learned to cook while working for Dr. Moore, our family doctor. The Moores had three daughters who did not eat as the Withingtons did and at first Mother had trouble getting him to cook enough, especially as we often had unexpected guests and Murata's conservation of food caused trouble. He was an excellent cook and gradualy took over the running of the house. We called him the "Emperor." When he first came to us he was married to a Hawaiian-born Japanese girl and he did not live at our house. He wanted his wife to work and she objected, saying American girls did not work. He would go home after dinner and she expected him to cook dinner for her - cooking being his occupation. The marriage did not last long and Murata then married Take, a Japanese-born girl. They lived in the wash house until Mrs. Davis died and then moved into the cottage. This wife did not object to working.

I do not remember what year Murata and his wife came to us, but they were an excellent couple. Murata did the cooking and Take was the maid. Two little girls were born to them, one of whom was named Tamai. Murata persuaded Mother that she could save money on eggs (which were selling for $1 to $1.25 a dozen in Honolulu, corresponding in 1988 to at least least $7), if she would raise chickens again and he would take care of them. He was already a well paid domestic, had a separate house, and food for himself, his wife and two children, but Mother paid him 50 cents a dozen for the eggs to compensate for his extra time, although

these to a number of you, including my children as bedtime stories. I would drag them out until you went to sleep. The only dog we had at Prospect Street was Tiger. We bought him from a Chinese man. He looked like a cross between a pointer and a dachshund - he was white with black and liver marks. His head was like a pointer, but he had extremely short legs. Mother like dogs, but she didn't think they belonged in the house. Mrs. Davis, on the other hand, did not share this view. The kitchen had two doors - one pushed in and the other pushed out. and Tiger would push in one door and lie on the kitchen floor while Mother was upstairs, but when he heard her coming downstairs, he would make his exit by the other door. His one fault was that he had enough bird dog in him to stalk and kill chickens. We tried everything to break him of this habit - tying a dead chicken on him and even setting of firecrackers which were attached to the chicken. Father got tired of paying for the neighbors' chickens. Tiger once even attacked the Holii's goat. Margaret Davis heard that Father Valentine, a Roman Catholic priest, wanted a dog, so we gave Tiger to him, but he broke loose and came home. Margaret was returning him to Father Valentine when he broke loose and ran into the yard of an Irish Catholic woman and killed a turkey. The woman was fit to be tied, but when Margaret told her the dog belonged to Father Valentine, she calmed down and make no complaint.

The summer before Lothrop left for Harvard he went goat hunting on the island of Lanai and David and I asked him to bring us a baby goat. He did not succeed in catching one, but one of the cowboys on the Gay Ranch did and Lothrop bought him for a dollar and brought him back to Honolulu. It was dark when Lothrop arrived home and David and I were asleep, but he woke us up and we were thrilled. We called him Mokilii (Little Moses) after Moki, the cowboy who had caught him. He was a great pet and followed us around like a dog. I had a birthday party and Mokilii was decorated with a pink bow ribbon around his neck. After games outside, refreshments were served in the dining room. Mokilii was enjoying the party so he went inside the house with the children. Mother had a china closet with glass doors in which she kept her best china, including some that Leonard's mother had hand painted. Fortunately one of the mothers looked around just in time to see Molilii square away to butt his reflection in the glass doors. As he grew older he began

she paid for the feed. He probably received a cut from the vegetable man who came to the house daily in his truck. When Karkie and Lothrop left (the whole family had come on from Boston in 1929 so that all the Brookline Withingtons could know their paternal grandmother), they gave Mother a secondhand Studebaker they had bought. Mother paid for special lessons so Murata could learn to drive and she paid him for driving her at the same rate she had been paying her taxi driver, while also paying for the gas and oil, of course. After Mother's death, the Muratas returned to Japan (the dream of many of the Japanese in Hawaii if they could afford it) and someone traveling in japan in the late 30's came back and reported that Murata was the wealthiest and most important man in his village (near Hiroshima-DLW III).

Paul graduated from Punahou in 1905 and went directly to Harvard. He used to tell the story of how he took his entrance exams in Honolulu and then waited anxiously to hear if he had been accepted. Not so the two Judd boys, Gerrit and Lawrence. They were so sure of acceptance by Yale that they sailed away before they heard from the University. What was their mortification to arrive in New Haven and find that they had not passed their entrance exams. (I cannot resist telling a story about the Judds - a very prominent missionary family. At Yale someone asked how the Hawaiians spelt "God." The reply: "J-U-D-D" - HRW)

Lothrop was only 16 when he finished Punahou in 1906, so he took another year there. Ted graduated in 1909, worked a year in the Bank of Hawaii and then spent a year at Exeter before entering Harvard. David graduated from Punahou in 1916 and I in 1918. Mother was the first president of the Punahou P.T.A. and always kept an active interest in the school. Father, interested in all sports and a reader of the Sporting News and the Spalding Guide, was a great sports fan at Punahou. Mother only once saw one of her sons in an athletic contest. Ted was on the track team running the half mile. On the occasion of the Interscholastic Meet held at Punahou, Mr. Castle lent Father and Mother his carriage so that she could attend the meet. Mother sat in the carriage which was parked on the road that ran above Alexander Field.The meet was very close, so close that every point counted and only the half mile and the relay were left. Scotty Gibbs was favored to win the half mile and Ted was the only other Punahou entry with a chance to score.

During the race one of the runners cut in on Ted, who raised his hand to call attention to the foul. Scotty won the race and Ted finished an unexpected third, gaining the point that gave Punahou the meet. Father, who had been watching the meet from the bleachers, was delighted and climbed up the bank to the carriage and Mother - just in time to see two of Ted's teammates, one on each side, carry him off the field. Mother was white as a sheet and asked, "What is wrong with Ted?" "Wrong?" said Father, "he just won the meet." Mother though he had suffered a heart attack. And when she saw him carried off the field, she was sure of it.

None of us boys were outstanding athletes at Punahou, though Paul was quarterback on the football team his junior year. Then Gerrit and Lawrence Judd came back from school in the East, and being tall and husky, cut Paul (who only weighed 135 pounds) out. Constance says that at 16 Paul was just her height, five feet four and a half. The summer before he entered Harvard he grew three or four inches and during his freshman year he grew four inches. His full height was six feet, two and a half. All the boys tried out for the teams at Punahou, but were handicapped since none of us got our growth until we were in college.

From the time he was a small boy, David loved to dress up in costume and at Punahou he was a talented actor, always taking the leading part. He also had the advantage of Mother's coaching at home. In his senior year he was the Pied Piper in the play "The Pied Piper of Hamlin." This was a real undertaking for he was on the stage with a speaking part that was longer than all the other parts put together. Mother worked hard to help him memorize and perfect his part. And then the night before the opening, David came down with the flu and did not have an understudy. He stayed home from school all the next day and Mother nursed him. He was able to appear in the play, but Mother was more nervous than he was. When one of us was born Mother was badly torn and did not always have complete bladder control, so she wore a rubber apron under her dress. She and Father were seated at the play when she lost control and the liquid ran down under Father' seat. During the intermission the lights went on and Dad happened to look down and saw the puddle on the floor. A startled look came over his face and he quickly felt his trousers, but Mother explained what had happened and that he had not become a senile old man.

When Ted was at Punahou, he played the part of the crocodile in the play "Peter Pan" and after that he was known as "Crock." I think it was Alice Davis who first called him that, but it was soon adopted by everyone in school and the appellation was passed on to his two younger brothers, David and me.

In 1913, we took a trip East and Father took us to Washington. At the Capitol Father called on one of the senators from California while the Senate was in session. The senator said to David and me, "Your father could have had any political office in California that he wanted, including mine." At Cambridge the Arthur Beanes gave us their apartment as they were at Red Top with the crew. One day Dad announced he was going to the Phi Beta Kappa luncheon and Paul asked who was taking him. "No one," said Dad, "I am a member." "Where is your key?" asked Paul. He had never worn one, as he had never bothered to buy one.

David and I spent a week at Henry Bailey Little's summer home on Haskell Island in the mouth of Casco Bay in Maine. Henry Bailey was, of course, a cousin of Dad's and lived to be over a hundred years old and became famous throughout the country as a man who went to work at his bank every day up to the age of one hundred. (He was president of the Newburyport bank and his son Leon, who was slightly older than Paul, had to wait almost fifty years for his father to retire so he could take over. Leon, incidentally, blackballed his cousin Paul W for admittance to the Digamma/Fox Club the first time around since he felt he was too countryfied, i.e., Western-HRW). On the first day on the island it was pretty hot and after playing baseball and working up quite a sweat, we decided to take a swim. David was used to the warm water of Honolulu and he ran to the end of the pier and dove in. I have never seen anyone get out of the water quicker. It looked like the movies of a diver when the film is reversed and the diver pops backward onto the springboard. Swimming in Casco Bay was too cold to be fun. (Restarick, at the age of four, learned to swim at York, Maine, despite the icy water, which pleased Paul mightly)

When we went East in 1917, David was already in college. Leonard's wife Marion, had died and Mother rented a house in York so she could have the children, Gertrude and little Leonard, with her. I have a picture of Mother leaving for Plymouth in PW's 1914 Model T Roadster

(Named Snodericks by the family and sold in 1920. It was open, of course, and probably the top was down-HRW). It was the hottest day of the summer and Mother (with her knowledge and fear of New England weather where she had developed spots on her lungs) had on a heavy coat and a buffalo robe wrapped around her, with her hat tied on by scarf. When World War I was declared, Leonard enlisted in the Signal Corps, which later became the Air Force, and he brought the two children to Honolulu for Mother to care for while he was in the Ground Officers' Training School. Mother hired dear Auntie Gardner to help her with Gertrude and little Leonard. Mrs. Gardner was Irish and told Restarick that as a young girl she had married an older man who had owned sailing ships whose names were the "Star of" something or other. But the days of sail were over and Mr. Gardner died leaving her a penniless widow. There is no doubt in his mind as to her background, for her knowledge of literature and philosophy and the amenities was not superficial. When Father died Auntie Gardner stayed on as Mother's companion. I left for college in 1918 feeling sure that the presence of Leonard's two children would help fill the void of the youngest and last child leaving home.

When I entered Harvard in September 1918, the college had the Students Army Training Corps program which was going to supply men for the Officers Training Corps. David and Sherman Whipple enlisted but as I was only 17, I was too young. However, we had a voluntary junior company that had practically the same training. As both David and Sherman had R.O.T.C. training, they were ordered to report in a couple of weeks to O.T.C. at Camp Lee, Virginia. Shortly before they were to leave we spent the weekend at Plymouth and were about to return to Cambridge on Sunday when David came down with the flu. In order that he should not infect the children, we took him to the Jordan Hospital in Plymouth. David died in the middle of the week, a victim of the dreadful epidemic of 1918, while I was in the Harvard Infirmary also down with the flu.

Mother had written that Father had taken David's death very much to heart and that he was having stomach trouble. When I returned to Honolulu in the summer of 1919, I expected Father to meet the ship as he usually did. Only Leonard was there and he told me father was very ill. Although he was not confined to his bed, I found him just skin and bones

and I was told he had stomach cancer. He died about ten days after my return. Mother's great faith in the hereafter had always taught us not to be afraid of death and I don't believe any of her six sons, for Leonard was as much a son as any of us, feared death.

As I said, Father always met the ship when any of the family came or left but as Mother did not like crowds, she always greeted or said goodbye to us by flashing a mirror out of the upstairs window of the Prospect Street house. I remember rounding Diamond Head once and seeing Mother's mirror flashing. There was an obnoxious Signal Corps Sergeant on board and he, to demonstrate his great knowledge of semaphore, proceeded to read Mother's message. After he had skillfully read a few words, I told him not to work too hard as my mother did not know any code.

Mother had never been to the graduation exercises of any of her sons, but she decided to come to mine. As usual, she put the house in order so that if she died there would be no confusion and in doing so had her second experience with liquor. As I have said, Mother was a strong believer in temperance and her first experience with an alcoholic beverage was in 1887 when she and Father were passing through Chicago on the way back to Escondido. They were entertained at dinner by Mrs. Lloyd's father, General Oglesby, the Governor of Illinois and also the second largest stock owner of the Chicago Tribune. Mother, as guest of honor was seated on the general's right and when she saw wine was being served, she turned her glass over, which was what one did in those days when one did not wish any wine. The general, acting the good host, leaned over to Mother and said, "Perhaps you would like some of my drink". She took some and liked it so well, she took a second glass. When she got back to the hotel after the dinner she asked Father, "What was that delicious mineral water the general served me?"

"That", said Dad, "was champagne." He often teased her about drinking champagne and it became a legend in the family. In 1917, during World War I, the Army closed all bars within five miles of an Army post, which meant that all the Honolulu bars were closed. Father was president of the University Club, which had a large stock of liquor on hand for the bar. The members were asked to buy the stock and Father felt it his duty to buy a case of the best whiskey. We had an old

neighbor, Mr. McGrath, who had several heart attacks and used the whiskey as a stimulant. Father told me to give the case to the old gentleman but when he told me that he only took a tablespoon full when he had an attack and that two bottles would last his lifetime, I left him just two bottles. Mother gave our neighbor, Mrs. Emerson, a bottle for she could trust her to use whiskey only as medicine.

In 1919 Prohibition went into effect and by 1922 this whiskey was at a real premium, worth $25 a bottle. When I came home from college, I figured some of these bottles might turn into cold tea. One day Paul said jokingly to Mother, "You know, you are breaking the law keeping that whiskey". This had never occurred to her before and conscience stricken, she poured the whiskey down the toilet, all but one bottle which she kept for an emergency. Paul was furious for he wanted the whiskey and Auntie, who did not share Mother's feeling about liquor was horrified. One night Mother was not feeling well and Paul told her he thought a little whiskey would be good for her, but he didn't know where to get any at that time of night. Mother waited a moment and then said, "If you will go into my closet on the shelf and behind Mrs. Davis' urn, you will find the last bottle of whiskey your father bought. It was said to be such good whiskey, I thought that some day there would be a need for it".

But to go back a bit, after pouring the whiskey down the toilet, the problem arose as to what to do with the empty bottles. She could not put them in the trash can for the neighbors to see. But she had a plan. Every late afternoon she and Auntie Gardner took a walk along Prospect Street, which on the lower side fell off abruptly with a high wall forming the back boundary of several houses. They would throw the bottles over the wall into the void below. Well, one evening soon after dark, she, Auntie Gardner and David III, then four years old, started out for their usual constitutional. They must have looked very funny with their skirts down to their ankles and heavy capes around their shoulders. Each of the old ladies, for Mother was 70 years old and Auntie Gardner only a year or two younger, carried under each arm an empty whiskey bottle. They walked along the road until they came to a place where it seemed safe to discard the telltale bottles and over the wall they threw them. CRASH! CRASH! There was a sound of splintered

glass. Alas, they had fallen on the glass room of a neighbor's greenhouse which contained orchids. Young as he was, David never forgot their fright as they turned and ran, as fast as their long skirts would let them, back home.

I went to the Stanford Law School in 1927. Paul and Ted and their families were living in Honolulu and after Leonard's death in 1929, Lorraine and Gertrude and Leonard, Jr. came out and spent a year with Mother. Mother loved having members of her family with her and in 1929, her 75th year, her children and grandchildren made a pilgrimage to Honolulu to visit her and celebrate with her this important anniversary. Karkie and seven of her brood arrived. They stayed most of the summer and Lothrop came out to take them all back. Paul and Ted and their families were, of course, living in Honolulu and when I finished law school, I was there, too,. It was a very happy year in her long life.

Just before her 78th birthday, September 15, 1932, Paul told Mother she had cancer of the uterus. She had always wanted Paul to be a doctor, and although she expected to die young and had no fear of death, she had a dream that someday he would save her life. He did not advise an operation as the cancer had spread too far, but if she so desired, he would make arrangements for one. Here was Mother's dream come true and she decided to be operated on. Paul asked her what surgeon she would like and she said, "You, of course, Paul." Never one to follow social or professional customs and having operated on both his sons, he did not hesitate to accept her challenge. I am sure that if another doctor had operated, Mother would not have lived, but with her strong will she would not let Paul down. After the operation, she could not keep food or liquid down so Paul got a bottle of champagne from the drugstore (we still had prohibition) and gave her some, which she kept down. "That was champagne you gave me last night, wasn't it?" she asked Paul. "Yes", he answered and she said, "If you must give me wine, I wish you would give me good champagne." He told her it was Mums and a good year. "It didn't taste like the champagne General Oglesby gave me", she replied. In her condition, probably nothing would have tasted good. However, it wasn't too long before Mother had depleted the stock of champagne in the drug-stores, For the rest of her life, which was over a year, she faithfully took her "tonic."

ADDENDUM

Dennet unfortunately was the only one of the six sons to write his reminiscences and the family should be forever grateful. C.R.W. wrote a short essay on her mother-in-law and contributed to some of the other biographical essays, but otherwise family members have been remiss. In trying to conclude the story there are a some additional observations that may of value.

Dennet in his Remeniscences overlooked DLW's relationship with James Castle, brother of his partner and one of his close friends. James made and lost several fortunes in attempts to expand the economy of the Islands that was dependant largely on sugar. He planted cotton, coffee, and coconut trees for their copra in what is today the center of Kailua on Oahu. He even built a "narrow-narrow" guage railroad from the Oahu Railway's terminus at Kahuku along the east coast of the island. In all these he was unsuccessful, but in the process picked up thousands of acres of land in what is today Kaneohe, Kailua and Waimanalu so that when his son Harold died in the 70's, he left a fortune of over two hundred million dollars. Grandfather helped James Castle write up his will - a remarkable one. It not only specified how his estate was to be divided, but the reasons why. Thus the will turned out to be James Castle's entire philosophy of life and the will, as I was told, ran for several hundred pages.

Nor can the part that DLW played in the formation and eventual success of the Honolulu Gas Company be overemphasized. Not only did he persuade W.R Castle to invest in what was to some a risky venture, but it was through his efforts that Congress, over the of opposition of the powers to be in Hawaii, granted a franchise. It was only his personal supervision of the company in its early days that made its success possible. As this goes to press Pacific Resources, Inc., the billion dollar successor to the Honolulu Gas Company, has just been bought by Broken Hill Propriety, Ltd., the largest corporation in Australia. It plans to use PRI as its base for the refining and distribution of petroleum products for the entire Pacific basin. Those of the family that held on to the stock should profit handsomely.

When HRW went to work for the Gas Company in 1935 Frank Branco was

the office and credit manager. He had started with the company in 1905, a year after the company's founding, at the age of about 16, when the company was still in its first office in the Alexander Young Hotel building. As the office was on Bishop Street and DLW's law office was two blocks makai (toward the sea) on Merchant Street, he passed by twice a day. According to Frank he would stop in every morning and if the office was still open when he was walking home, he would check on how things had gone that day. According to Frank if it hadn't been for DLW, the company might well have floundered. He was the corporate Secretary of the company, but actually was what today is termed Chief Executive Officer. HRW had the pleasure of being the Secretary when the company was celebrating its 50th anniversary and the opening of its seven story building on Bishop Street just across from its first home. It must be made clear that HRW was not the CEO.

Every curriculum vitae of DLW mentions that before moving to California he was a captain in the Massachusetts militia. About seven years ago I received pages 2 and 3 of a typed manuscript by Albert Bartlett (late of Newburyport), son of Major Edward F. Bartlett, DLW's commanding officer, which adds an interesting twist to DLW's military career as a captain in the militia. Bartlett wrote: "As the two oldest sons of Editor Withington reached the age of maturity David chose the law as a profession, became interested in politics and married the daughter of a good old New England family - Miss Curtis - Sally Curtis as her friends called her. David, in the early years succeeding his admission to the bar was a constant visitor to Major Bartlett's law office. The Major was greatly attached to this young man and never lost the opportunity to send him clients and discuss with him the finer legal points that often puzzled the young lawyer. When Captain Bartlett was promoted to a majority in the 8th regiment, David was just a buck private in the ranks of Company A. Lothrop Withington was also another private. Major Bartlett's influence was successful in making David Captain of Company A. We regret to say that David was not a successful company commander. For one thing he was too young and not having gone through the lower ranks his inexperience was a handicap he could not overcome."

It is unfortunate that page one of the MS is missing for it notes

that NNW ran and lost by a small margin an election to Major Bartlett for some office "attached to the Clerk of the District Court," but was to outlive the Major and write his obituary in which he said, "I am glad that Major Bartlett defeated me when I ran for the office which he held for more than forty years." As interesting as the above may be, the "Memo" written by Richard R. Miller accompanying the MS, Miller was to state: "Albert Bartlett . . . lived in Newburyport until he was run out of town."

DLW was, as has been noted, a Republican - a Progressive Republican like Teddy Roosevelt - but his brothers and sister were anything but Republicans. When I was doing postgraduate work in the early 1960's at UCLA, where my field was 18th century English history, one of the most influential political historians of that century was Sir Louis Namier. His thesis in part was that under the Hanovarian Kings (George I, II, and III) the great noble families in order to protect their interests, if not their necks, had some members become Whigs (pro Hanovarians) and some Tories (Stuart sympathizers). He claimed they did it purely for pragmatic reasons and ideology had nothing to do with their choice of party. I only half jokingly, when debating the Namierite theory, used as an argument against it the politics of the children of NNW and ELW. Does pragmatism explain why DLW was a Republican, Lothrop I an Anarchist, Anne a Socialist, and Arthur a good Democrat? It might be added that this could be used as evidence in the genetics-environment debate.

It has been mentioned that the Withingtons when they first arrived in Honolulu rented two similar houses on Beretania Street that was adjacent to a similar house occupied by the Restarick family. Running along the street were the tracks for the horse cars and as it was over a mile to downtown where the nearest shops were, this was very convenient. Grandmother Withington had several stories about the Restaricks, which included one about the horse cars. As the cars ran infrequently it could be very inconvenient to miss one. This particular morning apparently was a hectic one, for as the horse car going to town was approaching the houses my grandmother Restarick leaned out the window waving a white towel to catch the driver's attention, which it did. "Please wait, she shouted in a plaintive voice. "I'll be down just as soon as I finish bathing Margaret." (CRW's younger sister, about seven at the time)

Although it does not directly pertain to either D.L.W.or M.D.W., the story of the funeral of MDW's cousin and foster brother is an anecdote that should be told. Uncle Sylvester was a Northern Baptist minister and died in the early part of 1935 at age 95 or 96. The service was held in the Newburyport Baptist Church. His coffin with the part of the lid that covered his head left open was placed almost immediately in front of the front pew. As in Baptist churches the choir and presbytery were very plain with its only prominent feature the pulpit, which was to the left of the coffin. Lothrop and Karkie were there and I with my fiancee. As members of the family we sat in the front so that we had an unrestricted view of the coffin. The service itself was simple with a few prayers and a hymn or two. But then there were the eulogies. The first to speak was the Dean of the Colgate Divinity School, where Uncle Sylvester had been dean many years before and was also its oldest living graduate. The good dean spoke for forty-five minutes. Then the president of Bowdoin College of which Uncle Sylvester was the oldest living graduate. He spoke for only twenty-five minutes. The third speaker was a vice president of the New York Life Insurance Company who was there as Uncle Sylvester was the oldest living policy holder. He (and we were grateful) spoke for only about ten minutes. I think I can speak for all who were there when I say that by this time everyone was squirming in one's seat as the seats got harder by the minute. Except for the eulogists in the pulpit there was nothing for those in the front row to look at but the coffin. Shifting one's eyes between the speaker in the pulpit and the coffin did help make the time pass although no one could see its contents except me. I, too, tried to keep my attention on the speaker but found my eyes drawn as by a magnet to the coffin. My line of sight was somewhat different from the others. For at six feet four I alone could see a part of the deceased's visage: his nose - a very large aquiline nose. And we had not yet heard from the pastor of the departed's own church. He did himself proud by speaking even longer than the dean of Colgate. I have to aplogize for not remembering one word of the eulogies - all I can remember is "the nose." After the interment at the cemetary poor Aunt Meriam, herself worn out, felt she had to apologize for the length of the service that she, of course, had no control over. Yet perhaps its very length was appropriate, for in a way the funeral marked the end of that remarkable generation. (HRW)

IX

THE SIX SONS

Introduction

Of the six sons of David Little Withington, five were by Marietta Dennet Paul, but the oldest, Leonard (III) was by his first wife Sarah Curtis, who died not too long after the birth of her son, but he was not to remain motherless for long. CRW remarked on several occasions that not only did Marietta treat her step-son as if he were her own, but that she actually loved him more than any of her own five boys.

Though none of the six were the equal of their father, nonetheless, they were in their own right remarkable individuals. Of course, David died too young to make a permanent mark on the world, but as has been mentioned might well have been the "star." Leonard, too, died at an age that did not allow him to fulfill his potential. The tributes paid to him at the time of his death at not quite forty-six clearly indicated a brilliant future. A freak accident was to end Ted's life at fifty-two and thus prevent him from continuing his unique ability of benefiting both the spiritual and the physical well being of those with whom he came into contact.

All except Leonard did their undergraduate work at Harvard, which resulted in there being one of the family in the college from 1904 to 1922. I presume the reason why Leonard went to Pomona was that San Diego just wasn't furnishing enough money for the cost of an eastern institution. On the other hand Pomona College had been founded by the Congregational Church with close connections with Yale and Leonard may well have preferred the newer college with its high academic standards. Leonard, however, did graduate work at Harvard, while Paul went to the medical school and Lothrop to the law school. Harvard, in spite of the two generations who had attended Yale, was so ingrained in Paul that he gave HRW no other choice. (Broadminded HRW gave PW IIa a choice of the two; but fortunately he selected Harvard)

Like their father both Paul and Lothrop were to see themselves listed in Who's Who in America and knew many important wheelers and

dealers of various kinds. Franklin Roosevelt greeted both Paul and Lothrop by their first names, though to Paul this was a dubious honor.

How was it that Paul became a doctor, Lothrop a lawyer, and Ted a minister? According to the story in my branch of the family it was because of the determination and will of their mother. David and Dennet were undoubtedly what today are crudely called "menopause babies" and so she believed for some years that Ted was the last. Thus early in their childhood she planned their futures: Paul would be a doctor to care for her physical person; Lothrop would be a lawyer to follow in his father's footsteps; and, Ted would be a clergyman to minister to her soul - and so it was to be. Only Lothrop, however, deviated from her plan when he chose the challenge of the bigger pond of Boston over the little one in the midst of the Pacific. (HRW)

- 1 -

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LEONARD WITHINGTON (III)

Leonard was probably the most brilliant of the six sons. He was born in Newburyport, March 10, 1884, the son of Father's first marriage to Sarah Curtis. He was a great reader, had an encyclopedic memory, loved travel and enjoyed life to its fullest. When he went to a place that he had never been to before, he would research it thoroughly so that he knew everything about it before he got there and in a short time would see everything in the area that was worth seeing. He was a born enthusiast and wherever he lived was the greatest place on this earth. He went to Pomona, graduating in 1904. According to the College records he was first secretary and then president of the Oratorical Association and Intercollegiate Orator in 1903 and president of the Debate Club and the Literary Society his senior year. As if this wan't enough to keep him out of mischief, he edited Student Life in 1903 and 1904 as well as being the student member of the Claremont Music and Literary Course Committee.

Upon graduation he went to Honolulu and became a member of the

editorial staff of the Honolulu Advertiser. After two years of newspaper work he went on to do graduate work at Harvard. What he took there is something of a mystery: Dennet says he took courses in English, while the Portland Daily News wrote that he took "a special course" and Gertrude says he studied business. If the last is correct he might well be one of the early students of the business school, which was founded at about that time.

At any rate it was during at least part of that year he roomed with Paul - out of which comes an anecdote. Paul was a sleep walker until he married and one night when Leonard had come in late he removed his dress clothes and hung them on the chandelier so as not to wake up his brother. Some time later Leonard saw Paul rise from his bed, approach the clothes, shake hands with one of the sleeves and then put his arms around the entire suit, murmuring something like, "Constance, how I love you." As Uncle Leonard told this story long afterwards and so as not to offend his sister-in-law, the lady's name may well have been "Susy" or "Marie" or what have you.

After leaving Harvard he went to work at the Forbes Lithograph Company in Chelsea near Boston and in 1910 he married Marion Adelaide Junkins, who was a cousin of Gertrude and Florence, Mother's half sisters. They had two children, Gertrude, born November 8, 1911 and Leonard Jr., born November 1st, 1915. In 1912 he followed the family tradition and became editor of the the Newburyport Herald. An article in Honolulu Advertiser stated: "Leonard Withington, son of Mr. and Mrs. David L. Withington of Honolulu, purchased the Newburyport Herald, one of the oldest newspapers in the United States." (Restarick understood that it was purchased for him by Father, a natural thing to do because of the paper's connection with his father, Nathan Noyes) Perhaps foreshadowing the future of the paper the family's entire household effects were burned while moving from Wakefield to Newburyport. That city is so near Boston and the availability of Boston papers that he could not make it pay and after three years moved to Portland, Maine. Even though he would no longer be with the paper he retained a monetary interest in the paper, which would continue, according to the Herald, the policies that he had established. On leaving he wrote a farewell message to his readers:

"This writer feels a sense of deep regret in laying down the editorial work of the Newburyport Morning Herald. These three years have been full of joys and sorrows, of successes and failures, of accomplishments and disappointments but as it ever must be the good has always outweighed the bad. The philosophy that holds that the world is growing worse is a hopeless one and we have no cause to agree with it.

"During these three years it has been the privilege of the writer to meet some of the finest men and women he has ever come to know . . . It outweighs the hard knocks that has been his lot to take from time to time and it repays all the effort he has given for the betterment of this city and its environs. . . It has been a privilege to work with the little band of men who with optimistic souls and unfaltering energy, are striving to press the claims of Newburyport to a larger civic and commercial life. Their efforts should be seconded by every man, woman and child in the community . . ." (HRW cannot help wondering if there was any connection between Uncle Leonard's leaving the Herald and the death of Nathan Noyes, who had died just a year earlier)

His new position was secretary of the publicity and convention bureau of the Chamber of Commerce. Soon the retail trade bureau was added to his duties. As the Portland paper reported when he resigned from the Chamber to return to Forbes: He "has been able to serve the retail trade of Portland well and to the satisfaction of merchants and the public. On several occasions he has had the handling of all (the Chamber's) business and there too he proved to be an efficient man. . . (He wrote) the slogan 'Portland, Maine - America's Sunrise Gateway.' The Chamber and the people have been kind enough to adopt it as the unofficial slogan of the city."

Sometime in 1916 he returned to Forbes and the family once again made its home in Wakefield. He soon became well known for his interest in town affairs and other public matters. One newspaper reported that "his criticisms . . . have demonstrated good spirit and have marked him as an energetic citizen of Wakefield." Marion came down in February of 1917 with pneumonia that was to prove fatal. After taking Gertrude and little Leonard to Honolulu so that Mother could care for them, he enlisted in the Signal Corps (that was later to become the Army Air Corps) as a private first class. After graduating from the ground

school, he was commissioned second lieutenant on March 15, 1918 in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. He was stationed first in Kelly Field near San Antonio, then in Columbus, Ohio and as fate would have it his last tour of duty took him to Fort Worth where he met Lorraine Kenderdine, one of the wonderful women Withingtons are lucky enough to marry.

After the war, Leonard took his family to Honolulu where he worked on the Honolulu Advertiser and also for the Pan Pacific Union. While in the Islands he organized an American Legion post "and became the first department commander and delegate to the first National Legion convention at Minneapolis. He was soon made national executive committeeman," according to his obituary. In 1920 he returned to Texas as vice president and editor of the Fort Worth Record.

The Record was to go the way of the Herald and in 1924 he became the Executive Secretary of the Republican Party of Texas. At the time this position might well be compared to the position of a Christian missionary in Mecca, but In 1928 he was to see Texas vote for Herbert Hoover, the first Republican candidate for president to win in Tesas since Reconstruction. Lorraine had proved a great help to him in every way: her Fort Worth connections were helpful in business and politics and in caring for the children. Like Uncle Lothrop, Leonard had always been careless about his appearance but she spruced up his clothes and handled his finances, for like many Withingtons, he lacked a business sense, and she managed his affairs so that he left an ample estate. In 1930 he died of Hodgkin's disease after a long illness.

After Leonard's death, Lorraine spent a year in Honolulu with Mother and both Gertrude and little Leonard went to Punahou. When she returned to Fort Worth, Lorraine opened up a gift shop, but soon gave it up. Gertrude graduated from Pomona in 1933 and married Richard Hathaway, and the two remained in California, ending up in the city of Pomona, where they had an orange grove. Young Leonard remained in Honolulu where he married Grace Smith and became head of the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce. Lorraine went to live with her wonderful sister and businesswoman, Lil Adams, and devoted herself to her mother, a remarkable woman who lived to be one hundred years old. Lorraine kept herself busy with church and club work.

The obituary in the Fort Worth paper notes that besides two brothers-in-law and three others as active pall bearers, the honorary pall bearers included the entire executive committee of the Republican party in Texas and party officers. There follows a list of over fifty prominent men. The Pomona College News in a typical condensed death notice noted every organization with which he had an affiliation. Beside those already mentioned were his trusteeship of the First Universal Church in Medford, Massachusetts; secretary of the Public Association of Hawaii; member of the finance committee of the town of Wakefield; vice commander of the Texas American Legion and member of its executive committee. Of the six brothers there is no question that Leonard was not only the most brilliant, but the most public spirited. In addition he was undoubtedly the most interested in the Withingtons as a family. Perhaps the following is indicative. In 1927 Constance and her two boys spent the summer at Harper's Ranch, located near Julian in the western part of San Diego county where the telephones were still the old fashioned multi-party line type with a hand crank. Leonard was in southern California, possibly Pomona. He knew that CRW and the boys were somewhere in eastern San Diego county and was bound to talk to them on the telephone. By sheer persistence he tried each small town operator in that part of San Diego county until finally he got the operator in Julian. She told him that she had never heard of the name of Withington, but she had heard that Mrs. Harper, whose ranch was ten miles out of town, had some visitors. Leonard told her to try the number and CRW and he had a delightfull conversation - the last she would ever have with him. (DW & HRW)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PAUL WITHINGTON

Paul was born in Escondido, January 25, 1888. He probably was the best looking of the boys and had an attractive personality. When he got his growth, he measured 6'2½" and kept his weight down to 185 pounds. He had Mother's handsome brown eyes and her quiet speaking voice (except when arguing, when he could shout with the rest of us). Upon arrival in Honolulu, he entered Punahou, was quarterback of the football team his junior year and graduated in the class of 1905. His class at Harvard was 1909, but he was out a semester with walking typhoid, and did not graduate until the spring of 1910. As a matter of fact, he could have graduated with his class, but Percy Haughton persuaded him to take advantage of his lost semester and stay on at college and play center on the Harvard football team of 1909 and was selected as second All-America center by almost all the polls including Walter Camp. He rowed on the junior varsity crew of 1908, which was a four-oared, but earned his letter by defeating Yale. In 1909 he was on the varsity with Lothrop and again Yale was defeated. In fact no crew with a Withington on it, and this includes P.W., L.W.II and D.L.W., Jr., ever lost a race to Yale. Of interest is the fact that the "official" photograph of the 1909 varsity crew does not include Paul. The coach did not feel that his form fit well with the rest of the crew as he "over used" his arms. But the juniors consistently defeated the varsity and no matter what man he transferred to the varsity from the junior varsity, the juniors won. Finally it dawned on the coach that it was P.W. that made the difference and just before the Yale race he was made a member of the varsity. He was twice captain of the swimming team and introduced the Australian crawl that he had learned in Hawaii to eastern collegiate swimming. Even as a freshman he was invited to various meets throughout New England. In 1909 he won the New England A.A.U. heavyweight wrestling championship. There is a sequel to this: a few years later he was offered $10,000 to turn profesional - equal to at least $100,000 in 1988 - for three months with a guarantee not to lose! He was tempted, but

refused for three reasons: his medical studies, his duties at Harvard and CRW, who wasn't too thrilled about being married to a professional wrestler. In later life she said they made a mistake - the money would have come in handy. When HRW was at Andover the wrestling coach and head trainer was "Swede" Carlson. He told him that he had given exhibitions with P.W., who was as strong as any man he had ever wrestled.

In 1911 he married Constance Restarick, daughter of Father's old friends of San Diego and Honolulu. Of this union, there were two sons, Henry Restarick, born in Cambridge, February 24, 1912 and David Little, born in Honolulu, July 20, 1920. Father had always wanted one of the boys to become a sugar planter, and as a job at Waialua seemed to provide him the means to marry his school-time sweetheart, Connie, After his graduation from Harvard, he came back to Hawaii and went to work at Waialua Sugar Plantation. But Percy Haughton contacted him regarding a coaching position and arranged a salary which would enable him to go to medical school, which mother had always fostered. Paul maintained that the reason he accepted Haughton's offer was Connie's face when he showed her where she would have to live: a mere shack, if she married a luna (a field supervisor) on a sugar plantation. So after six months, he returned to Cambridge and Connie joined him during the Easter vacation of 1911. However, the course of true love does not always run true and the wedding almost did not come off. One of the leading citizens of Boston, Major Henry Lee Higginson, a prominent Harvard man, was going to Europe to select a new conductor for the Boston Symphony, which he had founded. He had a heart condition and his doctor wanted him to take a medical student along with him. President Lowell was consulted and recommended Paul. Paul was called to Lowell's home and the proposition put up to him. He explained that he planned to be married in a few weeks. President Lowell impressed on him how important Major Higginson was and how this might help his future. Perhaps if Miss Restarick understood the situation, she would agree to a postponement. Paul had his doubts, so the president said, "Let's get a woman's advice on this." Mrs. Lowell suggested that a long wire be sent to his fiancee explaining everything and, of course, Major Higginson would pay for the wire. Connie had left Honolulu and was visiting friends in San Diego prior to going East. Her wedding announcements had been engraved and all the

arrangements for the wedding had been made in Boston. When she received the telegram (which incidentally Major Higginson never paid for), she hit the ceiling. If this was the irresponsible individual she was going to marry, they had better call it quits. Besides she had never heard of this Major Higginson, so she wired back at once: "Go to Europe, but the engagement is broken." Paul, to do him justice, saw her point of view and wired back, "Come as planned, " so they did get married. President and Mrs. Lowell sat in the front seat of Emmanuel Church, Boston and Bishop Lawrence married them. Thus the three most important men in Boston at that time, according to Cleveland Amory, were involved in one way or another in their wedding.

Restarick arrived February 24, 1912, at three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, a healthy 5½ pound boy, at the Avon Street apartment with Dr. Cogswell in attendance. Since all was confusion at home, Paul decided to walk to Memorial Hall to have dinner with Lothrop, Arthur Beane, Lothrop's roomate, and Bill Richards, Paul's former roommate. The boys were surprised to see him, but it was not until dinner was nearly over that one of the boys asked him to what they owed the honor of his presence, to which Paul replied, "Well, Constance has just presented me with a baby boy." The three were more than suprised because Connie, out of exaggerated modesty had asked Paul not to tell that she was pregnant and the baby being so small, her figure had changed but little. The next day, Lothrop, Arthur and Bill decided to go to the apartment to see the baby. It was a very cold day and as usual the boys were not wearing overcoats and Arthur kept rubbing his hands and blowing on them. Lothrop asked him why he was doing this and he said, "I want to keep my hands warm so I can hold the boy." And so it was that he was the first besides Paul to hold Restarick. (This was typical of dear Arthur Beane: so kind, affectionate and compassionate. He was a tall, lanky Canadian, who had had little education but a great desire for one. He had saved some money and was about 30 when he entered Harvard as a special student, but soon made a place for himself. He displayed what might be called the true Christian spirit in everything he did. Arthur Beane was beloved by all and became a legend at Harvard. He married Ruth Richards, sister of Bill and had three daughters and one son, Arthur, who after graduating from Harvard became an Episcopal minister. Unfortunately both Arthurs died at

a relatively young age. The University was to honor the memory of Arthur Beane by placing a memorial tablet in Philips Brooks House, which is a place "dedicated to Piety, Charity and Hospitality" as well a acting as the "House" for those that are not affiliated with the residential Houses.

Telegrams of congratulation came to the young couple from all their friends and relatives. Uncle Arthur's was typical of the Withington sense of family and genealogy. He wired "Congratulations on the arrival of Henry Tristram Richard Philip Ebenezer Michael Wigglesworth Oxenbridge Thatcher Withington." It was hard to decide on a name that would please all, but Genevieve Bennett, who had been born in Hawaii but married to a Boston University professor, suggested Henry Restarick and hoped that we would call him Restarick. Henry pleased the Withingtons and Restarick Connie's parents.

Paul attended medical school in the morning and in the afternoon coached football. He arranged with Kimo Hanchett, a Honolulu boy, to give him his notes on the lectures he missed, which he kindly did, and in June of 1914 was awarded his M.D. degree. As Paul was always fond of rowing, he joined the Union Boat Club and rowed on the club's 8 and also sculled, winning the metropolitan singles championships from 1912 through 1914. The 8 oared crew was made up of outstanding graduates of Harvard and so they decided to apply to the Regent's Board at Henley for permission to row for the Grand Challenge Cup in July, 1914. Written on the application form was the question "Have any of your crew worked with their hands?" Paul, as captain, wrote back that it would be hard to find in the United States any man who had not worked with their hands. In spite of this their application was accepted. (Jack Kelly, father of Princess Grace of Monoco, was denied a chance to row in the Diamond Skulls because he had once been a bricklayer, although at the time of the actual application he was already a wealthy contractor. He was to be partially vindicated some years later when his son, Jack Kelly, Jr., I believe, won the "Diamonds!")

In June the crew of eight, Roger Cutler, Paul, Lothrop, Laurie Lunt, Mike Farley, Bob Tappan, Dr. Fred Ayer and one other - all Harvard men - with a coxwain from Yale named Badger, two wives, Connie and Leslie Cutler, sailed from Boston. On arrival an old Elizabethan Inn

was leased at Senning-on-Thames and the crew immediately began practicing. The Thames at Henley is narrow and only two crews are able to compete at one time. The Regatta opened July 4th with four English crews rowing against four foreign crews. Union Boat Club drew the Thames 8, whom they eliminated easily. The Harvard Junior 8 defeated an English boat club and so did the German and Belgian crews. The London papers came out with headlines, "England Smashed" and lamented the growing anemia of the English race. The next day the Harvard crew easily defeated the Belgians, while Union exhausted themselves beating a very strong German crew by just inches. The last day of the regatta saw "young" Harvard pitted against the "old." The youngsters fresh as daisies after their race of the day before and the elder men not fully recovered resulted in a victory for the Harvard junior varsity in the Grand Challenge Cup. As well as rowing in the 8, Paul had competed in the single sculls, called the "Diamond Sculls," but was eliminated by an Italian, who later won the event. (Note: The Harvard crew that rowed at Henley against the Union Boat Club was not exactly the "junior varsity." It was a specially selected crew coached by Bob Herrick, a noted Harvard figure. Under Henley's rules crews could not be coached by professionals and thus this crew was specially selected for Henley. Its stroke was Leverett Saltonstall, later governor and a long time U. S. Senator).

After the Regatta, Connie and Paul stayed with her Enlglish relatives in London and were lucky enough to have Uncle Lothrop as a guide both in London and on the trips he took with them to Ipswich, Yarmouth, Norfolk and Cambridge. Through him they were invited to lunch with Lord and Lady Warwick at her ancestral estate, Easton Lodge. Warwick Castle had been rented to an American Insurance man by the name of Marsh (of Marsh and McLennan, still the largest insurance brokerage firm in the U. S. I believe Uncle Lothrop had been the go-between in this transaction and, of course, he was a good friend of Lady Warwick, who was also a Socialist) Easton Lodge is said to have the most beautiful rose garden in England and on arrival, Lady Warwick showed them through the garden and turned to Connie and said, "Of course you have no gardens in America!" When luncheon was served, Lady Warwick said to her, "You will sit on Brookie's right." She did not know that prior to his succeeding to the earldom his title had been Lord Brooke

and she was somewhat baffled, but followed the other guests and found herself seated on the right of Lord Warwick. The other guests were Uncle Lothrop, Moreton Frewen, who was married to Clara Jerome, younger sister of Jenny Jerome, who married Lord Randolph Churchill and was the mother of Winston, and Mr. and Mrs.Marsh. The last was seated on Lord Warwick's left and had his good ear, while Mr. Marsh sat at Connie's right. Mrs. Marsh and "Brookie" talked about Warwick Castle: how she and her husband were trying to carry out all the old customs. As Mrs Marsh began talking about a large mounted stuffed bear, Connie "felt Mr. Marsh's foot move across (hers) to tread on his wife's foot." (A bear, muzzled, supporting a ragged staff has been the crest of the Earls of Warwick since medieval times) Moreton Frewen was one of the "Marlborough Set" of Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, along with "Daisy" (Frances, Countess of Warwick), who were not noted for obeying the Seventh Commandment. He was the first "Free Silver" men in Parliament, probably due to his investments in U.S. mines that were not very successful.

The luncheon over the guests were driven by the Warwick's handsome youngest son, Maynard, to the railway station. As they drove through the beautiful deer park, Mr Marsh said to his wife, "Isn't this park magnificent? How I would love to buy it. It would make a wonderful model town." (CRW has written a note that is attached to the fly leaf of the book, The Darling Daisy Affair, that Mrs. Marsh was said to have been a London music hall Gaity girl before her marriage to the American millionaire and that there is an enormous stuffed bear standing near the middle of the great hall of Warwick Castle. A picture of this can be seen in This England, published by the National Geographic Society)

When Connie got home to her aunt's at Park Lodge in London, her Aunt Emily Broad was shocked at her niece's associating with such immoral people. "Why," she said, "don't you know that Lady Warwick was King Edward's mistress and that Maynard is supposed to be the king's son?" Long afterwards, Connie read that at the time of the luncheon, Lady Warwick, hard up for money, was threatening to sell to an American publisher love letters to her from Edward and demanded 100,000 pounds from the royal family for her silence. This obvious blackmail was to become a long dragged out matter - later to be called "The Darling Daisy Affair." The royal family never paid a penny, but Arthur de Clos, a

friend of both Lady Warwick and the royal family, paid the countess off, impoverishing himself, but earning a baronetcy!

It was during their stay in London that Uncle Lothrop took Paul, Connie and his namesake, Lothrop, to the Houses of Parliament that is told in Dennet's Reminiscences. Paul and Connie were also able to go to Paris for a few days by means of a gift from the Allston Burrs of Boston They met Aunt Anne and she also proved to be an excellent guide. There was talk about war, but the public had become inured to international confrontations of the past years and felt this was just another "hot" summer. When war did break out Aunt Anne was caught in the Voges Mountains of France and had to be evacuated in a military train. Paul, Connie and Lothrop II fortunately had reservation on an American ship and were able to sail on schedule, while those booked on beligerant ships were stranded. On the ship with them was the famous opera singer, Maggie Tate and the actress, Marjory Maude. For years they loved to tell the story of how they sang Hawaiian songs accompanied by Connie's ukulele at the customary ship's concert with these famous women on the same program. This was the occasion that Paul and Lothrop sang "The Maid of Athens" backwards! (see appendix)

Paul returned to Boston about the same time as The Book of Athletics, which he both edited and wrote in part, was published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. He also commenced his medical internship at the Boston City Hospital. He chose this hospital primarily because the Harvard football physician and famous orthopedic surgeon, Ed Nichols, was on the staff. With Britain and France at war with Germany, Yankee Boston (i.e., those of Puritan descent) was pro-ally. Soon there was a plan to send abroad a Harvard Hospital Unit to aid the British. Dr. Nichols advised Paul to join this outfit as he thought the experience would be valuable, so soon after the Lusitania was sunk (with Uncle Lothrop aboard), the unit sailed from Boston, 120 strong: surgeons, medical men, nurses and five wives. Connie was among them, signed up as assistant to a surgeon. On arrival in London, the doctors were given honorary rank in the British Medical Corps. Paul was ranked as sub-lieutenant. While waiting for their uniforms, the unit was invited by the American, Mr. March, to be his guests for the day at Warwick Castle. A special car was ordered for them and a

never-to-be-forgotten day was spent with lunch in the Great Hall (where the bear was much in evidence) and freedom to roam the Castle from topmost turret to dungeon. As a salute to the friendly Americans Lady Warwick drove over from Easton Lodge to greet them. She greeted Connie and Paul warmly and told them how she regretted Uncle L's death, saying she considered he knew London as no one else did. When it was decided that the Unit was to be sent to Etaples, France, the order came "No wives were to be allowed to go." Fortunately Connie had her relatives to stay with and her experience with zeppelin raids and arrest in Cromer on the East Coast, because she had no permit from the Home Office to be there, is another story. At the end of four months, the Unit returned to Boston on the Cunard liner Caronia (which ship had the dubious honor of being the first passenger ship to be torpedoed and sunk in World War II). On board was Anna Case, the celebrated opera singer, who Paul and Connie later entertained at Puahuula, their home in Honolulu.

Paul returned to the Boston City Hospital to finish his internship and since he would be on duty almost continually Connie and Restarick went to Honolulu in November of 1915. When Paul had finished interning, he was selected as head football coach of the University of Wisconsin as a result of the recommendation of Percy Haughton. He was also appointed Professor of Physical Education and Assistant Professor of Surgery. The faculty were cordial and the Max Masons were especially friendly. He was later to be president of the University of Chicago and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation. Paul took from Harvard as assistant coaches, Ernest Soucy, who was a long time friend of Lothrop's, and Dick King. The team lost two games, one to Ohio and one to Minnesota, but defeated Wisconsin's arch-rival Chicago, coached by the immortal Alonzo Stagg. Several members of this team, including Potsy Clark, were to be members of his 89th Division team. Among their good friends at Wisconsin were Bob and Phil LaFollette. Their father, Senator Robert LaFollette, who was both a regent of the university and Teddy Roosevelt's vice presidential running mate in 1916, invited Paul and Connie to dinner. This turned out to be a kind of disaster for the LaFollettes were pacifists. Mrs. LaFolette got Connie aside and asked her, "You wouldn't let your husband go to war would you?" And here they had already been involved in the war. At the table, Connie sat on the

Senator's right and having returned from Honolulu, where people were very strongly opposed and upset by LaFolette's Seaman's bill, she tackled him on the subject and did not make herself popular, while Paul disagreed with him on certain university matters.

Paul had fully intended to remain at Wisconsin, but when war was declared he immediately volunteered for the Army. On commissioning he requested to be assigned to the 89th Division, which was commanded by the second of his two models, General Leonard Wood, who was a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, first Colonel of the Rough Riders, and former Army Chief of Staff under Taft and as such reorganized the Army along the present day staff system. On reporting, much to his surprise, he was ordered to report directly to Major General Wood. Instead of being billeted with a medical group he was personally assigned by the General to be division athletic officer with orders to produce a championship football team. He was thus a member of the General's staff, ate at the General's mess and made lifetime friends of many of the other staff members. The 89th was stationed at Camp Funston near Manhattan, Kansas and was made up of men from Kansas, Missouri and Colorado. These farm boys made excellent football material. Games were played against other Army units and the 89th defeated the Great Lakes Naval Station for the interservice championship. His only misfortune during this period was when he came down with the mumps. In November, just as Paul was leaving for overseas, Restarick came down with scarlet fever and he and his mother spent a month in the Fort Riley Hospital. From there they went to San Francisco and in June of 1918 to San Diego, where they remained for the duration of the war.

Much of Paul's Army career is contained in the following obituary:

* * * * * * *

89th DIVISION LETTER - No. 66 - June 1968

On April 2, 1966 word was received from Honolulu of the death of Paul Withington, a member of the 89th Division 1917-1919, in his 79th year. . . ..

When the U.S. declared war against Germany in 1917, anxious to get into uniform, he went to Washington and offered his services in whatever line he could be of service. As a result, he was sent to Camp Funston as a lieutenant in July 1917. General Wood named him athletic officer

of the 89th Division, telling him that what he wanted was a winning football team. As a consequencce, the foundation of the 89th Division championship team of the A.E.F. was formed. In the epidemic of 1917 at Funston, he was sanitary inspector. When the Division was ordered overseas, he was assigned to the 354th Regiment as a medical officer with the rank of captain. At Camp Mills in 1918, just prior to embarkation, he shared the disappointment of the 89th at Washington's decision not to send the beloved General Wood to France with the division. (Due to Wilson's jealousy of the Republican, who had been suggested by Britain and France as a possible Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies on the Western Front) He served with the 89th throughout the war. On the night of August 8-9, he was gassed but stayed on duty while 200 patients passed through his station. For his devotion to duty on this occasion, he was awarded the Crois de Guerre by France and a citation by the AEF, which later was converted to the Silver Star. (Note: The citation for his actions during the gas attack was a ruse. Because of the ghastly effects of the mustard gas, in anger he asked to transferred to the infantry. While still technically a medical officer, he led several heroic raids across no man's land as noted below. Since by international convention medical personnel could not serve in actual combat and as he personally carried a ten guage shot gun, of which the Germans were deathly afraid and which was also contrary to convention, the gas affair was a convenient ruse to disguise the real reason. HRW)

On August 28, 1918 Colonel Kilbourne assigned him as Military Police Officer to help handle the tremendous traffic coming through in preparation for the St. Mihiel Drive. His diary says: "On the morning of September 12, 1918 at 1 a.m. the artillery preparation began and at 5 a.m. the Infantry went over the top. The 89th had been picked with the 1st, 2nd and 42nd for the center of the St. Mihiel Drive and the Division was never headed. I followed behind the Infantry, collecting prisoners by the thousands and opening roads. All night and the day of September 13th, I stayed in one congested area trying to keep artillery, ammunition and food for the men moving to the front. On September 14th I moved to Bouillonville where I stayed until the 22nd continuing as M.P. September 23rd I reported back to the 354th as a surgeon and went to the front with the first Battalion on the 24th. On the night of the

25th-26th, I went over to the Boche lines with a raiding party and got hell from the commanding officer." (By coincidence there is a sequel to this raid - illegal, for under the rules of war medical officers cannot participate in combat. In 1965 PW's granddaughter Sally was working at the State Street Trust Company in Boston and came into contact with Birge W. Kinne, who among other things was Secretary-Treasurer of the Cornell class of 1916. In a business letter to her he wrote the following in a concluding paragraph:

"It was nice to talk to you over the telephone and particular to meet a grand-daughter of Paul Withington, whom I knew and admired very much. He was with the 89th Division overseas. A great officer and leader. I remember I was with him one night when he came back from a raiding party which he had no business to go on and the colonel gave him 'hell' for doing it, but as he came out alive all was well. It could have been a different story.
Sincerely, Birge W. Kinne - Battery E, 89th Division - AEF 1917-18-19")

After the Armistice he transferred to the Infantry with the rank of Major and was again the athletic officer of the 89th, coaching and playing on the football team which won the championship of the A.E.F. As a member of the Allied Games Committee he rowed on the U.S. crew and sculled at Paris and Henley. . . .

After the war he returned to Boston . . . .after which he returned to his old home in Honolulu to practice medicine. However, he took time out . . . in the fall of 1923 and 1924 to assist Percy Haughton coach football at Columbia. In Honolulu he coached and played football on local teams teams until he was forty.

In 1929 he accompanied the psychologist, Dr. Portens, of the University of Hawaii, on a scientific expedition to study the aborigine in the "Outback" of Australia. In 1941 before Pearl Harbor, he volunteered to the Navy and served throughout World War II in the 14th Naval District, as captain. In 1947 Governor Stainback appointed him chairman of the "Reform Boxing Commission," serving until 1954.

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As a member of the Games Committee of the A.E.F., Paul was head of Rowing, and again he rowed at Henley. He selected from the A.E.F. a fine crew of eight, among them Charles Deere Wyman, later president of

Deere & Company, and Herman Rogers (both Yale), who afterwards gained fame when he and his wife, Mildred, loaned their villa in Cannes to Wally and Edward for their wedding. Paul took along with him to Henley Bernard Damon, a young enlisted man from Honolulu, as his orderly. One day Bernard drove into London in a little Ford and not understanding the signals given by the bobbies, found himself holding up Her Majesty, Queen Mary, out for an afternoon drive. So overcome with embarrassment that he wrote to the Queen and apologized, and received a very nice note back from her secretary. Dave Goodrich, a former Harvard oarsman, acted as sort of the social sponsor for the Americans and loaned Paul his houseboat on the Thames at Henley as a place to entertain. As there was need of a hostess, Paul wrote Connie to get her passport and join him in England. She got her passport and ticket and was all ready to set sail, when she received word she needed General Pershing's permission, which was denied, thus ending her chance of joining Paul in England. (What was to add to her annoyance was that a Honolulu friend who was married to a Y.M.C.A. worker who served doughnuts to the doughboys and had other similar recreational jobs had no problem joining her husband in France)

Of course, his team's winning the football championship of the A.E.F. was a great feather in his cap, for in football history it is rated one of the great teams of all time. He is said to be responsible for modern professional football as these AEF football games introduced the game to thousands who had never associated the game with anything besides the relatively exclusive universities. Indeed, a number of his players went on to make their name in football: among them Potsy Clark, who was head coach of the NFL Detroit championship team of 1935, and Ad Lindsay, who was for years head coach at the University of Oklahoma. Writing in the October 17th, 1942 Saturday Evening Post Lou Little in an article titled "Sports for Sports Sake Is Out," stated that his dream football game would be one between Paul Withington's 89th Division team and the George Halas' Chicago Bears of 1940, which defeated Washington for the NFL championship 73 to 0. As each division had a team, plus the various staff units of the A.E.F., the championship was an elimination tournament and frequently there were two games in the same week. Paul asked Lothrop to transfer to the 89th so they could play once more together, but Lothrop, being of a more practical nature, had better

things to do in Boston. The 89th's semi-final game was with a team that had Eddie Mahan, a three time All-America from Harvard, as a back. The first game ended in a tie - so they played again the next day. The second game ended in a nothing to nothing tie. When Mahan's team had the ball on the 89th's one yard line, the quarterback foolishly did not give the ball to Mahan and lost a chance to win. The winner was decided by the greater number of first downs. The championship was played in Paris before over 40,000 roaring and screaming American soldiers.

He returned to Cambridge in time for the football season perhaps expecting to be offered the job of head coach, but this had been given to Bob Fisher, who had been captain of the 1911 team. This was quite a blow, but he was instructor of hygiene under Dr. Roger Lee and was made head coach of the freshman team. This team defeated the Yale freshmen 10 to 7 and, as I recall, was undefeated, helped considerably by the presence of George Owen, who was to earn nine letters in three sports, football, hockey, and baseball and later played for a number of years with the Boston Bruins. (George Owen is considered to be the second greatest athlete produced by Harvard. Barry Wood, class of 1932, is considered first by winning the same nine letters as Owen, plus one in tennis. Lothrop's close friend Francis "Tack" Hardwick with eight letters is considered the third, but although PW did not earn as many letters, the length of his athletic career and his versatility is hard to match. For some unknown reason the Harvard Varsity Club committee has failed to acknowledge this) The real end of his athletic association with Harvard came when he accompanied the football team to the 1920 Rose Bowl, where Harvard defeated the University of Oregon 7 to 6.

In August of 1920 he returned to Honolulu and after passing the required examinations he became a partner of Dr. Charles Cooper, one of the Islands' leading physicians. The family lived at 702 Prospect until Dennet graduated in June, 1922, when they moved to Manoa Valley. In 1923 Percy Haughton was offered by Columbia, whose football fortunes were about as bad as they are in the 1980's, a sufficient inducement to come out of retirement. He wrote Paul asking him to assist him, mentioning a tempting emolument. Paul was not one to turn down his mentor and and became his chief assistant. He returned again the following year only to have his beloved friend die in his arms from a heart attack at the very

first of the season. He took over as head coach winning one major moral victory when they tied the Army at West Point - a team that was considered to be second only to Notre Dame. Paul was now torn as to what course to take. HRW has a letter from his Uncle Lothrop dated May 16, 1966 that is enlightening:

"Paul was offered the head coach job at Columbia when Percy Haughton died but I persuaded him that it was a hopeless job and would lead to nothing. (The folowing year) I was on the football committee to select a successor to Bob Fisher and we first selected Charlie Buell. He would not take the job unless he was made athletic director and when he talked to President Lowell he did not feel that the athletic director was to be given the status which he thought it required, so he turned it down. We then sent in Paul's name, much against my own personal wishes, as I do not feel a college coaching job leads to anything but headaches. However, I went along with the majority of the committee, but in the meanwhile President Lowell had decided he was going to have an athletic director and Bill Bingham was offered the job. (This was a new position since Lowell was doing away the old Harvard Athletic Association, the concept of which went back to the days when each sport was a "club," the reason D.L.W. did not play baseball in college. The system was reorganized in 1893 to include all undergraduates who paid a dollar to the Harvard Athletic Association, which had a Graduate Treasurer as its executive. PW was the Assistant Graduate Treasurer off and on for a number of years)

At the meeting both Paul's and Bill's name came up for confirmation and the athletic committee felt as a matter of courtesy it would be best be sure Bill could work with Paul. Paul had always felt Bill was still an Exeter schoolboy hero and Bill worked hard behind the committee's back to get Paul turned down. All the football committee resigned and there never has been a footbal committee since."(HRW today feels that it was fortunate it turned out the way it did, even though Paul's ambition was to fill Percy Haughton's shoes. But Lowell was de-emphasizing athletics, football in particular, and except for the year 1931, Harvard football was slowly but steadily to move to where it is today - in the Ivy League.

Dennet wrote that Paul was too kind to make money as a doctor, but

that his compensation came from grateful and loyal patients. He cites as examples: "Wilder Parker was a wonderful part-Hawaiian who rowed with Paul and me. He was out of work when his first child was born. There were complications and it was questionable whether Mrs. Parker or the baby would live. Paul, with skill and much time consumed, pulled both through. There were tears streaming down Wilder's cheeks when he told me how Paul had saved their lives and then sent a bill for $15. He would have given his life for Paul.

"Again, when I was living in Redlands and Paul was visiting me, we were invited to dine with Bob and Peggie Scripps at their Miramar home. It seems that in 1936, the Scripps and their two little girls and another couple and their daughter came to Honolulu and stayed at the Royal Hawaiian. The two couples went off to the big Island and left the three girls with their governess, who was told that if they needed a doctor to call Paul. Every day they took a drive in one of Thacker's limousines and one day in driving up to the Pali, the driver's eyes were distracted and he landed the car and its occupants in a culvert. A call went out for Paul and he found four patients with broken bones and one with internal injuries. He pulled them through to the everlasting gratitude of their parents. The older daughter was at boarding school and the younger girl had not been told Paul was coming to dinner and when she saw him, she ran and got in his lap and threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears."

Dennet is only partially right about P.W.'s money making as a doctor. For the years 1923 until the depression his income was in the highest bracket of Honolulu doctors, even though he charged almost nothing for people like the Parkers and his charges for the well off were less than the traffic would bear. When Julius Rosenwald, who controlled Sears Roebuck and had made it the largest store in the world, was in Honolulu, he was a patient. He had a serious heart condition and P.W.saw him almost every day for a period of several months. When Mr. Rosenwald was to return to Chicago, P.W. sent him a bill for $1500. Mr. Rosenwald whereupon sent him a check for $3500, saying that if he had been in Chicago the bill would have been $10,000. He also gave him a sterling silver belt buckle which when the wearer pushed it forward it opened up, exposing a watch. Mr Rosenwald called it "Navel Observatory

Time." He then told my brother, David III, that he could have anything he wanted in the Sears catalog, but David never took advantage of the offer.)

When Paul returned from Columbia in 1923 he and Connie bought fifteen acres of land named by the Hawaiians Puahuula (a cluster of feather cloaks) on the Ewa (north) slopes of upper Manoa Valley. They sold off the lower ten acres and built their house out of stone that was found on the place. It was "dedicated" on April 18, 1926, their 25th wedding anniversary, with a parody of an Elizabethan masque written by Kimo Wilder, Harvard 1894, in which he played the part of Queen Elizabeth with a silver sugar bowl as a crown. Margaret McGrew, Connie's sister played the part of the architect. When the Queen noticed the display of arms on the fire place, she (he) turned to the architect and asked: "What motto do I there? Ah, yes, 'Ad Hades Mitt Yale.'" The house was called the "Cake House" by Noel Coward because of the stone work that showed through the plaster.

Paul was the doctor for the Oahu Polo team and had the sad luck of of being at the game when the young and promising Harold Erdman's horse fell and rolled over him and then was unable to save Harold's life. Polo brought Jay Gould to Honolulu and in 1927, when Connie took the boys for the summer to the Harper Ranch near Julian in California, Jay and Paul "bached it" together at "Puahuula." Another great friendship which in part resulted from polo was that with George and Beatrice Patton. George and Paul were kindred spirits.

Paul was an ardent sailor and belonged to the Pearl Harbor Yacht Club and owned a "PC" class boat. (Pacific Class - 32 feet overall) Harold Dillingham was also a member and owned the Manuiwa, a sixty-five foot schooner. Twice Paul sailed as crew with him in the TransPacific race. The second time in 1934 saw the Manuiwa establish a record for a sailing ship going from Honolulu to California, beside which they won the race on the return trip. The third time was in 1950 when he was navigator for Charles Deere Wyman, of his 1919 A.E.F. Henley crew, in the "M" class Patalita. He sailed with George Patton and Bob Scripps on numerous occasions and was Commodore of the Pearl Harbor Yacht Club when we declared war against the Japanese.

Outside the thrill of combat in both football and in war, the third most exciting episode in Paul's life was the expedition to the "Never Never Land" of Australia in 1929. One of his patients in Honolulu was Stanley B. Porteus, Professor of Racial Psychology at the University of Hawaii. Dr. Porteus was an Australian by birth and in 1928 he was given a grant by the Australian National Research Council to study the aborigine in their own environment and Paul was invited to go along as the expedition "medico." At forty-two years old and in perfect physical shape he also could be utilized as a physical model by which to compare the aborigine black to the white. The invitation was accepted without hesitancy.

Not much later at a dinner party at Puahuula Paul was describing the proposed expedition to his guests, when one of them, an Army officer who was in charge of photography for the Hawaiian Department, offered to go along and take photographs paying his own way and expenses as he had three months leave accumulated. Porteus was elated, but Paul was soon to find that the Army had other plans for the officer.This, however, did not kill the idea. A part-Hawaiian, Ralph King, had made a reputation as a movie camera man in Hollywood. In fact, he had been married for a while to one of the most popular movie queens of the 20's, Colleen Moore. King persuaded Paul that this was the opportunity of a lifetime to take a motion picture of exotic places and people as had been done by Martin Johnson for darkest Africa. All this would cost money, estimated at $10,000, and Paul raised this by a loan from Walter Dillingham and an investment by Atherton Richards. In early summer the party took off for down under; took the transcontinental train from Sydney to Perth; and then flew north in a six place airplane up the coast for about seven hundred miles. There the aborigine was living in his natural state. Porteus tested the blacks of various groups for both mental and physical characteristics. In testing the strength of the male he would use Paul as a model for the native to follow. One interesting thing that Paul noted was that when he was making an extreme physical effort, his jaws and face would tighten, but the expression of the aborigine making his geatest effort never changed. Sometimes Paul was critical of Porteus for ordering the natives to pose the way he wanted, rather than a way that was natural for the subject of the experiment. This also annoyed Ralph

King, who wanted the natives to act as they would in the wild. More or less amicably they agreed they would go their separate ways for the time being. Nearby was the small town of Broome, the pearling capital of the world. There Paul, accompanied by Ralph and Red Wilson, the cameraman's assistant, leased a pearl lugger and sailed along the northwest coast of Australia. They would drop anchor wherever they saw a native settlement and take unrehearsed movies of the aborigine in his native habitat. After almost a month of cruising they returned to Broome, where the skipper gave Paul three pearls in exchange for an outboard motor that Paul had bought. The single oblong pearl was valued at $750 and a pair of matched pearls at $1000 by the offical appraiser in Broome.

Paul had bought a Chevrolet pickup truck and it was decided to drive from Broome across the almost uninhabited Northern Territory until they reached a railhead in Queensland, where they could embark for Sydney. In spite of the fact there were no road for much of the way, it was more adventuresome than flying back to Perth and taking the boring transcontinental train again. Although they were advised not to go to Wyndham, as it was "the hell hole of the North country," as "all the crooks of the Never Never Land and Indian Ocean gather there and it is always hot." But to Wyndham they went as it suited their plans.

If one has seen "Crocodile Dundee" in the movies, the area around Wyndham is similar. It has the highest mean temperature of any place in the world and the Ord River is full of crocodiles, but southward in the valley are cattle stations which keep the village alive. It was Saturday afternoon when they arrived and P.W. wrote that "the whole population of the town and the meat works were at the pub." The town turned out to be as advertised. There was only one room available at the hotel, so Porteus and another scientist took it, while Paul, Ralph and Red slept on the verandah. As they were tired they went to bed before the bar closed, but were awakened by two hotel guests armed with beer bottles. They insisted on Ralph joining in their carousing and finally persuaded him to have one. Soon other "Aussies" joined the group and when Ralph refused a second, they threatened to pour it in his ear - which they promptly did. The next morning there were no less than 32 bottles under Ralph King's bed. It was in Wyndham that P.W. was to treat his first patient on the trans-continental journey. A man named Chris,

who had only recently been paid off, claimed he had a serious heart condition. P.W. examined him and found nothing wrong, but the man insisted he had to have medicine. As P.W. had a spare bottle of liquid petrolatum which had been used to keep the cameras and guns from rusting, he gave it to Chris, telling him to take a tablespoonful twice a day. This didn't seem enough and immediately he drank half of the quart bottle.

The next day they headed for Wave Hill in the Northern Territory, leaving Dr. Porteus to return to civilization on his own. But they were to pick up two passengers. Jack Lester, who had lived in the area for thirty-three years, asked for a ride to Queensland as he was to be married in Melbourne in about two months. At first Paul said no, but couldn't refuse after hearing his story. He had first started off in a truck with a friend, but the vehicle had swerved in some sand and the man's son had his leg caught between the truck and a tree. The local doctor told them that he must be taken to Perth if the leg was to be saved - so Jack loaned them the money. Then the steamer Colinda, which went to Wyndham every two months went on the rocks. As a result P.W. was his last resort. They also couldn't shake Chris, who wanted to go along for the ride. Fortunately they were able to drop him off partially sober at "Nine Miles," where there were just enough people to support a pub. This was enough to entice him to stay.

On the 24th of September, 1929 he wrote from Wave Hill of their experiences since leaving Wyndham. After getting rid of Chris they drove under a full moon to Ivanhoe Station intending to stop, but continued on to Heeley's Dump, which was a trucking station and food warehouse for the cattle stations along the Ord River. Here they had to decide on their route to Queensland. On Jack's recommendation they took the inland route that was shorter and that the "tracks" were about equal to the regular route. Off they went continuing along the Ord following a "very indistinct track." Here they had their first demonstration of Jack's ability to find the way. All P.W. could see was hoof prints, but they arrived at Mistake Creek, an outpost of the great Vesti's Holdings. The superintendent knew Jack and treated them so royally that P.W. broke out a bottle of port. As long as they were on the Vesti's Holdings there was a "good fire-plough track;" that is, a heavy log is dragged over the

soft sandy soil by a bullock team." Thus they were able to make the 250 miles from Mistake Creek to Wave Hill in one day, the longest they were able to drive during the whole trip. At Wave Hill they slept in the police station as the constable was away and were able to buy gas from the station manager at $1.25 a gallon. (Although not stated, he appears to imply that this is inexpensive as compared with other places in the region. Gasoline in the U. S. was selling for less than 25¢ a gallon) Wave Hill was important to this part of the Northern Territory since it had a radio station. It was also the stepping off place for Newcastle Waters, the next place with direct communication to the outside world, 276 miles away and only desert in between.

To get an idea of what they had to look forward to can be gathered from the directions they were given on how to get to Newcastle Springs: After leaving Wave Hill heading east there are "two tracks leading off at right angles to one another, but they both" lead to Katherine, "so that if you take the wrong one at first you will land at the same place, but the one to the right is better, as the other, though shorter, is rocky. Eight miles along the right track you come to No. 12 Bore (water hole) and paddock. Go around the paddock due north until you come to the gate of the boundary fence. This is the last gate for 300 miles. From here follow the Katherine road for about 19 miles, then take a fire-plough track to the road ploughed in 1927, not very plain to see, and follow this for about 42 miles to No. 49 Bore, the third bore on the track; the fire-plough track ceases here," (and so forth until you come to a bore) "without any water." Then "you have to find the . . . track over the Jump Up." Once you get over the Jump Up the "stock route is plain until you come to No. 13 Bore, where you will find a fire-plough road following the bores to Newcastle Waters - a bore about every 20 miles."

They arrived in Newcastle Waters on the 26th after 276 "difficult miles." "We had no trouble until we reached No. 49 Bore, 'where the track ceases;' but to continue in the same direction and to find a water hole with no water proved the first of many stumbling blocks." A problem developed when they tried to follow the cattle route, but this was difficult to do as "the only thing that controls the route is the question of water." Progress was slow and they spent the night in the

desert. In the morning "Jack scouted around and found a dim trace of car tracks, . . so by using this as a guide we headed" in what they knew was the right direction. Later they ran across three aborigines and Jack by "signs and gesticulations" determined that after thirty miles of driving they had only gotten two miles along their way. The blacks put them back on the right track and then followed the "worst going I have ever travelled" and picking out the best course was a pure matter of luck, but fortunately someone thirty years previoulsy had "marked the trees with blazes" and the scars remained. Although the Americans could not see them, but to Jack, the Bushman (as white men who live in the outback are called), they were quite plain. "Finally we came to an open space and before us stretched what we knew must be the Jump Up. For about five miles the land gradually rises away from the (dry) river and at the end of this rise is chain of low hills. Beyond the hills is a sudden drop to the level plains, which stretch as far as the eye can see. We made five attempts before succeeding in finding a place where we could descend the far side of the Jump Up, but when once down our going was easy, as we soon struck the main stock route across the Northern Territory."

While the going was tough, the trip was brightened by the wild life: "yellow dog" dingos, kangaroos, pigeons, quail, turkeys. The night before they arrived in Newcastle Waters Paul broiled some turkey breasts for dinner and they had a feast. Newcastle Waters was similar to Wave Hill in that it was the base for a cattle station with communications to the outside world by a telegraph line to Darwin. It was also the northern outpost of the cattle route from Darwin to Adelaide, the capital of South Australia.

They moved on the next day and eight miles out struck a bore. While Ralph, Jack and Red filled up the radiator and water bags, Paul attended to the three parrots they had picked up in Wyndham. In doing so he pricked his left fore finger on a sharp piece of wire that protruded from the cage netting. He cleaned the wound as well as he could and on they went. That evening they dined on wild pigeon and the next day had a good run of 226 miles. During the night Paul felt pain in is left hand and the gland under his left arm was tender. He was to write, "I remembered the bad hand of the native I had dressed at Wave Hill and feared I had carried some of the germs on my finger deep into the tissue

when I had pricked myself with the wire. I opened the finger the best I could without my scalpel and put on a wet dressing, after which I got some relief."

They reached Brunette Downs, a big cattle station, at 11 A.M. and by five reached Rankin, where there was a little store and they bought ginger, beans, potatoes and meat. They then pushed on hoping to get to Camooweal, where they had heard there was a doctor and a hospital.Due to the unexpectedly bad condition of the rocky track they didn't make it until the next morning. There Paul found Dr. Pincus, who gave him a general anesthetic, incised his finger and then injected him with an anti-streptococcus serum. The incision gave him relief, but he had a bad reaction to the serum. But the next day the infestion had spread and the doctor made another incision, "opening well up into the palm." Doctor Pincus began to worry and tried to get "the flying doctor" to fly in and transfer Paul to his hospital in Cloncurry, but the doctors wife was ill and he refused to leave her. The next day, September 30th, he felt better in the morning, but in the after noon the doctor found more pus and opened the hand up again. October the first was like the day before and the next day a truck came in from Mount Ida and brought some ice that was welcome as the temperature was over 104 degrees. October third was worse, but fortunately on the fourth a plane arrived from Longreach, bringing money Paul had wired Honolulu for. The next day Paul was flown to Longreach and by taking out the front seat he could lie out on a make shift bed. The doctors did no better in Longreach than Dr. Pincus had and the next move was to fly to Toowooba, where he was given additional dressing preparatory to taking a fast mail train to Sydney, as there was no air service. The doctors in Sydney were fortunately able to cure the streptococcus infection and save a life that had hung by a thread.

On October 12the he was able to write from the Hotel Australia in Sydney: "From the cables we have sent and received you know I am well on the road to recovery; the hand is saved and the worst that can happen is a useless left forefinger. . . One of the most wonderful things that has happened has been the opportunity to talk with you by Morse code through the kindness of the amateur radio fans. . . You know through the 'hams' practically all that has happened." On the next Matson-Oceanic liner he was to return to Honolulu, just in time for the Great Crash and the

beginning of the Great Depression.

There are two supplements to the Australian saga. When P.W. was in Camooweal the air transportation company was not willing to fly there without a full prepayment. As he did not have enough money with him, he telegraphed Honolulu for funds. While there was no trouble sending a telegram from Camooweal, the message had to go by cable from Sydney to Honolulu and the cable office was not open on Sunday. Thus it was not transmitted until Monday Australian time. Due to the one day difference in time due to the international date line this meant that it arrived in Honolulu on Sunday when the banks were closed. Thus it took three days for the money to reach Australia - and life saving time was lost. The second incident pertains to H.R.W., who was at school at Andover. Just as he was about to comb his hair prior to going to breakfast, a fellow student placed the front page of the Boston Herald on the dresser before him. There was a single column picture of P.W. in what looked like a crew shirt with a caption: "Believed Dead." The brief article stated that unconfirmed reports from Australia indicated that Dr. Paul Withington, noted Harvard athlete, had been killed while on an expedition into interior Australia - possibly by a poisoned native spear. My remark to my schoolmate was that I didn't believe it for a moment - "he's too tough to die."

Some of Paul's well known patients in the 20's and 30's were Walter and Harold Dillingham, Jay and Ann Gould, George and Beatrice Patton, the John Embrees, Julius Rosenwald, Bob Scripps and his family, Ronald Coleman and Noel Coward, whose life he saved and though he was very grateful, his description of how it came about in Present Indicative is partly incorrect. And then there was Rene LaCoste, the great French tennis player when he was sailing around the world in the yacht of Baron Empain, the wealthiest man in Belgium. On board were only two passengers, Empain and LaCoste, unless one counts the twelve young women, each one from a different nation and each dressed up in identical nautical uniforms which were never duplicated. LaCoste was not used to the tropical sun and suffered with serious sunburn over his entire body. Paul's reward for treating the patient was trip on the yacht to Kauai.

As Puahuula had the only squash court in Honolulu, George Patton came there to play. David, aged about 15, was considered one of the best

squash players and he would often beat the then Colonel Patton. After which the air would be blue with the expletives for which he was famous.

Restarick's favorite story about General George Patton is about his "crashing" Ruth Ellen Patton's wedding reception. He and Eleanor were spending the summer of 1940 with her parents on the Boston North Shore and happened to read in the paper that Ruth Ellen, whom they had known in Honolulu, was to be married in nearby Hamilton. Thinking that perhaps an invitation had been sent to Honolulu they decided to attend both the wedding and the reception at the Patton estate. When Eleanor came up to the then Colonel Patton, who was first in the receiving line, she said a bit coyly, "Colonel, we hope you don't mind our being here. We do not have an invitation." To this the Colonel replied, "Eleanor, if you had been within a thousand miles and hadn't come (here he pulled his sword half way out of its scabbard), I would have taken this sword (here he pulled it all the way out) and run it clear up your fanny."

Long before Pearl Harbor, Paul had joined the Naval Reserve Medical Unit in Honolulu. He was called to active duty in early 1941 and was at the Pearl Harbor hospital during the Japanese attack. He had almost the same reaction as he had had at the time of the German gas attack. He rose to the rank of Captain and became assistant district medical officer under Admiral Johnson and at the end of the war Admiral Camerer. He was recommended for promotion to the rank of Commodore in the Reserve, but nothing came of it, though he was awarded the Legion of Merit.

Besides the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor he never saw any actual combat, although he once thought of requesting duty with George Patton as a Naval Aide. He enjoyed this war as much as the first. His position took him on inspection tours of Naval medical facilities all over the Pacific and "Puahuula" was a perfect place for "R and R" for Naval dignitaries. He was a personal friend of Admiral Nimitz, having first met him as far back as 1924 when they were both members of the Manoa Tennis Club. Some of the war time guests at Puahuula besides the Navy brass, were Judith Anderson, Maurice Evans, and many members of the the Harvard class of '35 and one from 1937, FDR, Jr., for whom Captain P.W., contrary to his inclination, but acting as a good host, made and served him morning coffee. When HRW was in port the place was further

enlivened by members of the "spit kit" navy of which his ship, the USS Chalcedony, was a part.

When President Roosevelt came to Pearl Harbor to plan for the defeat of Japan with Nimitz and MacArthur in 1944, he saw the president and afterwards said to Admiral McIntyre, the president's personal physician, that FDR did not look well enough for a fourth term. The admiral assured Paul that the president was in good shape! FDR called P.W. by his first name, as he did Lothrop.

After the war he returned to civilian life and his practice, but things were no longer the same. In the late fourties he and Connie were divorced and in 1952 he marrried Rose Lane, whom he had known since she was nine when he had set a broken bone when she was a boarding student at St. Andrew's Priory School. Life was no longer as exciting, but the birth of Elizabeth Little Withington was to bring joy to his heart. He died in 1966 at the age of 78 and is buried in the National Cemetary Punchbowl Crater.

Paul left two sons to carry on the name: Henry Restarick, often called Rusty, born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 24, 1912, and David Little Withington III, born in Honolulu, July 20, 1920. To carry on the name Restarick has two sons, James Restarick and Paul II, while David has a son, Philip Mitchell.

With a life like this it is little wonder that Paul was listed in Who's Who in America and that there was a sizeable obit in the New York Times (containing some misinformation). (DW & HRW)

* * * * * * *

It has been been said to me that my father just missed being "a great man" - whatever that means. I do agree that he never lived up to his potential. Two things got in the way: one was his love of athletics, particularly football, and his determination to win; and secondly, his self-indulgence, which led at times to irresponsibility. Many times he said to me, but not necessarily in these exact words, "If something is important to you, do it; if you really need something, get it; somehow God will provide." I can't be accused of being adversely biased when making these statments, for I was his greatest admirer. There was almost nothing I wouldn't have done for him, if he had asked.

His two great idols were General Leonard Wood and Percy Haughton,

for whom he would have laid down his life, and thus in emulation he wanted to be appointed head football coach at Harvard - no matter what the cost. This was why he gave up his highly successful practice two years in a row to be his assistant at Columbia. At Haughton's death, literally in his arms, he wept - possibly the only time in his life. It may have been from his two idols that he gained the philosophy that overcoming fear was the test of being a man.

His determination made him a great football player, a great oarsman an outstanding single skuller, a champion amateur wresler, a champion intercollegiate swimmer, a good semi-pro baseball pitcher, a good club tennis player, a hard driving sailor in both Star and Pacific classes and on transpacific races and even a runner - for he was a member of the AEF long distance relay team at the interallied games in 1919.

He was intuitively a great physician. While today he would be called "a family doctor" or a general practitioner, actually he was proficient in general surgery, obstetrics and internal medicine. He was invited to become a fellow of the College of Surgeons, but he turned it down when he would have had to perjure himself by stating that over half his practice was in surgery. Once when a brash young navy obstetrician, who claimed superior obstetrical skills and announced proudly that he had delivered over five hundred babies, asked Dr.Paul how many he had. The reply: "a few over three thousand - and they all lived." He could have become wealthy from the practice of medicine, but he was at heart more motivated by his other interests, such as athletics, the expedition to Australia, trans-Pacific racing, and even war. Indeed, it was his successes in all these fields that brought about friendships with such as Gene Tunney, Dr. Leahy of the famous Leahy Clinic of Boston, John Marquand, Noel Coward, George Patton, Admiral Nimitz, Knute Rockne, and many others. Nor can be excluded those from the lower economic strata. One of the most interesting was Vimoto Fuimaona, son of a Samoan chief and to be a chief himself, who was practically adopted by PW and became HRW's "blood brother."

Although PW was not to make the Forbes 500, he was honored by many organizations. He was elected director emeritus of the Gas Company, an honorary life member of both the Waikiki Yacht and Pacific Clubs and also of the Hawaii Medical Society. But the honor that pleased him most

was being awarded the "O-in-Life" by his alma mater, Punahou, in 1965 - an award that is given each year to an alumnus for making outstanding contributions to the community. (Note: the award is an "O" and not a "P" because up until about 1920 the school had been called Oahu College and even today the athletic award is an "O")

He was casual about money, as has been suggested, but as long as he was married to Constance, who as a clergyman's daughter knew the pains of the lack of money, she could keep the books balanced. This is not to say that their divorce was wrong or even preventable, for it became inevitable. Indeed, Rosie was probably the only one who could have taken care of him in his last years and it helped to have Elizabeth, for she was the daughter he had always wanted.

Paul's heirs are fortunate to have Leonard III's description of his internment at the Punchbowl Veterans Memorial Cemetery in which he describes the military honor guard, the sounding of taps and the presentation of the American flag to Rosie. Many of the hundred and fifty old friends and patients brought flowers and placed leis on the grave. There were obituaries published in the Honolulu and Boston papers, including a long tribute in the sports section of the Boston Globe. The fact that there was an obituary in the New York Times showed that time and geography had not passed him by.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LOTHROP WITHINGTON II

By DW and HRW

Lothrop was born in Escondido, August 23, 1889. He was 6'1½" tall and at maturity weighed over 200 pounds. He was solidly built with heavy thighs and large calves. He and Paul used to compete with members of the football squad as to who had the biggest calves. They were called the "hairless wonders." He was of sandy compexion, blue eyed and as a youth, freckled. He graduated from Harvard in 1911, as First Marshall of his class. His first success at college was when he became captain of the freshman crew, followed by three years on the varsity. He had no intention of playing football until Paul and Ham Fish persuaded him to turn out for the 1909 team where he played guard right next to his brother at center. Lothrop told the story about the unusual - at least to Percy Haughton - relationship that Paul and Lothrop had when on the field: they never spoke to each other before or after plays. During practice Haughton called the two of them in front of the entire team and introduced Paul to Lothrop and then Lothrop to Paul.He didn't understand that the two didn't need to communicate orally - they had what might be called a "fraternal para-psychic" method of communication. Sponsored by Ham Fish (1909 captain and all time pre-WW II All America, who is still alive at age 100 in 1989) and Paul, he was elected captain of the 1910 team that was to go undefeated, but tied by Yale. He also had the honor of being placed on Walter Camp's third team All-America. He was a fine strategist in the days of great Harvard football and was offered the head football coach's job, but turned it down as it would interfere with his law career. However, he did, along with Paul, assist Percy Houghton during his three years at law school. His athletic fame was to be remembered by his alma mater. When in 1967 Harvard established an athletic Hall of Fame honoring fifty great Harvard athletes, he was among the thirteen of the fourteen living honorees to attend the dedication on October 27th, just nine days before he died.

During World War I he and other famous athletes and coaches were selected to serve in the Chemical Warfare Service. Since poison gas was

being used by the Germans and it was thought that men who were capable of mapping out strategy under the heat of competition could map out a defense for gas attacks. He was commissioned first lieutenant in July 1918 and sailed for France in August, 1918. Paul worked some angles and got him assigned to his division, the 89th. He participated in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, was transferred to headquarters, 3rd Division, November 13, 1918 and was with the Army of Occupation. He returned to the U.S. May 6, 1919 and was honorably discharged May 17, 1919.

After graduation from law school, he entered the firm of Whipple (whose younger daughter Kathryn he was to marry about two years later), Sears and Ogden in Boston. Mr. Whipple was the outstanding civil trial lawyer in the U.S. He had no peer in this field with the possible exception of Rufus Choate. Since Mr. Whipple was to play such an important part in the life of Lothrop (and indirectly in that of his brothers), there are two anecdotes that should be included as a part of the family lore. Mr Whipple was born in New Hampshire, the son of a country doctor. He was such a brilliant student in high school that it was clear he should be given a college education. Requests were sent to both Harvard and Yale for catalogs. Harvard wrote back that there was a charge of fifty cents, but Yale sent their catalog for nothing. Thus Sherman L. Whipple went to Yale. After graduating from law school he set up practice in Boston, where the Harvards controlled the establishment. As a result Sherman L. Whipple of Yale had to make his fame and fortune as an "antiestablishmentarian." Mr. Withie told the story of the case that was to lead to Mr. Whipple's recognition as a great trial lawyer. In this particular instance it was necessary for Mr. Whipple to discredit the testimony of the chief witness of the opposing lawyer - naturally Harvard trained. Try as he would using all the brilliance which was to make him famous, he couldn't discredit the man's testimony. Finally he gave up and told the judge he was through with the witness. As he turned away from the witness box he muttered under his breath just loud enough for the man to hear, "Jesus Christ!" The witness was visibly startled and cried out: "How did you know that I am Jesus Christ?" The result, as they say, is (legal) history.

When Lothrop returned from the war he found that the partnership had been disolved and that Mr. Whipple was practicing without partners

under the name of The Offices of Sherman L. Whipple. Lothrop rejoined his father-in-law and later Mr. Whipple would have liked to have made Lothrop his partner, but this would have meant either by-passing a man named Proctor, who was senior to Lothrop in terms of service with Mr. Whipple, or making Proctor also a partner: something Mr. Whipple did not want to do. However, as Lothrop developed into an excellent trial lawyer it was apparent that Lothrop was the heir apparent. As a result when Mr. Whipple died suddenly in the Fall of 1930, Lothrop organized the firm under the name of Withington, Proctor and Park. Not much later Mr. Proctor was replaced by Claude Cross, one of the best trial lawyers in New England, whose personality and temperament fitted in perfectly with that of Lothrop. Thus the firm name became Withington, Cross, Park and McCann and at the time of Lothrop's death in 1967 it had become Withington, Cross, Park and Groden. As a result of the deaths of all the other senior partners Mr. Groden was to carry on the firm.

While Mr. Whipple was alive Lothrop was in his shaddow, but with his death it became a question of whether Lothrop had what it took to carry on after the great lawyer. The question was soon answered as Withington, Cross et al. became nationally recognized with clients like Gilette Razor, Filene, Scott Paper, Columbia National Insurance, Hornblower and Weeks, H.K.Porter, Inc. and many others. Not long after Lothrop had taken over as senior partner he defended "Freddie" Prince, probably the wealthiest man in Massachusetts, against his polo professional who claimed the old man had deliberatly attacked him with a polo mallet. Mr. Prince was an eccentric who, having been blackballed by the exclusive Boston north shore Myopia Hunt Club, had built his own polo field in competition. At about the same time he defended one of the directors of the Gillette Company, who along with the rest of the board was sued by a disgruntled group of stockholders for mismanagement. He also participated in the suit of Sylvania against the General Electric Company and Westinghouse, partners in the manufacture of electric lamps under the name of Mazda. When Freddie Prince and then his client and several other directors of Gillette got off scot-free and when the courts declared that Mazda was an illegal monopoly, it was apparent that the "Office of Sherman L. Whipple" had been left in good hands.

Undoubtably the greatest feather in "Mr. Withie's" legal cap was

his work in Washington on what became the Securities and Exchange Act After the 1929 stock market crash and the ensuing discoveries of questionable financial practices, the Roosevelt Administration felt that a new law was needed to protect the public from misrepresentation and fraud in the issuance, manipulation and sale of stocks, bonds and other securities. Since President Roosevelt had called the Wall Street financiers "economic royalists" and even worse, it appeared that the administration's bill might be extremely restrictive and even punitive. On the other hand to the exchanges and the financial world it was vital that the law and the resulting regulations be workable so that this important part of the economy could function properly. Lothrop was sent to Washington to represent the Boston Stock Exchange, but ended up being the chief attorney for all the exchanges. The result was the Securities and Exchange Act of 1934, which is still the basis for regulating the industry today.

Representing the securities industry meant spending months in Washington with frequent weekend trips on the night train to and from Boston. It was during one of these weekends in the Spring of 1934 that HRW had Sunday lunch with the Withies at Clyde Street in Brookline. As usual Mr. Withie was at the head of the table and for some reason I was placed at the foot with little Withies lining both sides to my right and left. While he was carving a large joint of roast beef, he paused and addressed me. "Restarick," he said, "what does 'fine' mean?" Fortunately it was a retorical question for he continued: "Several months ago we and the administration lawyers (I believe he mentioned "Tommy the Cork," as FDR called him, Corcoran) agreed on a securities bill that was to be presented by the administration to the Congress. To mark the occasion we were invited to meet with the President in the Oval Office of the White House. When I entered the President turned to me and said, 'Lothrop, this is a fine bill; this is fine.' I took the train that night thinking that my days in Washington were finally over. On arriving the next morning in Boston I picked up the Herald and there was the headline: 'President Not Satisfied With Proposed Securities Bill.' I packed my bags and took the Sunday night train right back to Washington."

Mr. Withie paused for an instant as he cut off a few pieces of beef for one of the little Withies and then continued: "Yesterday we and the

administration lawyers agreed on a new bill and together took it to the Oval Office. As I entered the room the President gave one of his big smiles and said to me: 'Lothrop, this is a fine bill; this is fine.' I then took the night train to Boston and at breakfast this morning I started reading the Herald. I hadn't read very far when I saw the headline: 'President Not Satisfied with Securities Bill.'" Mr. Withie paused for an instant and asked, "Restarick, just what does 'fine' mean?"

While two "fines" a bill does not make, the third try must have been successful as the result was the Securities and Exchange Act that Congress passed and the President signed on the 26th of June, 1934. (Several lawyers, on learning that Mr. Withie was my uncle, have commented on the "fine" job he did in Washington on such a nationally important matter. HRW)

Although the defense of Alger Hiss by Claude Cross was not directly connected to Lothrop, the facts leading up to Cross becoming Hiss' attorney and the end result indicates circumstantially that Hiss was guilty. The case remains one of the most controversial of the second half of the century. The first trial of Alger Hiss, a brilliant Harvard Law School graduate, one of the bright young stars of the New Deal, and State Department official, was first accused of betraying secrets to the Russians, but the actual indictment was for perjury. The first trial had ended in a mistrial due primarily to the questionable ethics and tricky courtroom methods of his attorney. Thus Hiss had to find a new attorney for the second trial and he selected Claude Cross. Mr. Cross, sensing that his defending Hiss might adversely affect the firm especially as he had previously been a defense attorney in a case involving treason, asked Lothrop whether it was all right for him to take the case. Mr. Withie told HRW that he had said to his partner he had no objections as as long as Cross conducted the case in accordance with the highest standards of the profession - and he was sure he would. Claude Cross did just that and as he was one of the best trial lawyers in the country (otherwise Hiss would not have selected him) and as Hiss was found guilty by the jury, circumstantially it would appear that the verdict was a just one.

During his lifetime Lothrop was a director of many corporations

including Hartford Insurance and Scott Paper, which company made him director emeritus when he reached the age of retirement. Besides these two "Fortune 500," he was director of Wiggin Terminals, Inc., H. K. Porter, Inc., Plymouth Electric Light Company, Plymouth Gas Company and the Locke-Ober Company, the finest restaurant in New England. He was also Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Boston Hospital School from 1940 to 1950; president of Rivers country Day School from 1945 through 1949 and a trustee of Governor Dummer Academy, following in the footsteps of his ancestors.

Nor did the bar overlook his contribution as he was made a Fellow of American College of Trial Lawyers in 1957. The February 1968 Boston Bar Journal wrote of him: "Lothrop continued until 1967 to appear in Court, much of his time was devoted in working with administrative agencies, and advising businessmen of the necessity of complying with the new laws and regulations." Later the article describes one of his contributions to the Boston Bar Association:

"In 1939 the Boston Bar Association filed an information against the then Sheriff of Suffolk County, seeking his removal, in which it was alleged that he was a part of a conspiracy with others to coerce employees under him to pay money to keep their employment, and other acts of malfeasance. Lothrop Withington with two other attorneys was chosen to represent the Boston Bar Association in the investigation of the sheriff's office and in the removal proceedings.

"On the eve of the trial, which was to be conducted before the full Bench of the Supreme Judicial Court, the sheriff resigned, making the proceedings moot. On the same day, November 17, 1939, the Boston Bar Association unanimously adopted a resolution recording its deep appreciation of the earnest, efficient and devoted service of these attorneys in the investigation of the Sheriff's Office and the subsequent court proceedings; that the services rendered as a public duty had been an invaluable contribution to the civic decency and to the proper and untainted administration of justice in Suffolk County, and that they were entitled to the thanks of the public and the Bar alike."

While Lothrop was still in college, he spent several summers at Mr. Whipple's estate, The Forges at Plymouth, as tutor to Sherman, Jr., with the result he and Katharyn, always known as Karkie, fell in love.

She was born November 30, 1895 and married Lothrop in the summer of 1916. Both Karkie and her older sister Dorothy, known as Daudie, practically adopted Connie and the baby Restarick. Every Wednesday, the Whipple limousine, driven by the faithful Rowan, would drive to No. 2 Avon Street and take Connie and the baby to the Whipple residence on Clyde Street, Brookline for lunch and the afternoon. When Paul and Connie discovered Karkie's devotion to Lothrop, they often took her on expeditions with Harvard teams outside the state. Karkie always went to sleep hugging a teddy bear. On a trip to New London, Connie and Karkie shared a room. The latter had been told she was to carry only the lightest of luggage, but she took along a suitcase bulging almost to bursting. When the bag was opened, out burst the teddy bear and Connie was amused to see Karkie instead of lying in bed the usual way, was seated tailor fashion with a teddy bear clutched in her arms. "Well," thought Connie, "she won't do that when whe is married." Lothrop and Karkie were married in Plymouth in 1916 and went to Honolulu on their honeymoon. Connie and other relatives were at the dock to welcome them. First down the gangplank was Karkie, followed by Lothrop, carrying the teddy bear!

Karkie was only three years older than David and five years older than I. We both fell in love with her. While we were in college, Karkie was our confidant and adviser. She gave Lothrop nine fine children. Lothrop, Jr., (Lo) was born in 1917; Whipple (Whippie) in 1918; Marietta (Lala), in 1920; Richard (Ricky), 1922; Karkilie (Lee), 1924; Anne (Pandy), 1925; Paul in 1927; Dennet Whipple, 1938; Nathan Noyes (Nuthin), 1940.

Karkie was amazing how she managed her household of so many lively children. She never knew how many people to prepare a meal for since the children could always bring their friends home without notice. Karkie was like Mother in that in a quiet way she was a great disciplinarian. Lothrop was a prodigious worker and would come home tired but Karkie would never allow any confusion to bother him. It was the Withie's greatest tragedy when Whip died in 1936, just before he was to enter Harvard. Indeed, our family has been fortunate as Whipple is the only one of my parents' grandchildren to die. He was a fine boy and showed

great promise. It is hard to understand why such promising boys as my brother, David, and my nephew, Whip, should be taken from us. (Of the nineteen grandchildren the remaining eighteen of us are still living as I type this in December of 1988, with four of us in our seventies. HRW)

The Withies, Karkie and Lothrop, will always be remembered with "aloha" by the many young people from Hawaii that they made Clyde Street and Plymouth their home away from home. HRW can recall his parents giving the Withies the names of young people from the Islands who were attending schools and colleges in the Boston area. They were made to feel that New Englanders had as much friendliness as their native islands. (In HRW's generation there were, among others, Dick Frazier, Fred and Jitty Lowrey. They not only still talk of the Withies, but are still in contact with Karkie.)

Lothrop, stricken with a very sudden heart attack - although he had an attack a numer of years before and had almost died of pneumonia in the mid thirties - while playing in a foursome at the Plymouth Country Club, died on November 5th, 1967. According to his son Paul his father had just made an excellent drive and Henry Barnes was about to tee off when a third member, Dr. Jim Gormley (M.D.) saw Lothrop fall to the ground. Although he immediately went over to the fallen body, he didn't say a word until Barnes had made his drive. He then said to the other two, "Lo just died." There were numerous laudatory notices of his death in the Boston newspapers and a columnist in the Boston Globe wrote: "The sudden death of Lothrop Withington, while playing golf on the South Shore, came as a particular shock to those who only ten days earlier had seen him inducted to the Harvard Varsity Club Hall of Fame. Thirteen of the 14 still living inductees were present that night and although all of them looked in remarkably good shape, I doubt if anyone looked healthier that Lo. Certainly no one looked prouder than he was. His five sons, one of whom had flown in all the way from Texas stood up to take a bow. Two men, now dead sometime, I always associate with Withington. One was Dr. Tommy Richards, the other Huntington R. (Tack) Hardwick. (Richards was too small to play football, but was manager of the 1914 team) . . . One of the ways Tommy kept in shape was rowing with Withington - not just on the Charles, but over long distances, such as from Florida to Halifax or Montreal down the St. Lawrence to New York,

in a specially built, paired oared wherry. (As I recall they also rowed down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans. These trips were intermittent, taken during two week vacation periods. After a day's rowing the two wives would meet them in a car and then return them the next morning for the next day's rowing. HRW)

"Hardwick was, of course, a football great, and later in life shared with Lo an appreciation for the food at Locke-Ober's. . . Hardwick and Withington were steady patrons, always sitting at the small inside table near the oyster bar. I don't know whether they still do it, but . . . no matter how crowded the restaurant, nobody was seated at that table on the anniversary of Hardwick's death in 1949. Instead the table was set for one full course dinner, with a red carnation - something Tack always wore in his lapel - in a vase to recall his memory. Withington, together with Ernie Soucy, another Percy Haughton era football player, was responsible for that modest monument in memory of Hardwick which stands on the lawn in front of the Dillon Field House on Soldiers Field. It is a large boulder, not unlike the one the Pilgrims landed on at Plymouth. Most people hardly notice it, but the plaque recalls Hardwick and the eight 'H's he won on Soldiers Field. My not always faultless memory tells me that it was hauled up to Cambridge from the Withington summer place, and that he and Tack often sat on this particular rock." (For another mention of Soucy see bio. of Paul)

Another wrote: "A lot of people thought of Withington as a perfect model of the typical Yankee lawyer and a very proper Bostonian and indeed he did fit confortably into the local scene, but his background was California and Hawaii." (Somehow the author of this overlooked over two hundred and fifty years of Yankee ancestors)

From the official obituary in the Boston Globe, besides mentioning that he was captain of the undefeated football team of 1910, his three crew victories over Yale, his part in the Securities Exchange Act, the directorships which he had held and clubs to which he belonged it mentioned that "During the twenties it was his custom to take long rowing trips with a friend in a specially constructed, 28 foot long wherry."

While much has been said about Mr. Withie's abilities in football and rowing, these were replaced eventually by squash racquets and lastly

by golf. Lothrop and Karkie's Clyde Street house had a large barn in the rear which not only was a garage, but contained a squash court. Here both of them played squash along with numerous others including Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman. Mrs Wightman before she was married had won the U.S. women's championship in 1909 and 1910 and it was she who donated the Wightman Cup which corresponded to the men's Davis Cup. She also coached women's tennis, particularly young eastern girls who appeared to have talent. During the winter she used the Withie's squash court for her proteges, holding, contrary to generally accepted theories, that squash would improve their tennis since squash would enhance their agility due to the fact it was so much faster. Both Lothrop and Karkie played on teams that vied for the Boston area championship and would annually play in the metropolitan Boston championships. About 1932 Karkie got to the semifinals and a Boston paper's sport section front page had the headline: "Mother of Seven Reaches Semifinals". About a fortnight later Lothrop played in the men's championships. A rival paper paper printed in even bolder type, FATHER OF SEVEN REACHES SEMIFINALS, after he had made it to the final four!

The Boston Law Journal ended it obituary with:

"His life he knew to be a happy one. No scandal ever besmirched his name. Indeed it was his transparent honesty which inspired trust, and confidence not only in his clients, but in other lawyers with whom he dealt. Although he was quite without guile, he could recognize and sternly resent any attempt to impose upon others by trick or fraud."

Through some biological bit of fortune he had inherited the best qualities of his ancestors - the Withingtons, the Littles, the Pauls and the Dennetts - and left behind him his beloved wife of fifty-one years, eight children, thirty-two grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

* * * * * * *

Of the six brothers there is no question that Lothrop in his chosen line was the most successful and success would have happened no matter whether he had lived in Hawaii as his mother would have wished or in Boston as the son-in-law of one of the most outstanding lawyer of his time. Dennet has mentioned something about the Little family's financial abilities as compared to the Withingtons. If there is any truth in this, compared to Paul Mr. Withie had a great deal more Little blood.

I think it is fair to say that of MDW's five sons only Lothrop knew at an early age what he wanted and was willing to work for it. He graduated cum laude at a time when such meant something. Athletics was secondary and he told me that until Paul and Ham Fish talked him into going out for football, he was content with being an oarsman, expecting to be elected captain of the crew his senior year. Success in his chosen profession would have occurred whether he had joined the firm of Castle and Withington or had gone in with his future father-in-law, Mr Whipple.

Although not in his original plan of events, turning out for football was to have unforeseen fortunate consequences. His election as team captain made him the front runner for the office of First Marshall (president) of his class, which he was to be for the next twenty-five years. Thus these two offices together with his cum laude degree were indicative of what the future would hold.

Unlike his older brother, who as I have mentioned felt God would provide, Mr. Withie (he did not like me to call him Uncle) was just the opposite: he had inherited the Puritan ethic. While he had a superb sense of humor, basically he was cerebral - a person who truly believed that the mind should rule. Once when driving down to Plymouth alone with Mr. Withie, he had a serious chat with me about me and my "girl friends." There is no question that I had found the social life at Harvard exciting and "dated" a number of girls, some of whom the Withies would put up for the week-end if they came from out of town or have for dinner if Bostonians. (As an aside I must mention that while there were a number of different girls with whom I was interested, the girls themselves tended to be more interested in the good time I could furnish) In his talk he intimated that I should be more serious about my academic affairs and less interested in social affairs. He intimated that women who would make good wives are inclined to select successes in preference to "social butterflies." I gained the impression that Mr. Withie went along with H. L. Mencken when he wrote that no man should feel complimented that his wife had married him - for if she could have done better, she would have.

I am inclined to believe that all successful men have to have not only ability but the will to succeed. Mr. Withie certainly had these

qualities, plus that certain je ne sais quoi that is necessary to make a lasting mark on one's community, state and even nation. Through life he was certainly aided by a wife who not only loved him, but was the exact kind of helpmeet he needed.

Note: for the list of his descendants as of 1986 see Withington Genealogical Tables in the Appendix.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF FREDERIC BURNHAM WITHINGTON

Ted was born February 10, 1891. As a youngster, he was a real blonde and as a man was what one would call fair complected. In college, he was not as heavy as Paul and Lothrop, but as he grew older, he weighted well over 200 pounds. He was always interested in going into the ministry. He would try to reason with David and me while Paul and Lothrop would resort to more drastic measures.

After graduating from Punahou, where he had gained the nickname of "Croc" from the fact that he had played the part of the crocodile in the play "Peter Pan," he spent one year working for the Bank of Hawaii. Then after a year at Phillips Exeter Academy, he became a member of the Harvard class of 1915. At Harvard, Ted was alternate as guard on Charlie Brickley's famous 1914 football team. He also got his letter in track in the shotput event. There was a chance he might have gotten a letter in baseball, in which case Paul's and Lothrop's noses would have been out of joint as he would have earned his letter in three major sports to their two! His claim to fame, however, came in the Penn State-Harvard football game of 1914, when he kicked the "point after" goal which tied the game and about which Restarick has written an account. (See Appendix)

For Ted's Harvard 10th Reunion Record, he wrote the following: "After graduating from Harvard in 1915, I studied at the Union Theological Seminary in New York for three years where I received a diploma in 1918. While in the seminary I coached the Passaic High School football team and I also did Boy's Club and Sunday school work in the American Parish on the east side of New York. My last year, beside

doing my Union work, I tought history in the (Boy's) Choir School of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

"After I returned from service in the A.E.F., I served at Williams College for a year as general secretary of the Christian Association. Here again I did some coaching on the side, handling freshman football and baseball, besides helping with the varsity football and coaching the swimming team. (Ted failed to mention that during World War I he was commissioned a lieutenant serving as a Chaplain with the AEF in France. Like Paul he played on his division football team vying for the AEF championship. If my memory serves me correctly his team was eliminated by Paul's 89th Division in a game of brother vs. brother. HRW)

"Following my year at Williams, I went to join the faculty at Phillips Exeter Academy, where I taught Bible and served as adviser to the Christian Fraternity. Again on the side, I did some coaching, taking charge of the line of the football team. During the last two years, I have had the pleasure of watching eleven of the men that I had on my line at Exeter play at Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Dartmouth and Syracuse. Two of them have become captains of Yale and Harvard respectively. Six of them have played on undefeated teams.

"While at Exeter, I did considerable work with the county Y.M.C.A.s and the Boy Scouts. During the summers I did camp work which I have done for 12 seasons.

"During the school year 1923-24, I was headmaster of the Valley Ranch School, near Cody, Wyoming. Last year I was assistant headmaster at the Ridgefield School, Ridgefield, Connecticut, before coming to Rye, New York to be principal of the Junior School and instructor in history at the Rye Country Day Schools. At Ridgefield, I again had a successful football team. At present my chief activities outside of the school work lie in occasional preaching and speaking and doing some athletic officiating."

From 1927-36, Ted was chaplain at Kamehameha Schools, Honolulu; 1934-35 acting assistant pastor and director of religious education at the Central Union Church, which he and his parents had attended ever since arriving in the Islands. From 1935 he was the pastor of the Waialua mission of the Hawaiian Board. This was the common name for the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, which was the successor in 1854 to the

American Board of Foreign Missions of Boston, which had been the branch of the Congregational Church that had sent out the first missionaries in 1820. In 1939 he was called to the pastorate of both the Lihue Union Church and the Koloa Union Church on Kauai, where the family resided until Ted's death.

For Ted's 25th reunion report, he wrote that he was blessed with a lovely and devoted wife, Margaret (Mig) Adriance, whom he married in 1921 and three grand boys and enjoyed the friendship of a host of people both old and young and that having shared in the two most rewarding professions known to man - teaching and the ministry, his life has been one of happiness and joy. "Mig," he stated, "carries on a minister's wife's career. Arthur, the youngest son, attends the Lihue School, 3rd grade grade, while Ted, Jr., and Bill are at Punahou in Honolulu."

On July 4, 1943, driving home from sailing, he died of a heart attack. (Note: Paul some years later was to question this diagnosis when he learned that Ted had, only an hour prior to his death while sailing in a race, been struck on the head by the boom when jibing. At the time he did not think to question the local doctor who had pronounced the cause of death because of the sadness of the occasion. Only later did he find out there had not been an autopsy that under law should have been performed as it was an unattended death. HRW)

One of the Honolulu papers published the following editorial about Ted. "The passing of the Rev. Frederic B. Withington, pastor of the Lihue Union Church of Kauai, came with shocking suddenness. In his youth and early manhood, an exceptional athlete, he retained physical vigor in middle age. He was stalwart and straightforward in his sturdy and devoted Christianity as in his career as a football player. Always interested in young people, Mr. Withington had been a counsel or director of boy's and girl's camps for many years and was an active scout master. He literally practiced what he preached in the social welfare work. In his death, not only the community of Lihue but the entire territory looses an outstanding Christian worker."

In 1950 his classmate, Johnny Fleek wrote a beautiful appreciation of Ted for the class of 1915 thirty-fifth reunion report:

"We remember him at every reunion of our illustrious class and particularly how happy he was to be back with his old friends in 1940 - his contagious laugh, his rugged character and warm spirit of comradship.

"After the reunion he returned to is work as pastor of the Lihue Union Church and as Secretary of the Hawaiian Board of Missions on the Island of Kauai. The impact of the war added very much to his responsibilities and, no doubt also, to the strain and anxiety of his labors in that far-off U.S. outpost during those critical months of the conflict. Around Christmas of 1942 came a characteristically cheerful letter from him, telling of the great amount of volunteer work he had assumed and included an account of the bombardments by a Japanese submarine. . .

"Ted stood for the best and most enduring things in life. He was the personification of the eternal qualities of strength of character. His unfaltering example and his encouragement in the pursuit of real objectives have had a significant effect on the lives of many who have known him. His ideals were high and his loyalty to his ideals and to his friends was complete."

"Morgan Phelps Noyes (Yale '13), one of his colleagues at the Union Theological Seminary, in a letter written in 1943, so well expresses for us our most cherished memories: 'The years never changed his loyalties or friendships; and even though we did not see each other for a long time, we always picked up just as where we had left off when we last met - and he was the same bouyant, vital unpretentious friend. None of the petty professionalisms and stodgy habits of thought that get hold of the rest of us ever seemed to get the slightest hold on him and the last time I saw him (1940), he was still living with a freedom of spirit that was unique.'"

Ted left three fine sons. Frederic Burnham Withington, Jr. is the headmaster of Friends Academy at Locust Valley, New York. He and Joann have three daughters, Sue, Sarah and Ann. Ted graduated from Harvard in 1945. During World War II, he was in the U.S. Air Force, was shot down twice in the Balkans and was rescued by Partisans. (He retired from the Friends Academy in 1988)

William is also a graduate of Harvard and is a professor of geography at the University of Kentucky. He is married and has children.Arthur, the youngest, graduated from the University of Maine. He, too, is married and has children.

(DW - 1989)

HRW got to know his uncle Ted probably as well as any other of his nephews. In 1940 after Ted had been to his twenty-fifth reunion of the class of 1915 (on which John Marquand based his novel H.M. Pulham, Esq. and in which a number of of Ted's classmates are satirized, but with disguised names) He drove me and Jim(?) Case, who lived on Kauai and had just graduated from Williams, across the continent. There is nothing like a long pre-freeway cross-continent drive to get to know each other. I, who looked on him as my father's younger minister brother, soon found him to be a great travelling companion. He, as Dennet says of his brother Leonard, loved every place we went to, indeed everything whether mineral, vegetable or animal - especially the human kind. When in San Diego he had to visit all his old boyhood haunts: the villa overlooking the bay in which the family lived in just before leaving for Honolulu; Escondido and the ranch, of course; and, the most fun of all finding the stone cairn the boys had built at the Poway junction while waiting for their father on his bicycle. After this he was no longer just my father's younger brother to be loved as one should always love one's uncle, but as a person who was a truly admirable, lovable and remarkable person in his own right. I never go to San Diego without thinking of him and living in Phoenix we go there about once a year.

When in the thirties he had a day camp for youngsters from about ten to fifteen. On several occasions he invited me to go along when they were going to interesting places like the hike up to Waimea Falls. How the kids enjoyed his talks and I, like them, felt the enthusiasm he had for everything, whether great or small - and we were better for it.(HRW)

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DAVID LITTLE WITHINGTON, JR.

David was born December 23, 1898 in Escondido. Father had never been fond of his name. He was named for his great grandfather, David Little (erroneously said to have fought at Bunker Hill, though it was his uncle, Colonel Moses Little, who fought at Bunker Hill). Mother had suggested his name for some of the older boys, but Father had not agreed. When Father asked what they should name the baby, Mother said

they should let the boys pick a name, so when Father asked the four boys what they thought their new brother should be called they replied in unison (having been primed), "David Little Withington, Jr." Father knew he had been framed, but he was a good sport.

David had light brown hair and like Paul, mother's dark brown eyes He died in October 1918 of flu in the great epidemic of that year. He was not quite 20 and would have been in his junior year at Harvard, had he not been ordered to the Officer's Training Camp in Virginia. Restarick says that David was 6'4" for Lothrop told him that at 6'3½" he was an inch shorter than David, who had not finished growing. He weighted 190 pounds and had rowed on his freshman crew and on the varsity as a sophmore.

As I have said, he was a talented actor; his ideals were of the highest and he neither smoked nor drank. He had Paul's charm and sense of humor like Lothrop's. At the time of his death, there were three girls who were in love with him, one in St. Louis, one in Honolulu and one in Wellesley. In whatever he attempted, he was outstanding and was more aesthetically inclined than his brothers. He took piano lessons for a time with Connie and she says it was suprising how quickly he took to that instrument, especially as none of the Withingtons were musical, in fact, Father was tone deaf. It was a terrible blow to his parents and brothers to lose what some have said to have been the "star of the family." (DW - 1970)

One of the three girls was Virginia Jones, younger sister of Marnie, who married Sherman L. Whipple, Jr., Karkie's brother. Somehow, whether given to her as she claimed as indicative of his future intentions or not as Karkie claimed, she had his Harvard varsity crew "H" sweater when he died. She later married a Princeton man named Parker Hatch and lived in Hingham, Massachusetts. It greatly annoyed the family to see Parker wear David's sweater, especially when he wore it when mowing the lawn. (HRW)

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DENNET WITHINGTON

I was born March 12, 1901 In Escondido. Mother was 46½ years old at my birth. Like Paul and Ted, I am 6'2½" and I try to keep my weight

down to below 190 pounds. My hair was dark brown but is pretty grey now and my eyes are hazel. Lothrop Sr. used to say that often after seven generations, a duplicate of an ancestor would be born. In spite of this theory, I have many Withington characteristics. At Harvard, I rowed some; against Princeton on the junior varsity in my junior year and two years on the substitute crew at New London in the Yale meet. I rowed on the Myrtle Boat Club crew with Paul the first year after college.

After graduation from Harvard in 1922, I returned to Honolulu, where I worked first for Lewers and Cooke (the Islands largest lumber and building materials company) and then for the Honolulu Gas Company until 1927. I married Judy Hert in 1924 and we had no children and were divorced in 1940. In the summer quarter of 1927, I entered the Stanford Law School and completed my three years' course at the end of the summer quarter of 1929. I was admitted to practice in California in May 1930, right in the middle of the depression. In 1938 my partner and I formed a chemical company, which later became the California Chemical Corporation. We made a foaming powder and liquid out of one of the yucca species. It was used for the foam in root beer, liquid fertilizer, and detergents. One of my eastern customers bought out my associates and put quite a little capital into the company. We always made some money, but not a great deal. I did not like having a single product with problems of the supply of raw material. When I made the deal, they were going to make other products. The New York company was owned by four people who got into a fight and split up their operations so we did not get the other products except for a few during the war. I sold out to them in 1950 and went back to practicing law from scratch, so in 1954 I went into the District Attorney's Office. I am Chief Deputy in charge of the Domestic Relations Division. In California alone we pay out more than a billion dollars through the Welfare Department on the Aid for Dependent Children program. We try to get child support from the absent fathers either to keep the children off welfare or to recover part of the money paid by the taxpayers. In 13 years, we have increased our collections ten times. We also prosecute welfare fraud cases. I have one of the best offices in the state of California. I get an adequate salary and will get a good pension when I retire at 70 and as is likely, if I die first, Dorothy would still get a part of it.

On March 29, 1941 I married Dorothy Mummery, who is 14, years younger than I. She has been a wonderful wife and has given me two fine children. I was always worried about keeping my bills paid, but when in 1954, I decided to turn my paycheck over to Dorothy, Like Lorraine, she has done a wonderful job. We not only have money in the checking account, but some in the savings account.

Denny was born April 9, 1942. After two years in junior college he married in February 1964. He was purchasing agent for American Oil, (Standard of Indiana) when he was drafted in January, 1968. He spent most of his time in Germany and was made sergeant. Now he is back with American Oil. His marriage did not work out and he is getting a divorce. Jane was born February 3, 1944 on Father's 90th birthday. She married Greg Maddox, a fine young man, who is associated with his father in business. Their three year old, Nancy, is the pride and joy of her grandparents.

I am not going to write about the younger generation, but I do feel Grace and Leonard deserve mention as they are an inspiration. though Len has lost his eyesight, he still has a job with the Chamber of Commerce.

While my nephew, David Withington, was visiting us in 1968, I was relating some of the family stories. He asked me to write my memories of the family as I was the only son left. After I finished it I sent it to Restarick to have him smooth it out. Restarick and his mother have made additions. (DW 1970)

I retired from the District Attorney's Office on April 1, 1971 as I had reached the compulsory retirement age of 70. I am associated with the law office of D. Elliott Whitlock, working four or five hours a day.

Denny is single and is associated with a brother-in-law of Dorothy's in a music store and he plays the organ professionally on weekends.

Jane married Greg Maddox (but have since been divorced) and have three wonderful children: Nancy was nine in January and the twins, Amy and Jeff will be five in May. They live in Highland, which is less than ten miles from our home and Denny has a home in San Bernardino.

I hope you will have some enjoyment out of my memories. (ca. 1974)

* * * * * * *

My uncle Lothrop (II) told me that of the five full brothers he considered Dennet to have the most brains, though he tended to be a a bit indolent. This may be what Dennet means when he refers to a" typical Withington" characteristic, which was evident in NNW, but certainly not in DLW nor in Leonard or Lothrop. I don't know about Ted, but what was characteristic of my father, Paul, was that he always did what he wanted, frequently without worrying about the consequences. As he was want to say, "Somehow God will provide." Generally this worked out well for him, but not always.

Perhaps Dennet was unknowingly affected by having five older and dominant brothers. He was ten years and one month younger than Ted, which was about the same age difference as between him and Gertrude and me - something he would on occasion remind me of. He was only two years and three months younger than David, who, as Dennet says, would have been the star of the family and his early death tended to magnify the difference between the two. In modern jargon Dennet was not assertive - at least as compared to the others. This was not improved by his marriage to Judy. She had come to Honolulu after graduating from Stanford along with her best friend to teach. Both were obviously on the lookout for husbands and the friend became engaged to Harry Hewitt, a young lawyer and friend of Dennet's. And Judy was not to be outdone. She saw Dennet as an attractive member of a, by now, kamaaina family, who economically and socially was far superior to hers in San Bernadino, which in the twenties was still in the boondocks. She, a flapper and only child, was used to getting her own way and unfortunately Dennet let her get away with it. My mother saw that she was a "climber" and not too subtly tried to warn Dennet - but Judy had him. She was, however, instrumental in getting him to go to law school when it was apparent he was not going to be able to support her as well as her friend Carol was by Harry Hewitt. Grandmother helped pay for his law degree by buying the Tantalus house, for which she had given the land. Dennet first went into partnership with his father-in-law in San Bernardino just as the great depression started and it was Dennet who was to carry the work load. When Dennet received his share of Grandmother's estate, Judy insisted that they buy a large house in the more fashionable town of Redlands. Here she enjoyed a social life like the one she envisioned when she

married Dennet. As luck would have it she met a wealthy older man (a Yale man by the way) who could give her what she had always wanted. As Dennet told me, he did everthing possible that wasn't too obvious to encourage the affair. She, as the phrase goes, came out smelling like a rose. She got her wealthy old man and what amounted to all of Dennet's inheritance to boot - including the Withington silverware. But with the good luck of the Withingtons, he met and married Dorothy, the one he should have met and married in the first place.

Dennet was one of the most generous and likable persons that I have ever met. The first may be demonstrated by the fact that he helped support his ex-father-in-law, Judy's father, even though they had not been partners for many years. I could tell when I first met Dorothy in 1945 how much happier he was. As my brother David often said: "He was a sweet guy."

Dennet died of lung cancer on March 20, 1975 in San Bernardino. The whole family is indebted to him for what he has contributed. If only we had the personal recollections of the other five.

(HRW)

X

EPILOGUE

By HRW

When David Little Withington died in 1919 he left five sons and five grandchildren and when Marietta died fourteen years later the number of grandchildren had increased to fourteen. With the birth of Dennet Whipple and Nathan Noyes II in 1938 and 1940 and Dennet, Jr. and Jane in 1942 and 1944 it appeared as if the eleventh generation of the DLW branch of the descendants of "old" Henry was complete. But this was not to be so, for Paul and Rosie were to have Elizabeth Litle Aloha Withington on October 13, 1952 - younger than six of her nieces and nephews! What is also remarkable is that of the nineteen, all but Whippie are still alive and well.

These eighteen and their offspring are scattered from Maine to Florida, from Oregon to Southern California, from Plymouth to Hawaii, and places in between. What a change from the past. Not for 180 years and seven generations did an ancestor break away from Dorchester until Leonard (I) moved away. The family might still be represented in Newbury except that Marietta would not marry DLW unless he was willing to live in Southern California. Even the move to Hawaii, the Paradise of the Pacific, couldn't hold Leonard, Lothrop or Dennet, all of whom preferred the mainland.

While this history was intended to cover only ten generations, it would be a mistake not to make some mention of my (the eleventh) generation. Unfortunately I am not sufficiently in contact with all my sixteen first cousins to give a curriculum vitae on each, but I will mention a few of the older ones. However, I do know all nineteen of us have lead fruitful lives and have done their duty by the family by producing offspring.If my count is correct by the end of 1986 David Little Withington had no less than fifty-seven great-grandchildren, or an average of exactly three per grandchild. But as statistics so often are, the figure is meaningless, since Lothrop and Karkie's eight children account for thirty-four or about 60%, with Karkilie Atkin's seven and Marietta Brewster's six and Dennet Whipple's equal number

offsetting some of the less active. I have not attempted to count the thirteenth and fourteenth generation (i.e., DLW's great-greats and great-great-greats) for they continue to keep coming. From appearances it looks certain that our branch of the Withingtons will be around on Judgement Day.

There are several members of the eleventh generation, however, whose careers I do know something about. One is Leonard (IV), as Dennet noted in his Reminiscences, is indeed a remarkable person. He inherited his father's many qualities and although blind was to become the head of the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce at a time when Honolulu was rapidly changing and was to become one of the largest cities in the United States. As a ham radio operator his call letters are known world wide.

Under no circumstances can this family history be complete without mentioning Lothrop (III). The picture of him about to swallow a live goldfish when at Harvard appeared in the April 13, 1939 issue of Life magazine and a nation wide college craze was started. What started with one fish ended up with a claimed record by Albert Hayes, Jr. of MIT of forty-two. The Statler Hotel in Boston "created a sugar cookie goldfish as its weekly special," according to an issue of Life published in commemoration of the great event thirty-three years later. Mr. Withie told me in 1940 that the correspondence was so heavy he had to hire a part time secretary and that the SPCA threatened to sue! Loffy, as far as I can see, has taken this all in stride, though he admits that it is tiresome fifty years after the event to be confronted with it. Indeed, I talked on the telephone with Connie Miller (see Cleveland Withingtons) and she expressed an interest in meeting her famous cousin. Loffy told me recently that she did telephone him. As they both live in Florida and less than a hundred miles apart, perhaps they will meet in person. Karkilie has reason to be proud of her seven. Her second son Chet is now serving his second term in the U.S. House of Respresentatives.

Frederic (II) also deserves notice. Not entirely unlike his father, he chose to be a teacher. Ted taught, quite appropriately, for several years at Governor Dummer and then became headmaster of a school in the Chicago area. In 1966 he became headmaster of Friends Academy in Locust Valley on Long Island and when retiring in 1988 was listed in Who's Who in the East. The reason for this honor is clear when when one reads what

the trustees had to say about Ted in a letter regarding his impending retirement:

"I announce with deep regret that Ted Withington will retire as Headmaster. . . When Ted, JoAnn and their three daughters, Sue, Sarah and Ann, first came to Friends in 1966 the school was situated on 28 acres of land with an enrollment of 440 students. Under Ted's guidance the school has grown to its present 65 acres and about 700 students.

". . . One of the hallmarks of his tenure as Headmaster has been his determinism to recruit outstanding teachers and students and to strengthen the academic program. In 1966, 36% of the faculty had advanced degrees as compared to 60% today. Similarly in 1966, the school offered four advanced placement courses, today we offer thirteen.
. . . Thanks to his long range planning (then follows a list of new facilities). In Ted's twenty-one years as Headmaster our Annual Giving Goal has increased rom $42,000 to $350,000 and our endowment from $360,000 to $3.1 million." Ted did retire in June of 1988 and lives in Brunswick, Maine where he can trap lobsters and enjoy his grandchildren.

William Adriance (Bill) also chose the educational field and has advanced to full professor of geography at the University of Kentucky.

As for myself: after finishing Harvard and getting married in 1935 I looked for a job at places like Sparks-Withington, but ended up with the Honolulu Gas Company. The last of the thirties were the golden years of Hawaii for young offspring of kamaaina families, when one could afford servants "on nothing a year." Then came Pearl Harbor and the next day I was in the Navy, ending up as skipper of the USS Chalcedony, a two hundred foot converted yacht, (or "oceanographic cruiser," as USC, its former owner, described it). In 1946 I returned to Gasco where I remained until I resigned in 1956, at the time holding the office of corporate secretary of the company and its affiliates. During a year in Torreon, Mexico, where my brother David was based with Deere and Co., I was asked to teach English in a Mexican private school, where the students didn't speak English any better than I spoke Spanish. I did enjoy teaching and after settling in Phoenix attended Arizona State Universitey where I received my MA. After two years at UCLA I was asked to take a position on the faculty of Phoenix College. There I taught history and whatever else I could get away with. I retired in May of

1979, but continued to teach one or two courses a year until 1987. My present occupation is trying to finish this history.

David III worked for John Deere and Company in Oklahoma and Kansas until moving to Mexico for the company in 1955. He remained there until 1966, when he, too, moved to Phoenix. He went to work for himself promoting drip irrigation and was one of the pioneers in America of this type of irrigation. He and Jo live only three-quarters of a mile from Jaque and me and he also is retired - when not playing golf.

As far as I know I was the only member of my generation that was in the Navy during World War II, but four of us were in the Air Force. Ted flew bombers in Europe and was shot down twice, first over what is today Poland where he landed his B-24 in a grassy field and was rescued by the Russian troops who treated him like a spy. Eventually he was turned over to the Russian Air Force and to them he was a hero. Eventually he got back to Italy through Baku, Iran and Cairo. The second time he was forced to parachute, landing in Yugoslavia among Tito's partisans. After a month a Russian transport plane took him to Belgrade and thence back to Italy and then home. My brother David flew A-26's in France, Richard (Ricky) was also a pilot on the western front and and Loffy became one of the first helicopter pilots.

The grandchildren of DL and MDW are today scattered from Hawaii to eastern New England. Leonard and Grace, along with their three children are in the Islands. They and my sister Elizabeth and family, are all that are left of the "The Hawaiian Withingtons."

Many of the descendants of the Lothrop and Karkie chose to live in Plymouth, some on "The Forges" estate. The great house, Chilton Hall, was torn down as a result of the depression, but there are now houses belonging to Lala and Spencer Brewster, plus their stables, and to Paul (II) and his wife Drucie that overlook the pond, while Nathan Noyes occupies Whip's Barn that is across the field from Karki's house. Ricky and Katy live nearby as does Anne (Pandy) and Ben Brewster. Loffy and Dorothy live in Manomet in the summer, only a few miles distant. With a family like this it is no wonder that "The Plymouth Withingtons" are almost a clan. Karkilie and Henry Atkins until recently lived in Plymouth, but have moved to the Brunswick, Maine area. Together with Ted and JoAnn we now have the "Brunswick Withingtons."

My brother David and I are the "Phoenix Withingtons," but our children are scattered far and wide. My daughters Wendy (Paisner) and Sally live in Charlestown and Bay Village, Boston, respectively. James (Jamie), my elder son, and Teresa live on Poppy Peak in Pasadena, where they have a 180 degree view extending from the mountains to the sea (smog allowing). He is a project engineer with the Jet Propulsion Lab., working on microwave projects for space vehicles. Paul and Kathy, with new baby Jeffrey, have just moved to Atlanta where he works for Bell South Enterprises; while Mary along with Laura and young Carl Restarick Milliman and husband Greg live in Springfield, Oregon. David and Jo's Connie and pilot husband Mike Pratt, along with Amanda, Catharine and Andrew make their headquarters in Boise, while Tod at the moment is in Alhambra, California helping Jamie at JPL.

I do not mean to slight those of us whom I haven't mentioned, but unfortunately the family is so scattered that it is difficult to keep track. I hope, however, that this history will somehow help bring the descendants of David and Sarah and Marietta closer together. There is no reason why this "Epilogue" can't be expanded into a full chapter on the lives of all the later descendants of DLW, thus helping to bring this history up to date. I would be pleased to receive data correcting my errors and information that would eliminate lacunae. Perhaps there could even be an annual newsletter like that of the descendants of Tristram Coffin, from whom we are descended nine times

* * * * * * *

POST SCRIPT

On March 3, 1989 Jaque came into the library where I was and said look at page 3 of today's Arizona Republic. This I did and the following is what I found complete with the original picture:

FISH-SWALLOWING STUNT IS 50 YEARS OLD

'I chewed them up,' former Ivy Leaguer says

United Press International. CAMBRIDGE, Mass. - When a Harvard University freshman dropped a wriggling goldfish headfirst into his open mouth exactly fifty years ago, he had no idea it would make gastronomic history.

"It was a slow news period," joked Lothrop Withington Jr. in a telephone interview from his home in Sanibel, Fla. "A new pope had been elected, and Hitler was quiet for the moment."

Withington swallowed the coldblooded creature on March 3, 1939, as a part of a $10 bet and a stunt organized by classmates to generate instant publicity for his candidacy for class president.

He lost the election, but the stunt was a slippery landslide winner.

The news spread quickly, and "it just became a topic everywhere," said Withington, 72, a retired businessman who lived for many years in suburban Plymouth, Mass.

A Boston newspaper proclaimed the act the greatest feat since the whale swallowed Jonah. Newspapers around the world wrote about Withington, and Life magazine even chronicled a fish story about the Ivy league student.

"From then on every college threw a challenge," Withington said. "Some crammed themselves into telephone booths. Someone chewed up a phonograph record. It was a happy-go-lucky period."

Withington said he developed a taste for goldfish as a way to annoy a nurse caring for his sister.

"We were a family of nine and full of pranks," he said. "We liked to see her squirm when we brought in snakes and so forth."

As Withington tells it, one night he brought home an unannounced guest for dinner and was told the table was one short of dessert.

"That's all right," Withington remembers. "I'll have one of these," reaching into a fish bowl and downing a gilled delectable.

Withington said that many people who followed his collegiate act actually swallowed the fish whole. He preferred to chew them first.

"I chewed them up so they wouldn't swim back."

He said the publicity was a bit disconcerting, and to make matters worse, his father, Lothrop Withington Sr., a prominent attorney and Harvard graduate, "was not particularly impressed."

Withington, the son, did the slip-slimy stunt on television once and "did it once in the Army for some charity, but I was not interested in getting into contests or becoming a freak."

So now he sticks to goldfish-shaped crackers.

"We buy them quite often," he said.

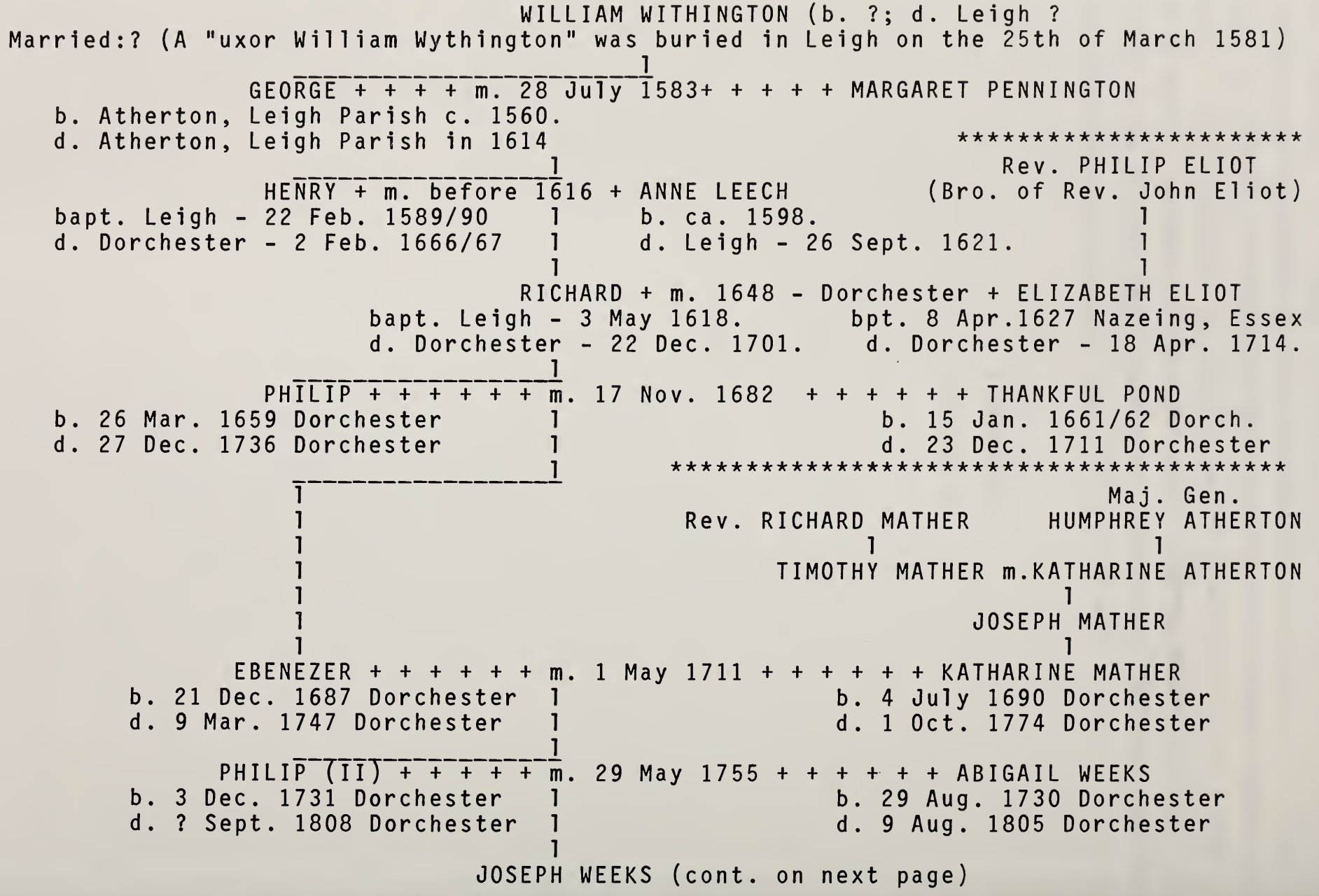
To some it seems that the second half of the twentieth century, in

America at least, is the age of mediocrity. Where are the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, the Adams, the Hamiltons, the Websters, the Clays, the Lincolns, the Roosevelts? And in our family the Leonards, the Nathan Noyes, the Davids, the Lothrops, the Teds, the Pauls? Perhaps the Age of Giants is over. However, we of the eleventh generation are, as far as I can determine, are made of the right stuff - the stuff that has kept the country going for over three hundred and fifty years. May the twelfth generation and the generations that follow do as well.

APPENDICES

A through H

APPENDIX A = WITHINGTON GENEALOGY



JOSEPH WEEKS + + + + + + + m. 11 May 1786 + + + ELIZABETH WHITE
b. 29 Sept. 1759 Dorchester | b. 22 Feb. 1769 Dorchester
d. 13 May 1845 Dorchester | d. 6 Mar. 1843 Dorchester

i. LEONARD + m. (1) 15 Jan.1817: SOPHIA SHERBURNE (1786-1826) * iii. WILLIAM
m. (2) 29 May 1827: CAROLINE NOYES (v. Appendix C)
b. 9 Aug. 1789 (Dorchester) b. 23 Aug. 1803 (Newbury)
d. 22 Apr. 1885 (Newbury) d. 3 Aug. 1860 (Newbury)

hildren by (1): i. A Child: b. & d. Jan. 1819
ii. A Child: b. & d. Jan. 1820
iii. William Sherburne: b. 4 May 1821; d. unm. 20 May 1841; Matanzas, Cuba.
by (2) iv. LEONARD (II): b. 7 Sept. 1823; d. year? in West Fairlee, Vt.
m. Sophia Baldwin. Children: (i) Catharine: d. unm. 1868.
(ii) Harriet Sophia m. Henry Lyman Cornell
of Newburyport; 1 son & 4 daughters.
v. George Aspinwall: b. & d. 1826.
vi. NATHAN NOYES + m. + ELIZABETH LITTLE (see next page))
vii. SARAH ELIZABETH: b. 6 Feb. 1830; d. year ? married at Newburyport
1 Jan. 1857 James Chute Colman: Children:
Caroline and Harriet: both died unm.
viii. LUCY: b. 11 Feb. 1832; d. 2 Mar. 1872; m. 30 Nov. 1854:John T. Jaques
Children: (i) William White: b. 30 Aug. 1855; d. year?
(ii) Mary Caroline: b. 1859 & d. 1872.
ix. Joseph: b. 4 May 1834; d. unm. in Mattoon, Ill. in 1920. He was a
captain in the Civil War and mayor of Mattoon.
x. Harriet Sherburne: b. 18 Mar. 1836; d. in 1920's.
xi. Richard: b. 29 Apr. 1838; d. unm. 27 July 1866 while serving in Army.
xii. Francis: b. 21 Jan. 1840; d. 1843.
xiii. William Sherburne: b. 7 May 1842 (twin); d. 1842
xiv. MARY NILES: b. 7 May 1842 (twin); d. at Craftsbury, Vt. 11 May 1903.
m. as 2nd wife 1 Nov. 1870 Rev. Joseph Boardman.
Children: 5 sons, second of which was William Joseph.

AMES in CAPITALS had offspring.

*Other children: ii. Elizabeth; iii. Joseph;
v. Abija White; vi. Ebenezer. No offspring.

NATHAN NOYES + + + + + + m. 12 Sept. 1850 + + + ELIZABETH LITTLE
b. 9 Mar. 1828 Newbury | b. 7 Feb. 1828 Newbury
d. 8 Mar. 1814 Newburyport | d. 2 Dec. 1912 Newburyport

Children:

i. DAVID LITTLE + + + married 6 July 1880 + + + (1) SARAH ELVIRA CURTIS
married 2 Feb. 1887 + + + (2) MARIETTA DENNETT PAUL
(see below for offspring)

11. LOTHROP (I) + married 14 Oct. 1892 in London + CAROLINE AUGUSTA LLOYD (div. date?)
b. 31 Jan. 1856 b. (?); dau. of Rev.Aaron and
d. 7 May 1915 - S. S. Lusitania Maria Christie (Demerest) Lloyd
Divorced ca. 1900 - believed to have had one child that died young.

iii. MARY NOYES b. 20 Feb. 1859; d. unm. 17 Mar. 1891 in Evanston, Illinois

iv. ANNE TOPPAN b. 17 Jan 1867; d. unm. in 1933

v. ARTHUR (AMOS) b. 9 Feb. 1869. d. in 1933 in Honolulu
Married in Boston 25 Sept. 1915 + (Lena) ANTOINETTE BLINN (Aunt Tony)
d. in Honolulu 1933. b. 25 Apr. 1871 Tecumseh, Michigan.
No children. d. (ca. 1959) in Honolulu.

Children of DAVID LITTLE WITHINGTON:

by (1) i. LEONARD (III) + m. (1) 15 Apr. 1910 Medford, Mass.+ MARION ADELAIDE JUNKINS
b. 10 Mar. 1884 Newburyport b. xx xxxx xxxx; d. xx Feb. 1917
d. 2 Feb. 1930 Ft. Worth TX; m. (2) xx xxxx 1919 Ft. W. + LORRAINE KINDERDINE
d. 1 Nov. 1983 Ft. W.

Children by (1) i. Gertrude Bradbury + m. 21 July 1935 El Centro, CA + Richard Charles Hathaway
b. 8 Nov. 1911
Children: 1. Anne Marion = b. 23 Feb. 1940 - Pomona,CA
m. 8 Sept. 1962 - Pomona, CA
Donald Lee Cheney (div.)
Children: (1) Heather Dawn
b. 1 Dec. 1963, Montclair, CA
(2) Kevin Leigh
b. 21 Aug. 1965, San Francisco, CA

Children of Gertrude Bradbury and Richard Charles Hathaway (cont.):

2. Sandra Lorraine = b. 21 July 1942, Pomona, CA
m. 22 Dec. 1963 - Pomona, CA
David Harry Pearson (div.)
Children: (1) Lisa Marie
b. 1 May 1970, Brattleboro, VT
(2) Aaron David
b. 7 June 1974, Brattleboro, VT
3. Elaine Marie = b. 18 Nov. 1946, Pomona, CA
m. (1st) 3 Oct. 1964, Pomona, CA
Donald Francis Ebersole (div.)
b. 11 Nov. 1943
Children: (1) Charlene Louise
b. 22 July 1966, Covina, CA
(2) Christopher Donald
b. 2 Feb. 1968 = d. 4 Mar. 1968
m. (2nd) Donald Dewayne Aldridge
b. 19 Mar. 1936.

ii. Leonard (IV) + m. 7 Jan. 1940 Honolulu + Grace Gaylord Smith
b. 1 Nov. 1915 Newburyport b. 6 June 1915 Oakland, Calif.
Children: 1. Leonard (V)= b. 23 june 1941; unm.
2. Antoinette = b. 23 Feb. 1943 (called Toni)
m. (1) Richard Paul Schulze (div.)
Child: Justin Kanoalani Schulze Withington
b. 5 Feb. 1974 (legally changed)
m. (2) 18 Nov. 1981 Norman Tyler Knudson
3. Jerusalem (nee Katharine) = b. 7 July 1951; unm.

Leonard (III) had no children by second wife.

by (2) ii. PAUL + + + m. (1) 18 Apr. 1911 Boston + + + (Ethel) CONSTANCE RESTARICK
b. 25 Jan.1888 Escondido, CA b. 16 Dec. 1885 San Diego
d. 2. Apr. 1966 Honolulu d. 9 Sept. 1980 Phoenix
Children by (1)
i. Henry Restarick + m. (1) 3 Oct. 1935 in MA + Eleanor L. Jones (div.)
b. 24 Feb. 1912 Cambridge, MA b. 10 Mar. 1912 Boston
Children by (1)
1. Sara Greenleaf = b. 20 Apr. 1937 Honolulu; unm.
2. Wendy Restarick = b. 3. Nov. 1941 Honolulu
m. (2) David Allen Paisner in Boston
23 June 1979
m. (2) 1 Mar. 1947 Honolulu + Jaqueline Hunt Isaacs*
b. 30 Oct. 1917 - N.Y.C.
by (2) 3. James Restarick = b. 27 Apr. 1948 Honolulu
m. (2) 12 Oct.1985 in CA: Teresa Bailey
4. Mary Manning b. 22 Oct. 1950, Honolulu
m. 28 Sept 1974 Springfield, OR: Gregory
Charles Milliman
Children: (i) Laura Manning Milliman
b. 10 May 1977 Springfield
(ii) Carl Restarick Milliman
b. 18 Nov. 1980 Springfield
5. Paul = m. + 16 Nov. 1984 Washington, D.C. Kathleen Mary
O'Keefe
b. 6 Aug. 1952, Honolulu b. 21 Apr. 1956
Child: (i) Jeffrey Isaacs
b. 4 Apr. 1988.
(ii) Mark Charles - b. 18 Feb. 1990

*Of interest to HRW's line is that (1) HRW and JHIW are both doubly descended from the Rev. Samuel Scudder (cf. Lothrop line) and (2) Henry Withington bought and died in the house and property of her ancestor Mathias St. John (also spelt Sension) when St. John left for Connecticut.

Children of Paul and Constance (cont.)

ii. David Little III + m. (2) 14 Feb. 1951 in Kansas + Johanna Hansen
b. 20 July 1920, Honolulu b. 13 Feb. 1925
Children: 1. Constance Anne + m. 12 July 1980 Seattle + Michael Pratt
16 Aug. 1952 Kansas b. 28 Apr. 1950
Children: (i) Amanda = b. 10 Oct. 1982
(ii) Katharine = b. 9 June 1984x
(iii) Andrew = b. 9 July 1986
2. Philip Mitchell: b. 11 May 1955
m. (2) 1952 in Honolulu + Rose Lane: b. 3 Sept. 1912
By (2) iii. Elizabeth Little + m. about 1979 in Honolulu + Jack Arnest
b. 13 Oct. 1952 Honolulu b. ca. 1951
Children: (i) William Arnest b. 4 July 1983 - Honolulu

iii. LOTHROP (II) + + + m. 24 June 1916 Plymouth MA + KATHARYN CARLTON WHIPPLE
b. 23 Aug. 1889 Escondido; d. 5. Nov. 1967. b. 30 Nov. 1895 Brookline
Children: (i). Lothrop, Jr. (III) = b. 16 Feb. 1917
(i) Sherman Whipple = b. 1 Apr. 1918; d. 10 July 1936
(iii) Marietta Louise = b. 12 Feb. 1920
(iv) Richard Fay = b. 26 Oct. 1922
(v) Karkilie = b. 21 Oct. 1923
(vi) Anne Platt = b. 26 Sept. 1926
(vii) Paul = 6 Apr. 1927
(viii) Dennet Whipple = 26 Mar. 1938
(ix) Nathan Noyes = 29 June 1940

For further data on children of Lothrop (II) see (8).

iv. FREDERIC BURNHAM + + m. xx xxxx 1921 Winchester MA + + MARGARET ADRIANCE
b. 10 Feb. 1891 Escondido b. 6 June 1898
d. 4 July 1943 Kauai

Children of Frederic and Margaret:

(i) Frederic Burnham, Jr. (II) + m. 3 July 1948 + JoAnn Elizabeth
28 Sept. 1922 Souter b. xx xxx xxxx
Children: 1. Susan = b. 15 Jan 1950
m. 12 Aug. 1972 + Thomas James Meyn
Children: b. 20 Mar. 1948
(1) Ashleigh Withington = b. 1 Jan. 1978
(2) Colin Withington = b. 7 Dec. 1985
2. Sarah = b. 20 Nov. 1952
3. Ann = b. 27 Apr. 1956
m. 24 June 1978 + Michael Wojtal b. 31 May 1956
Child: Emma Katherine = b. xx xxxx xxxx

(ii) William Adriance + + m. 1 Sept. 1955 + + Ann Hagaman Tonan
b. 17 Feb. 1924 Honolulu b. 3 Jan. 1930
Children: (1) Robert Adriance = b. 29 Oct. 1956
(2) Sally = b. 14 Dec. 1958

(iii) Arthur + + + + m. 22 Oct. 1966 + + + + Annette Eysaman
b. 8 Sept. 1931 Hawaii b. 5 Jan. 1934
Children: (1) Scott Frederic = b. 15 Feb. 1968
(2) Allen Brent = b. 15 Oct. 1969
(3) Cynthia Lee = b. 12 FEb. 1978

v. DAVID LITTLE Jr. (II) b. 2 Dec. 1898 Escondido; d. 5 Oct. 1918, Plymouth, MA

vi. DENNET + + m. (1) m. Honolulu + + Judy Hert of San Bernarding,CA (div.)
m. (2) 29 Mar. 1941 San Bernadino + + DOROTHY MUMMERY
b. 12 Mar. 1901 Escondido b. 10 Jan. 1915
Children by (2): (i) Dennet, Jr. (II) b. 9 Apr. 1942 San Bernardino
(ii) Jane + + + + m. xx xxxx 1964 + + Gregory Maddox (div.)
b. 2 Feb. 1944
Children: (1) Nancy + m. August 1984 + Ronald Shattler
b. 6 Jan. 1965; Son: Ronald = b. Aug. 1985
(2) Amy = b. 28 May 1968?
(3) Jeff(rey) = (twin)

WITHINGTON GENEALOGY (8)

Descendants of LOTHROP (II)* and KATHARYN CARLTON WITHINGTON
(as of 1 Feb. 1986)

(i) Lothrop (III)* + m. (1) 15 Aug. 1941 + Lois Brewster
b. 16 Feb. 1917 (div. 1973) b. 1 June 1919
Children by (1):

1. Lothrop (IV)* = b. 15 May 1942
   m. 21 Aug. 1971 + Bonnie Jean Lewis
   Children:
   (1) Lothrop (V)* = b. 3 June 1975
   (2) Ashley Elizabeth = b. 6 Apr. 1979
2. Ellen = b. 21 May 1943
   m. 9 July 1966 + Peter A. Dietrich
   div. 1979 b. 22 Dec. 1941
   Children: (1) Peter Joshua = b. 10 Feb. 1972
3. Lydia Whipple = b. 2 Apr. 1947
   m. Evan Warren Holmes
   Children: (1) Brewster Warren = b. 3 Mar 1972
   (2) Zachary Tilden = b. 22 may 1975
   (3) Bartlett Withington = b. 27 Sept. 1978
4. Ellis Brewster = b. 19 Sept. 1953

m. (2) 24 Nov. 1973 + Dorothy Shedd (Millican)
b. 12 Jan. 1924

(ii) Sherman Whipple = b. 1 Apr. 1918; d. 10 July 1936.

(iii) Marietta Louise + m. 23 May 1942 + Spencer Hatch
b. 12 Feb. 1920 Brewster = b. 28 Oct. 1920
Children:

1. Anne Withington + m. 16 Mar. 1961 George A.
   b. 3 Oct. 1943 Keller = b. 26 July 1940
   Children: d. 4 Sept. 1964
   (1) Jonathan Brewster = b. 19 Jan. 1962
   (2) Kimberly Anne = b. 13 July 1963
2. Marietta + m. 16 Mar. 1968 + Francis Javier
   b. 16 June 1945 Brockmann=b. 26 Dec. 1944
   Children:
   (1) Javier Brewster = b. 21 July 1970
   (2) Guillermo = b. 5 July 1972
   (3) Tatiana + b. 3 Jan. 1978
3. Spencer Hatch (Jr.) = m. (1) 9 Aug 1969 +
   b. 9 May 1947 Merrilee Dorinda Meyer
   Children: b. 16 Sept. 1949
   (1) Forest = b. 15 Mar. 1970
   (2) Jebediah Whipple = b. 6 July 1971

*Lothrop (II) was named at birth "Lothrop, Jr," but dropped the Jr. on the death of his uncle, Lothrop (I); Lothrop (III) was named at birth "Lothrop, Jr." Thus Lothrops (IV) and (V) use the numerals (III) and (IV), which is incorrect in actual sequence.

(9) Children of Marietta and Spencer Brewster continued:
(3. Spencer, Jr.) = m. (2) 28 Nov. 1981 + Lydia Weston (Holmes) b. 13 Sept. 1947
(3) Lydia Hatch = b. 16 Oct. 1982
4. Sarah + m. 5 Mar. 1977 + Bruce E. Tompkins
b. 23 Jan. 1950 b. 15 Feb. 1944
Children: (1) Emily = b. 26 Apr. 1981
5. Patience + m. 18 June 1977 + Holland
b. 26 Oct. 1982 Chauncey Gregg III
Children: b. 15 Aug. 1950
(1) Holland Chauncey IV = b. 12 Feb 1981
(2) Marietta Brewster = b. 12 Feb. 1981
6. Katharyn + m. 11 Apr. 1981 + George Charles
b. 21 Aug. 1957 Palmer = b. 17 June 1946

(iv) Richard Fay + m. 27 May 1950 + Katharine Driscoll
b. 26 Oct. 1922 b. 19 Jan. 1925
Children:
1. Richard Fay, Jr. = b. 26 Feb. 1952
2. Sean Whipple = b. 11 Jan. 1954
3. Michael Little + m. 28 Sept. 1985 + Thirisa Kathryn Speciale
b. 30 Dec. 1955 b. 27 Dec. 1957

(v) Karkilie + m. 13 June 1944 + Henry Hornblower Atkins
b. 21 Oct. 1923 b. 17 Sept. 1923
Children:
1. Henry Hornblower II = b. 5 Apr. 1945
m. 11 June 1966 + Alice Louise Evans
Children: b. 26 July 1945
(1) Abigail Ruth = 2 Apr. 1969
(2) Katharyn Meredith = b. 11 Jan. 1972
(3) Bethany Gay = b. 2 Jan. 1977
(4) Henry H. III = b. 21 June 1978
2. Chester Greenough = b. 14 Apr. 1948
m. 18 Jan 1975 + Corinne Celia Hobbs
Children: b. 10 Feb. 1947
(1) Dean Withington = b. 2 Aug. 1977
(2) Casey Hobbs = b. 21 June 1982
3. Timothy Whipple = b. 11 Nov. 1949
m. 26 June 1971 + Nancy Joan Whitestone
Children: b. 21 Nov. 1951
(1) Montanna Barrett = b. 9 June 1975
(2) December Withington = b. 10 Dec. 1979
(3) Brimmer Lee = b. 10 July 1984
4. Daniel Withington = b. 13 Dec. 1952
m. 1 July 1973 + Heidi Sue Rankin
Children: b. 26 Jan. 1954
(1) Silas Daniel = b. 1 Dec. 1978
(2) Noel = b. 24 Dec. 1978
(3) Madison Lee = b. 3 July 1985

Children of Karkilie and Henry Atkins continued:

5. Karkilie (II) = b. 25 Sept. 1954
   m. 26 July 1975 + Rogelio Luja
   div. 1979 b. 4 May 1953
6. Rachel = b. 21 Feb. 1956
7. Rebecca = b. 28 Oct. 1959
   m. 17 May 1981 + David Hastings Shepherd
   Children: b. 11 Aug. 1955
   (1) Kai Elise = b. 22 Mar. 1985

vi. Anne Platt + + m. 29 May 1948 + + Benjamin Barnes
b. 26 Sept. 1926 Brewster
Children: b. 9 Sept. 1925

1. Bejamin B., Jr. = b. 24 June 1950
   m. (1) 17 June 1972 + Alynn White Atherton
   div. 1982 b. 5 Mar. 1953
   m. (2) 7 July 1984 + Debra Lynn Ward
   Children by (2): b. 26 Apr. 1956
   (1) Hannah Ward + b. 2 July 1985
2. Penelope = b. 23 Sept 1952
   m. 22 Sept. 11979 = Weston Charles Keyes
   b. 7 Sept 1951
3. Abigail = b. 3 June 1955
4. William Wrestling = b. 7 Mar. 1965

vii. Paul + + + m. 24 July 1948 + + Drusilla Greenwood
b. 7 Nov. 1927 b. 6 Apr. 1927
Children:

1. Paul Tucker = b. 10 June 1953
   m. 20 June 1981 + Mary Cornelia Houbolt
   Children: b. 7 Nov. 1951
   (1) Lauren Cornelia = b. 28 May 1983
   (2) Juliana Whitney = b. 23 Aug. 1985
2. David Neal = b. 10 Feb. 1956
3. Mark Little = b. 8 Dec. 1958

viii. Dennet Whipple + m. (1) 18 Apr 1958 + Agnes Walker
b. 28 Mar. 1938 Graham Richardson = b. 23 Nov. 1939. (div. in 1967)
Children: 1. Dennet Whipple II = b. 17 Nov. 1958
2. Elizabeth McGregor = b. 1 Apr. 1960
3. Jane Anne = b. 21 Nov. 1961
m. (2) Marjory Anne Beegle (Clary) b. 12 Sept.1935
Children: 4. William Tucker = b. 13 June 1976
5. Myla Porter = b. 20 June 1980

ix. Nathan Noyes (II) + m. 2 Oct. 1962 + June Elise
b. 29 June 1940 Hamilton = b. 1 July 1940
Children: 1. Nathan Noyes III = b. 13 Oct. 1964
2. Heather Lee = b. 18 July 1966
3. Meghan Elizabeth = b. 10 Jan 1979

(11)

PAUL - DENNETT GENEALOGICAL TABLE

PAUL	DENNETT
Daniel ("a skipper") b. Ipswich, England. Bot."Long Reach," Eliot, Me. 1648. m. Elizabeth __?__	John (I) b. 1646 England. Arr. Portsmouth, N.H. ca. 1665. m. Amy (Sherburne ?)
Stephen (shipwright) b. at "Long Reach." m. Catharine Maverick 1672. d. ca. 1695.	John (II) (carpenter) b. 15 Dec. 1675. m. Mary Adams 1701/2 d. 18 Nov. 1742.
Daniel (II) b. (?) m. Sarah Bragdon 1701. d. still living 1731. Lived at "Long Reach."	John (III) b. 22. Dec. 1708. m. Mary Tetherly 1712. d. 26 Oct. 1797. Selectman and Deputy to Mass. General Court.
Jeremiah b. 11 Nov. 1709. m. Hannah Hamilton 1731. d. 3 Nov. 1779 at York, Me.	William b. 1 Feb. 1739/40. m. Mary Adams 1770. d. 25 Oct. 1803.
Samuel b. 3 Aug. 1763. m. Anna Libbey 1785. d. (at sea) 1797.	Mark b. 28 Aug. 1786. m. Meriam Pettigrew in 1820. d. 30 Apr 1883.
Ira (deacon) b. 30 Apr. 1795 in Eliot. m. Mary Gee Pickering 1818. d. 1 Aug. 1855	
BURLINGTON + + m. 27 Sept 1852 + + MARY b. 5 Oct. 1825. (In Eliot?) d. 7 Jan. 1894 in York.	b. 2 Jan. 1834. d. 20 Mar. 1863.

MARIETTA DENNETT PAUL
b. 15 Sept. 1854 in Kittery.
d. 8 Nov. 1933 in Honolulu.
Married: David Little Withington 2 Feb. 1887.

Note: Most of the Dennetts were born on the Dennett farm after about 1705. Probably the Pauls were born and died in Eliot (unless stated otherwise) Ira Paul took over the "Old Paul Farm" ("Long Reach"?) and died "driving his old white horse - sitting in the old two wheel chaise." Dennett was spelt either with one or two T's and Pettigrew was also spelt Pettegrew or Pettiegrew depending on one's choice.

(12)

MISCELANEOUS WITHINGTONS IN 16th& 17th CENTURY ENGLAND
Found in Papers of Lothrop Withington (I)

Possible Ancestors of Henry Withington

JOHN WITHINGTON (sometimes known as John Androus
? of Bledlowe, Bucks = d. 1538)
|
JAMES (Clerk-Vicar of Ilmer, Bucks) = d. 1556

OLIVER (Dr. of Physics of Brasenose College, Oxon = d. 1590 m. Susan _?_ Children: 1. Edward 2. Oliver 3. Richard 4. William 5. Francis 6. Nicholas 7. Ann 8. Elizabeth	WILLIAM of Bledlow, Bucks (and Leigh?) married _?_ Children: 1. Richard of Norwich (merchant tailor) 2. George + married Margaret Pennington Children: i. Nicholas b. 1587 ii. HENRY (our anc.) iii. John b.? m. Ann Children: (i) George (ii) Henry (iii) John (iv) Margaret (v) Mary iv. Margaret Mary b. 1583; m. John Hartley 3. Oliver Son: Robert.

Some 16th Century Withingtons Not Otherwise Identified

Thomas Withington of "Hedn" (1556), who married Emlyn _?_ and who died at Astley, nr. Leigh, in 1596. Children: 1. John, d. 1594; m. Ellen _?_; 2. Edward (?); 3. William: (son William); 4. Robert, married Isabell _?_: children: i.Edward; ii. Edmund; iii. John; 5. Richard; 6. Henry; 7. Thomas: d. 1616 (no issue).

Henry of Hindley, Wigan (d. 1582); children George and Elizabeth; mentioned in his will: James; Gyles, Nicholas.

John of Culcheth; d. 1593; m. Leticia; Children: Richard, Alice and Margory.

Francis of Boothby Pannell, Lincs. d. 1591; m. Ellen; Child: Edward of St. Dunstans, sometimes known as Edward Clege.

Richard of Ashton-under-Lyne; brother of Francis (above).

Hamlet, merchant tailor of Londan; d. 1607; m. Grace; Child: Joseph: attended Merchant Tailors School 1599-1601.

Stephen of the parish of St. Alphage had a son William b. 24 Feb. 1580.

Thomas of ?; d. 1538/39.

17th Century;

Thomas "late of Liverpool" died in Virginia in 1700; left a widow Jane; will was apparently administered in Lancs.

Richard, "souldier of Calshot Castle" (Hants); b. 1608 in Atherton, Leigh Parish. Left estate to cousin Charles.

Henry of Atherton, Leigh Parish b. 1616 (?); d. 1653.
Legacies to:
Jane dau. of Joseph = 40 pounds when she becomes 14;
Anne, wife of George, 5 pounds;
Nicholas, 2 pounds
Henry, 2 pounds
Mary, 2 Pounds
Remainder of estate to George of Atherton, b. 1618, and to Robert Winstanley of Wigan

Note: St. Mary the Virgin is the name of the parish church at Leigh.

APPENDIX B

HENRY WITHINGTON'S WILL

(8 November 1664) 8: 11: 1664

I, Henry Withington, of Dorchester, in New England, being about the age of 76 yeares or upon 77: being in perfect memory doe make my last will.*** My will is, That my sonn, Richard Withington, one of my executors, shall well and truly perform unto my wife, Margerie, all such Agreements as are Expressed in writting made & sealed before our marriage, bearing date, 25: 4: 1662: witnessed by Mr. John Eliott & Mr. Samuel Danforth, And then so doing I give unto him all the rest of my Houses & Orchard & Lands that I have in Dorchester, Except Tenn Acres in the Twenty Acres Lotts, which Tenn Acres I give to my dau. Bette, & I Except also my devision of Land which is about 30 Acres lying neere Dedham mill, which if it bee not sold before my death, my will is, that it shall be sould & and come in as part of my Estate, And also I Except all my Land that is mine about Sensions house, which Land I Give to my dau. Bette, to bee hers forever, And her Husband shall have noe power to dispose of it without her free Consent. But all my Land Except these parcells Excepted I give to my sonn Richard to bee his forever. And for my goods, my debts & buriall being discharged out of the whole, I Give as followeth, namly, to my beloved Wife, Margerie, ‡. 10, over & besides that ł. 10 I promised her before our marriage which is sett downe in writting, aforesayd, And to my sonn Richard, ł. 10, and to his fowre sonns, John, Ebenezer, Henry & Philip. each ł. 5; Mr. Tompson, ł. 5; And towards the maintenance of an able ministrie in Dorchester, which they have or amy chuse, I Give ł. 20 to be improved by the Deacons then in being, And the bennifit thereof shall bee brought in yearly to the Select men, then in being, to bee given to the use aforesaid. And ł. 10 more I Give unto the poorest inhabitants in Dorchester, And the said ł. 10 shall bee disposed at & by the discresion of the Deacons, then in being. I Give unto John Baker, ł. 5, Samuel Paull, ł. 5, Samuel Danforth. To all the Children that I am Grandfather unto, Except Mary Robinson, & such Children AS I have herein given legacies unto, I give each of them, 40s. For the rest of my goods, legacies being discharged, shall bee Equally didvided among my three daus namly, Faith Baker, Mary Danforth,

and Anna Batte And for that Five Acres of Land that I latly bought of James Batte at the south End of his Lott, next the High way, which cost me, ł. 16, it is my will that she, I mean my dau. Batte, shall have that Five Acres, & and she shall dispose of it for her good & for her Children, but her Husband shall have no power to sell it away, without her consent, nor any Land that I have given her Else where. And further it is my meaning, that his ł. 16 which the Land Cost mee, though the Land Returne her as aforesayd, yet it shall bee reconed as part of that Portion which I leave with hir other Sisters. For my Executors, I Appoint my sonn, Richard Withington, & my sonn Richard Baker; for my Overseers, my sonn, Mr. Thomas Danforth, and my sonn, James Batte.The legacies (to be paid) one halfe within a yeare after my death & the other halfe the next yeare after, if it may bee well had & done.

HENRY WITHINGTON

Wittnes hereof

Enoch Wiswall, Samuel Paull

(In a codicil, Mr. Withington states he has given to his son, Richard, the ł. 10 expressed in his will, also delivered to him the ł. 5 for John Withington, his Eldest son. "For the Ten Acres of Land I gave to my daughter Batte, lying in the Twenty Acre Lott I have sold that , since, to Samuel Clap & have delivered & given to her & her Husband all my Land at Sensions house." All which is acknowledged by Richard Withington. Samuel Paull, acknowledges "that I have received from my Father Withington, that Five pounds which is Expressed in his will, to be Given me. 23: 9: 1666")

15 Feb. 1666. Enoch Wiswell & Samuel Paull deposed.

An inventory of the Estate of Elder Withington, of Dorchester, who deceased this life Feb. 2, 1666('67), taken & apprised by John Capen senr & William Sumner, March 6, 1666/67. Amt. ł. 850.17.3. Due from the Estate, ł. 14.4.6. Mentions, 1/16 pt. of three Ketches; ½ of a warehouse at Boston; two shares in the iron works at Tanton.

Richard Baker & Richard Withington deposed to this inventory May 2, 1667.

Source: New England Historical and Genealogical Register, vol 16, pages 52-54, January 1862.

APPENDIX C

THE "CLEVELAND" WITHINGTONS

The Reverend William Withington was born in Dorchester on October 28th, 1798 and was therefore about nine years younger than his brother, Leonard. He graduated from Harvard in 1821 and it has been reported that he was "a mathematician and linguist of more than ordinary atainments." He must have moved to Newburyport, because it was there he married on the 9th of June, 1825 Mary Stacy Frothingham. They had two children, William White, who died very young and Eliza Frothingham, who married in Boston Horace Pearson Noyes. Eliza had four children, two of whom died young and according to FSW's genealogy only Helen Maria, who married Stillman A. Tucker, had any offspring. Secondly William married Elizabeth Ford in Newburyport on April 5th, 1832, just over two years after the death of his first wife.

Apparently William and Elizabeth lived in Dorchester until 1840 when he was ordained an Episcopal clergyman at age 42. During the next nineteen years they lived in Leicester, which is just west of Worcester, then in Ashfield in northwest Massachusetts in the Berkshires, and lastly in Swansea near Fall River. In 1859 they moved to Washington, D.C. along with at least one of their daughters. On the death of Elizabeth in 1892 he spent the last days of his life with the family of of his younger son, William Herbert. When he died in Jackson, Michigan on August 31, 1892 at age 93 and almost ten months, he was at the time the oldest living graduate of Harvard, just as his brother had been of Yale.

The William Withingtons had six children - two boys and four girls. They must have been an able lot. Two of the daughters, Mary Stacy and Gertrude, neither of whom married, were successful authors and the latter an art critic of some note. Caroline Frothingham married William White Clapp, whose ancestor was undoubtedly Capt. Roger Clapp, a member of the original Dorchester settlement in 1630. Both she and her other married sister, Lucy Elizabeth, wife of Niles Hubbard Thompson and mother of two children, lived and died in Washington D.C.

The elder of the two sons was Joseph, who was born in Dorchester in 1833. He was described by FSW as "a journalist, and for a brief time an actor in the Boston Theatre." He married Caroline Cotton and must have

moved to California shortly after the gold rush as he died in 1859 at Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne County on the fourth of July 1859. Just a year earlier they had a son, Joseph Cotton, who FSW lists as living in Tulomne County, but indicates he had no offspring.

The second son was William Herbert, who was born in Dorchester on the first of February, 1835. He received his education in the Boston public schools and then finished his education at Phillips Academy, Andover. He worked for a Boston leather store and later as a bookkeeper for the North Wayne Scythe Company." As there is no North Wayne in Massachusetts, it would appear that he had moved to Michigan in the vacinity of the town of Wayne, now a suburb of Detroit. In 1857 he went to Jackson, where he was to make his home for the rest of his life. Here he went to work for Pinney and Lamson, manufacturers of farm tools and implements. The following year the company sold out to Sprague, Withington & Company, the successors to Withington & Cooley. Two years later at the age of twenty-four he married Julia Chittenden Bebee, who was born in Whitesboro, New York on May 8, 1840. She was just thirty-two days over the age of nineteen when they were married on June 6th, 1859. Less than two years after their marriage the Civil War in which William Herbert was to play an important part broke out. But he had already anticipated events for "soon after his arrival in Jackson in 1857, Withington organized the Jackson Greys, and became the militia's captain." When When Fort Sumter was fired upon the Captain called the Greys together "and they were to become a part of the First Michigan Infantry Regiment - the first military unit from the state to fight in the Civil War." He was reportedly killed at the First Battle of Bull Run (July 21, 1861), but had been captured and wrote after the battle from "a make-shift prison" the following to his wife:

"Oh but it was a horrible, reckless, bloody, pell-mell fight, and a most foolish one too. It seemed to be wholly without plan. . . . The officers feel we have rushed into the fight to please the politicians and in great ignorance of the enemies' forces. . . . Upon the floor of this house the dead and wounded are lying - no blankets, the floor covered with blood. All night long the shrieks and groans of the wounded resounded through the house."

On August 4th he was taken to a hospital in Richmond, although he

was not wounded. He was kept imprisoned in that city until September, 1861 when he was transferred to Castle Pinckney in Charleston, S. C., where he remained until he was released in a prisoner exchange. He was mustered out according to Mark M. Boatner's Civil War Dictionary on 31 January 1862. For his great valor at the Battle of Bull Run he was awarded the Congressional Medal Of Honor. In August of 1862 he rejoined the army and was appointed colonel of the 17th Michigan Volunteer Infantry Regiment, which was soon to see action. In a news release issued on the 6th of August, 1986 by the Living History Organization of the 17th Michigan Volunteer Infantry there is the following story about the truly remarkable ahievement of the regiment during the events that were to lead to the Battle of Antietam:

"McClellan moved his forces from Washington towards Frederick, Maryland to intercept the Confederates who had captured the Federal garrison at Harper's Ferry.

"The fighting at three gaps at the South Mountain range was a prelude and important factor in the strategy that led to the Battle of Antietam (three days later) . . .

"Fox's Gap is one mile from where the National Turnpike (now I 70) cuts through South Mountain at Turner's Gap. (Here) McClellan's First and Nineth Army Corps confronted Confederate forces. . . . Lee's army had been divided (and) he was attempting to reassemble it near Sharpsburg. Delaying the Union forces at the gaps would give the Confederates time to regroup.

"The 17th Michigan, commanded by William H. Withington of Jackson, Michigan was one of the units which attempted to dislodge General D.H. Hill's Confederates at Fox's Gap on September 14th, 1862. . . .

"The 17th was an untried regiment. A month earlier they had been raw recruits from field, workshop and schoolroom (one Company, E, was composed almost entirely from the Ypsilanti Normal School . . .)

"The officers of the 17th were able to maintain order and change the facing of the regiment though the men had never had a batallion drill. For several hours the 17th Michigan and the 45th Pennsylvania Infantry (on the left of the road) lay hugging the earth as shot and shell whizzed overhead. Many of the shells exploded over and around the 17th.

"At 4 PM the command was given for an assault along the entire Union line. The Confederates came out of the woods (and) after firing several volleys they moved back to the stone walls that ran along the road . . . The 17th and the other regiments charged. As Colonel Withington shouted, 'Forward, my boys!' they moved toward the stone walls. Answering the Rebel Yell with cheer after cheer of defiance the right of the 17th swept into the hollow . . and was able to enfilade the Confederate line. . . The stone walls were taken. . . just as the 17th used its last rounds of ammunition. Rifle butts and bayonets were used to secure the crest and control the captured Confederates. . .

"Of the nearly the 1000 men on the roster of the 17th when it left Michigan, 500 were engaged here. Of those 27 were killed and 114 were wounded, many mortally. Because of this sacrifice and the results of their part in the battle, the 17th earned the nickname, The 'Stonewall' Regiment. The 17th continued to perform in the same 'Stonewall' manner for the next three years in many other important engagements."

For this heroic work the Colonel was awarded the rank of Brevet Brigadier General. According to the Dictionary, he resigned from the army on the 21st of march, 1863.

The brave and important action of the 17th was not to receive its full recognition for 124 years when a monument was erected where the stone wall had stood. Present at the dedication were two great grandchildren of the General: Cornelia Nash Miller and her daughter and Sally Carter Nice, both daughters of Harriet Elizabeth Withington.

Just as Squire Withington had been immortalized in verse for his bravery, so five hundred years later was General Withington;

At length the voice of Withington
  Makes every heart enlarge.
Up-springing at the welcome word,
  We rally for the "Charge."
Sudden from right to left arose
  A wild, unearthly yell,
As on the foremost rebel line,
  Like maddened wolves we fell.
. . . . . .

Our victor shouts sent heavenward
  Proclaim the Battle won.
Back, o'er the heaps of mangled men,
  We move as shuts the day,
. . . . . .
We feel we have struck one blow
  For GOD and LIBERTY.

After the war he established the highly successful Withington and Cooley Manufacturing Company in Jackson, but his accomplishments were not to be limited to business. He was alderman of his home town, elected to the state House of Representatives in 1873 and Senator in 1891. During his term in the House he was the originator of the bill that "provided for the creation of an effective state militia (and) became colonel of the first regiment formed in accordance therewith, and when the state troops were organized into a brigade in 1879, he was appointed brigadier general, resigning in 1883." He was a delegate to the Republican convention of 1876, which nominated Rutherford B. Hayes, who was to win the most controversial presidential election in history, and to the convention of 1892 that nominated Benjamin Harrison for a second term, but who was to lose to the man he had defeated four years earlier. The number of civic organizations to which he belonged were numerous, but that which engrossed him the longest was his term of forty-two years as vestryman and twenty-two years as warden of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. According to FSW he turned down opportunities to run for U. S. senator and for governor. It is indeed not surprising that after his death on June 27, 1903, a monument to his memory was erected in Jackson.

The General had three children that lived to adulthood. Katharine Winifred (Aunt Kate to both her own neices and nephew and to the children of DLW) was born in 1868 and thus about the age of Uncle Arthur. She married in Jackson at age forty-four Flemming Carrow, M.D. Thsy had a summer house in Traverse City on Lake Michigan and several members of the DLW family were fortuante enough to visit her there. She also visted Honolulu on two occasions, once in the mid 1920's. She had no children.

The older son, Philip Herbert was born in Jackson on the first of October, 1871 and attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in

Cambridge. Upon graduation he joined his father in Withington and Cooley and upon his father's death in 1903 succeeded to the presidency. In 1907 the company merged with American Fork and Hoe Company (later TruTemper) and the family moved to Cleveland. With an associate he organized the Sparks-Withington Company in Jackson, which made Sparton automobile horns and radios, and of which he was the head. Today it is named the Sparton Corporation. When he died he was the president of Withington, Roberts, Knight Company, an engineering concern. At one time or other he was a vice president and director of the Jordan Motor Car Company and the director of several banks.

On the outbreak of World War I he was commissioned a captain in the army air services. In October of 1917 he was assigned to the production division and was assigned to the Royal Air Force in order to learn their methods of maintenance and recovery of crashed airplanes. He was later placed in charge of the Night Bombardment Section and when in France was promoted to major.

On the 14th of October, 1896 he married Harriette Bennett in Jackson. They were to have five daughters. As he once said to his second cousin David Little Withington, "It is interesting that you should have five sons and I have five daughters." (I don't know whether DLW corrected his cousin on the number of sons). The relationship between the Honolulu Withingtons and the Jackson-Cleveland Withingtons were close considering that the blood relationship was no closer than second cousins and in the case of DLW's children second cousins once removed. It may be of interest to know that these two families were the <u>only Withington cousins</u> that each had, unless they went back to the male descendants of Philip I, who was born in 1659 and was a grandson of the progenitor, Henry.

The following contains some information on the five daughters of Philip and Harriette Withington:

1. Phyllis, born 20 Dec. 1897; married in Cleveland on the fifth of January, 1918 Hiland Kennedy Hall. They had one son, H. K., Jr., and one daughter, Phyllis who married George Page. The Pages had three daughters, Ginger, Patsy and Phyllis - at least two of them have children. Phyllis Page, when not in Cleveland, lives in Vero Beach, Florida.

2. Janet, born 5 October 1899; married first in Cleveland William Grassetti Cashman on 29 October, 1921. They had one son. She married secondly Henry (?) Rowe of Boston and Magnolia, Mass. ca. 1933 and thirdly ___?___ Martin. She had no children by the latter two.

3. Rosamond, born 3 October 1902; married Clayton E. Bailey (after 1922). He taught riding at Sweetbriar in Lynchburg, Va. and was a well known judge of riding. They had one son and at least one daughter.

4. Margarite, born 14 February 1910; married Jesse Coe sometime before 1935 (he offered HRW a job in that year). They had one son, Jeoffrey Withington Coe, who married in the 1960's Marilyn Ann Forbes of San Francisco, and one daughter who was married to Richard Dawson of Los Angeles. The Coes were divorced and Margarite apparently spent her last days in Carmel.

5. Harriette Elizabeth, born 10 July 1913; married first William Rockefeller Nash by whom she had two children: (1) William Withington Nash-Carter, born 28 June 1937, who married Carolee Prescott in June of 1960. He died on 9 Aug. 1969 leaving three children: William Withington Carter (b. March 1964); Megan Dana Carter (born March 1965), who married in 1987 Thomas Boyd and has one daughter Alexandra Nash, who was born 29 January 1988; and, Christopher Carter, born in November of 1969.

(2) Cornelia Nash-Carter, born 16 February 1941 and married Earl Miller in January 1974.They have one daughter, Helen Elizabeth, who was born on 30 June 1977. The Millers live in Sarasota

Betty (Harriette Elizabeth) married secondly George Edward Carter (b. 24 August 1910 and d. 7 June 1988) and had one child, Sarah Quayle Carter (b. 22 July 1945), who married Charles West, by whom she had one son, Kyler Carter West (b. 14 June 1967). Sally married secondly Timothy James Nice, M.D. (born 7 August 1945) on 14 October 1979 and by him has two children: Toby Withington Nice (b. 29 January 1983) and Ashley Quayle Nice (b. 2 April 1985). The Nices live in Gates Mills, Ohio.

The General's second son was Winthrop, a twin of Alice Hope, who died at age two and a half. Winthrop was born 30 Nov 1879 in Jackson, in which place he married Maria Bennett on the fourth of January 1904 and by whom had one son, William. Winthrop had a distinguished career in World War I in ordnance, He was in the Seventh Division in France serving on the front line and became assistant chief of staff. He was

transferred to the 89th Division with the Army of Occupation in the same position. On November 13, 1918 he was promoted to Lieut. Colonel. Until he retired he was vice president of American Fork and Hoe, whose corporate name was changed to TruTemper. He was married three times. His third wife was Sally _?_, whom he married in 1949. He spent both his second and third honeymoons in Honolulu. Sally was considerably younger than Winn and full of vigor and vitality and must have kept him hopping during his last years.

Winthrop's son William lived for many years in Altadena, where he was well known as a breeder of Afghan hounds. Although married several times he left only a step-daughter, Virginia, whom he apparently adopted as she goes by the name of Withington. She according to recent reports also raises dogs. William died some time in the late 1960's. (HRW)

GENEALOGICAL TABLE

WILLIAM WITHINGTON + m. (2) in Newburyport 5 Apr. 1832 + ELIZABETH FORD
b. in Dorchester 28 Oct. 1798 — b. 11 July 1805
d. in Jackson, Mich. 31 Aug. 1892 — d. 25 Dec. 1891

Joseph	WILLIAM HERBERT	Mary Stacy	Lucy Eliz.	Gertrude
b. 2/21/33 in Dorch.	b. 1 Feb. 1835 in Dorchester	b. 6/19/40 alive 1921	b. 5/16/44 d. 12/31/77	b. 9/17/48 alive 1921
m. Caroline Cotton	m. in Jackson 6 June 1859	unmarried	in D.C. unm.	unmarried
he d. 7/4/59 in Calif.	Julia Chittenden Beebe on	Caroline Frothingham - b. 8/18/42 m. William White Clapp (d.s.p.)		
Joseph C. b. May 1858 d.s.p. ?	b. 8 May 1840 in Whitesboro, N.Y.			

(William Herbert's Children continued on next page)

William Herbert and Julia Beebe (cont.)

Two daughters (both died very young)	Katharine Winifred b. 12 Sept. 1868 d. in the 1950's m. 31 July 1912 Fleming Carrow, M.D. d.s.p.	PHILIP HERBERT b. 1 Oct. 1871 d. 16 Dec 1927 m. 14 Oct 1896 Harriette Bennett b. 30 May 1877	WINTHROP b. 30 Nov 1878 d. ca.1955 m. 14 Jan 1904 Maria Bennett (div. ca. 1926) WILLIAM c. 1906-70-dsp

PHYLLIS	JANET	ROSAMOND	MARGARITE	HARRIETTE ELIZABETH
b. 12/20/97	b. 10/5/99	b. 10/3/02	b. 2/14/10	b. 7/10/13
d. ?	d. ?	d. ?	d. ?	d. 1979

SEE NARRATIVE FOR MARIAGES AND CHILDREN

APPENDIX D

A NEW ENGLAND PERSONALITY

By Ethel Parton

An appreciation of Elizabeth Little Withington who died on the second day of December, Anno Domini ninteen hundred and twelve, in her eighty-fifth year and the sixty-third of her wedded life with Nathan Noyes Withington.

Few figures could vanish from the streets of Newburyport which would be missed as much as that of Mrs. Withington. She had more friends of more varied kinds and classes and characteristics that most women are able to win; she had the friendly regard, besides, of many people who knew her but little, or even, personally, not at all. It is hard to believe - it will take long to realize - that her little light figure, her fine old face, overwritten by life in the many richly significant lines and wrinkles (such as old masters loved to paint) and her white hair, like thistledown, will be seen no more, drifting from one neighborly door to another; that she will never again afford anyone the privilege - she always made it seem that - of cooperating in her good works. What she asked might be flannel petticoats for flood suffers, a subscription toward an historic memorial, a quarter toward a wooden leg for a cripple, or personal activity of any kind in the cause of charity - but she was seldom refused. Refusal was difficult indeed to anyone who gave so much; who so freely, tirelessly and joyfully gave herself. She was, a friend once said of her, "an inspired beggar," - as many of the saints of the world have been. Yet her own enthusiasm never made her importunate or inconsiderate. Once, but a short time after a large sum had been collected for a certain good cause, there arose a sudden need of money for another. She met it with a humorous courage, spirit and sense most characteristic. She asked nothing of those who had already given; she even refused a modest offering from one of them. "No," she declared, "I'm not going to ask a cent or take a cent this time for the people who usually give. I'm going to get every penny from

the people who don't give, but ought to!" And she did. Certainly a city owes no less gratitude for the life-long generosity of such a giver of service than for the more conspicuous benefactions of those who are generous with money.

Devotees of causes and philanthropies are sometimes less sympathetic toward the needs of individuals than those of masses. But a more thoroughly human woman, more warmly interested in humanity in its individual aspect as "folks" never lived. Even her fondness for history and genealogy was especially for both in their humanized aspect, for the human chronicle of deeds and trials rather that for formal records and statistics. It often seemed as if she merely overpassed the bounds of time, and gathered in ancestral great, great, greats into the family circle, along with their descendants. Sometimes, as she sat in the dancing light of her own wide hearth telling of the past, her own or hers ancestrally, the listener was brought to a sudden understanding of the elemental grip of history, as it must have been orally preserved and handed down in the far away days before books.

Yet her interest in the past was no more lively than in the present; she adventured intellectually into its politics, its science, its literature, its journalism: she even, when family reasons incited her interest, made a spirited effort to comprehend its "sporting page." Such an alert mind made her always delightful to others, and brought its own reward. It seems an easy thing, nowadays, for many young people to feel themselves bored, in the very years when life would seem to be most full of charm and novelty. At nearly eighty-five, her interest in this interesting world was as fresh as ever.

She was a natural born democrat, who never, as she said, felt herself either above anybody or below anybody; although to that distinction which is not merely of social position, but spiritual, intellectual, or even social in its higher sense of charm and manner, she accorded her respect and admiration with a winning eagerness. In a large mixed assembly, and the more mixed it was the happier she would be, hers was sure to be one of the happiest faces; she was so honestly and heartily glad to see everybody, and she found everybody - who could help it? - so glad to see her.

Such of her characteristics as these lines suggest must have been

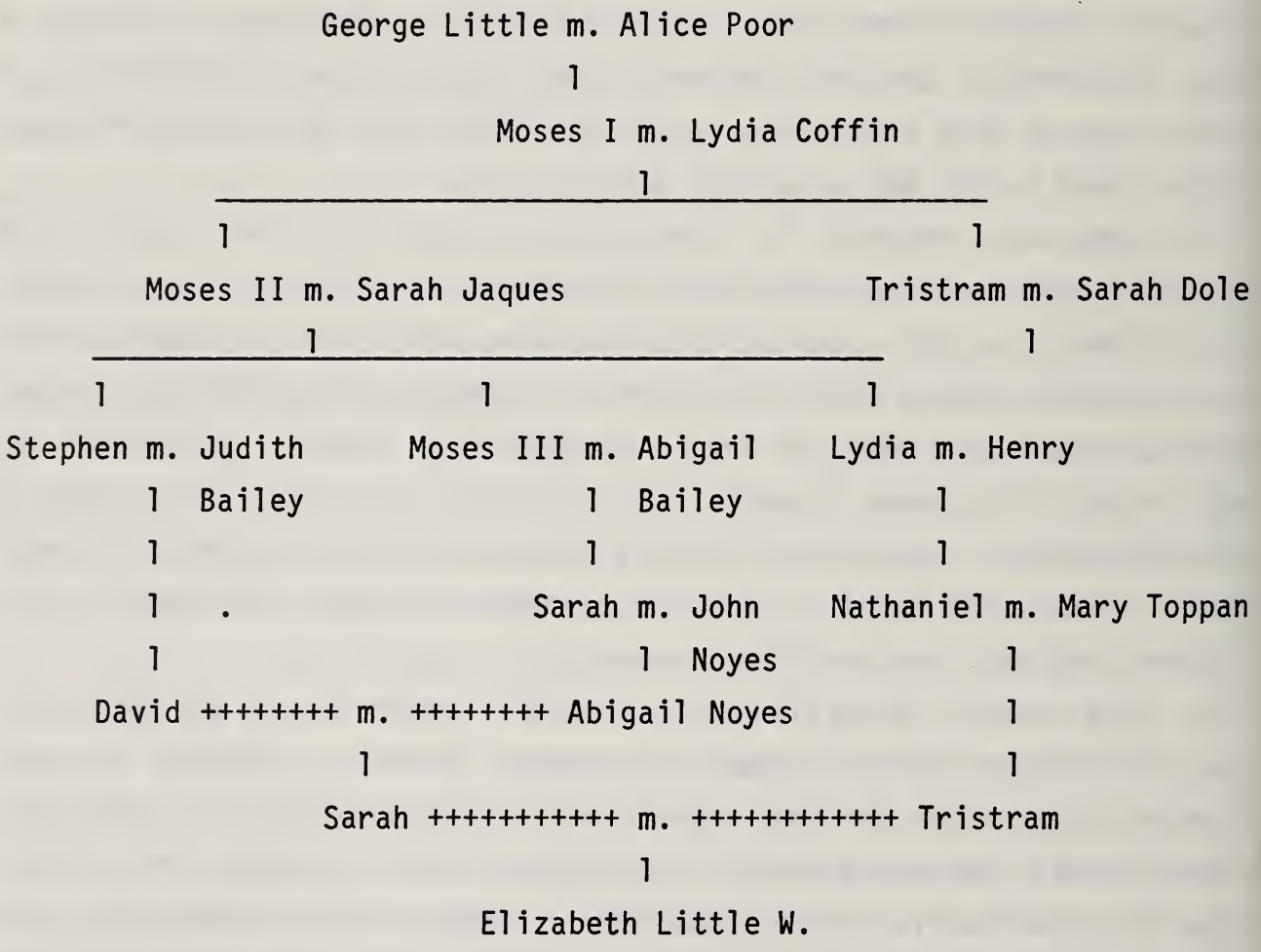
known to all who knew Mrs. Withington: many, indeed, could illustrate them by stories and recollections representing far more effectively her kindness, sympathy, humor and public spirit. Those qualities, combined with a personality so vivid, spirited and appealing, will long keep her memory green.

APPENDIX D - 2

THE FOREBEARS OF ELIZABETH LITTLE WITHINGTON

By Anne Toppan Withington

Note: The following genealogical table may help in understanding ELW's Little ancestry as described in the essay that follows:



Tracing the ancestry of Elizabeth Little is simplified by the amount of inter-marriage among the comparatively few families in the community. We are descended from George Little and Alice Poor in three lines; from Frances Plumer in three lines; from John Bailey and Eleanor Emery in three lines; from Henry Jaques and Anne Knight in three lines;

from Samuel Bidfield or Bodfield in three lines; from Edward Wigglesworth in two lines; from Abraham Toppan in two lines and from Tristram Coffin and Judith Greenleaf in seven lines, besides being descended from Tristram Coffin, Edward Wigglesworth, Abraham Toppan and the other Noyes connections through Nathan Noyes Withington.

George Little was born in Unicorn Street, near London Bridge, London, and is said to have been a tailor but upon arrival in Newbury in 1640 he certainly showed a talent for acquiring land which has characterized Littles ever since. Tradition says he had a brother Thomas who was one of Cromwell's officers and that he was given title deeds to lands in Barbadoes which were afterwards stolen. George's passage money to Newbury was paid by Mr. Woodbridge and he was obliged to work for the latter in order to pay off the debt. He was soon purchasing land for himself, however, and bought from Nicholas Noyes and John Osgood the land in Oldtown owned by Littles today and 300 acres from Stephen Dummer in 1651, "the Birchen Meadows," at Turkey Hill which his descendants owned until recent years. He built a house at Oldtown, all trace of which has disappeared, although I remember being told that a part of it was incorporated in the house now occupied by Silas Little (1925). He married Alice Poor who came to Newbury (supposedly from Wiltshire) in 1638 with her younger brothers, from one of whom, Daniel, we are descended, in the party of Stephen Dummer. They had several children, we being descended from his son Moses, who stayed on the farm at Oldtown.

In 1670 the town meeting voted that the selectmen "should take care that George Little fence in no more than his due." It is pointed out in the Little genealogy, however, that this may not have been as insidious as it sounds as it would be possible to fence in the common land with no dishonest intent. George Little proceeded to acquire land in Connecticut, New Hampshire and New Jersey, where he was one of the Newbury men to found the town of Woodbridge (near Rahway) when Charles Second made the grant to his brother, the Duke of York, which opened up that section to settlers. George Little, however, with several others became dissatisfied (perhaps because they had to pay taxes) and returned to Newbury. In 1688 he petitioned to have his title to 40 acres near Saco confirmed. He was not an educated man but seems to have been a

most energetic person, possessed of strength of mind as well as of body. One story told in the family to illustrate the latter is that he could carry a plough on his shoulder from his farm in Oldtown to his son Joseph's at Turkey Hill, a distance of three miles. He must have had a certain independence of mind for while he was a member of the parish in Newbury and was one of Mr. Parker's supporters in the bitter controversy which the first minister waged with a portion of his flock, who resented clerical authority, "Grandfather George," as the older Littles always called him, was a Baptist and joined the Baptist society in Boston. There is a letter from a friend of his who was evidently a fellow member, signed "Thomas Osbourne." Baptists were not approved of by the Puritan theocracy (hence Roger Williams and Rhode Island) and it was probably a fellow feeling that induced George Little to sign the petition for a remission of the fine imposed upon Robert Pike of Salisbury for condoning preaching by unlicensed persons. He, with most of the other petitioners, was intimidated by the General Court and apologized for signing - 15 of the signers stood out against the outrage. He died in 1693 or 1694 and was buried in the Oldtown burying ground but not long after his death a second meeting house was built over the portion of the groundd where his grave once was.

Moses Little, George's second son, married Lydia Coffin, one of Tristram and Judith's ten. He served in King Philip's War and died of smallpox when but thirty-four years old, being buried on the home place. It was the custom of the time to keep victims of smallpox as warm as possible and this unfortunate Moses was ill in a room so hot that one could not bear to hold one's hand against the wall. There is another story of one of the Little (or Noyes) family who fell ill of smallpox and the family burned a cord of wood in July, keeping him hot!

Moses' widow, Lydia Coffin, married a man named Pike and had a large Pike family, all of them continuing in the old tribal way to live on at the Little place. E.L.W. said that the lively doings of "Grandmother Pike's" girls were traditional. Only one story seems to have survived: Judith Pike was to marry a certain Joe Noyes and rode to Boston with him to buy her wedding outfit, she seated on a pillion. Presumably she was a plump damsel as the head of the hogshed of molasses on which she stood in Dock Square to mount for their return, gave way

and in she went. Her mishap raised such a laugh among the bystanders that the craven Noyes tried to escape without being identified as her companion, but she called after him "You, Joe Noyes, if you don't come back and get me out of this keg of sweeten, I'll never marry you!" and back he had to come. They had to cross Chelsea ferry, an event much talked of in those days.

There were in the time of George and his son Moses Little about seventy families in Newbury and about 400 head of cattle. In 1688 George and Moses Little were taxed for two houses, 14 acres of ploughed land; 34 acres of meadow; 8 acres of pasture; 2 horses, 6 oxen, 5 cows, 12 calves, 40 sheep and 6 hogs.

Tristram Little married Sarah Dole and built in 1700 the house now standing on the Little farm. Sarah Dole's mother was a daughter of Samuel Brocklebank, the hero of Bloody Brook and had a sister who wished to name one of her children for their father. The use of surnames for first names was unknown then and she could devise no better way than to call him "Brocklebank Samuel Coffin", apparently wishing to emphasize her father's surname. This young man was, I believe, a Harvard man. It seems to have been the custom to pick out one of the sons to send to college as from the earliest times in most of the families one finds one of the sons being sent off for an education, while the others remained at home.

Henry Little, Tristram's son, married his cousin, Lydia Little, named for their grandmother, and daughter of the second Moses who bought the Turkey Hill farm from his uncle, George Little's elder son, Joseph. They, Henry and Lydia, seemed to have been a cheerful pair, keeping open house and enjoying life. It was said (whatever it may mean) that Henry Little's "moral faculties predominated over the intellectual". He once sheared fifteen sheep while the sands of an hour glass ran out and on another occasion he jokingly matched his strength against a negro roustabout on the wharves and beat him in the contest. He, too, sent one son, Silas, to Dartmouth, keeping the other, Nathaniel, at home on the farm. This latter, our ancestor, was named for an uncle who died during the Louisburg campaign. There is a queer story in the family that his death was reported in Oldtown the day he actually died although of course the truth of the report was not known until many weeks later.

The Oldtown Littles were a ruder type than were the Turkey Hill family, although much given to reading. Major Nathaniel (he was a lieutenant in the Revolution but afterwards became a major in the militia) named two of his grandchildren "Hector" and "Helen" for the Homeric characters of those names. He was thirty-seven years old when he married Mary Toppan and she was over thirty. She had her wedding linen spun and woven when it was commandeered for the use of the soldiers of the Revolution and she was obliged to do this work all over again. In 1782 they were married, none too soon, for their first child "Aunt Polly" was born a few months afterwards. This created a scandal and the returned warrior was reprimanded by the church, whereupon Mary Toppan arose and remarked that she should be disciplined as well as she was equally at fault! The high-heeled, brocaded French slippers in which she was married were given to me (ATW) by "Aunt Polly's" granddaughter and Aunt Mary Little (who was named for her) gave me the second bedspread she made for her wedding outfit. Henry Bailey Little says he remembers her as a most energetic, sharp tongued person - one whom it was well not to oppose.

Major "Nat" lived until ELW was eleven, but she gave no clear impression of him. He was not the successful farmer that his son Tristram was and his brother Silas, who lived in the other house (the brick one) returned after his college career and shared the farm profits but not the labor. "Squire Silas" and his wife Aunt Lucretia drove into Newburyport every afternoon to drink tea with her bachelor brothers, Michael and Hazen, who lived in a big house near Market Square. Along the way people used to say, "It's time to put the kettle on, Squire Silas is driving by." Aunt Lucretia told my mother of seeing the teas burned in Market Square before the Boston Tea Party took place.

Major "Nat" seems to have been more or less philosophic for he remarked at the time when the farmers were apprehensive about the effects of the coming railroad on their sale of hay for horses that the Lord let the human race live through a good many things and he thought it would survive railroads.

Tristram inherited his great energy both of mind and body from his mother, Mary Toppan. He was not a tall man, but of tremendous muscular strength. He is said to have been able to lift himself from the floor by clutching a beam held between thumb and fingers. When he was about

sixteen years old the Rev. Dr. Popkin, a famous scholar and later professor of Greek at Harvard, became the minister of the First Parish. He had a large library that he wished to take to Oldtown. The boy Tristram drove a pair of oxen to Cambridge, loaded the books into the cart and drove back, a distance of at least eighty miles. He and his brother Henry carried on the farm so successfully that the managers of the Essex County Agricultural Show barred them from competing because they won so many prizes; thus discouraging others from competing! His grandson, Heber Little, an excellent farmer himself, says he read Tristram Little's farming journal and there is hardly any of the new methods that he had not contemplated. He was of an inventive turn of mind and made a seeder that is the basis of the commercial one used today. (He never tried to make commercial use of his inventions) His shop on top of the knoll, the old corn barn and the house built for his son Nathaniel Little, Jr. were swept away by fire a few years ago.

My mother admired his ability, but she was not fond of him as she resented his old tribal attitude towards the women of the family that characterized him and his sons. My father thought him a hard man but rather liked him, I think. He used the language of the early days, such as pronouncing "lieutenant" as the English do and "Ipswich" was pronounced "Ipsich." He used a short "o" in all the words where "oa" is found, as in goat, coat, road, load. I remember DLW say to Dennet one day when we were walking (he being a little boy), "Come along old Stubanfutchit," which he must have herd his grandfather say and which is a corruption of "step and fetch it.

For his day and environment he was a remarkable traveller. He went several times to Canada on trading expeditions and may have met John Jacob Astor. Heber Little thought the man he met was A.T. Stewart, but he did not come to America until much later. He brought catalpa trees from New Jersey that stood until my time on the Oldtown farm and they were said to be the first in New England. He was admired as an able person, even if not an altogether beloved man. My father said that one of the hardest things he ever had to do in his life was "to ask old Truss Little to marry his daughter." He died in 1872 in the house in which he was born, as were his father and grandfather before him. His great grandfather, for whom he was named, built the house and Moses II,

his brother, bought the Turkey Hill place from his Uncle Joseph, George Little's older (oldest?) son, who is our ancestor in two lines through Sarah Little, ELW's mother. (Editor's note: As seen in the above table there is no Joseph Little listed, in fact the only Joseph listed in ATW's "official" Withington genealogy who was connected to the Little side was Joseph Knight, the great grandfather of John Noyes.)

Turkey Hill is a charming spot and the Oldtown people who moved there, as well as those who went to West Newbury and to Byfield, were more ambitious than those who remained in Oldtown. In her indictment of Oldtown my mother used to point out that since the very early days no one of distinction had come from Oldtown, while Byfield and West Newbury furnished distinguished people for the entire country.

George Little, together with Thomas Brown, bought the "Birchen Meadows" with 300 acres in 1651 (1640? 1645?) and here forty years later was the scene of the only Indian attack on Newbury. It was the Brown family that suffered, women and children being taken away, but subsequently most, if not all, were recaptured at what has ever since been called "Indian River." There were only about six Indians, of whom three escaped in a canoe and the others into the woods. Moses (II) Little and his family lived at Turkey Hill after 1730 and he is buried in the Plains burying grounds. His epitaph read:

> Mr. Moses Little departed this life Oct 17th, (1780) in the 90th year of his age. He was temperate in all things, industrious, hospitable, yet frugal. A kind husband and tender father; a good neighbor and a good citizen, and while living justly sustained the first of characters - An Honest Man.
>
> A wit's a feather, a chief's a rod
> An honest man is ye noblest work of God.
> (Alexander Pope)

Moses II had two sons, Moses III, to become a colonel in the Revolutionary War, and Stephen, both of whom are our ancestors. The two brothers married the Bailey twins, who came from an able family. One brother was a general in the French and Revolutionary War (not listed by Boatner) and another was a well known minister in New Hampshire. The older brother Stephen lived on the old place on Turkey Hill for a number of years but eventually moved to a house on Sandy Lane, now called North

Atkinson Street. With his brother, Colonel Moses, he acquired land in all parts of New England. He owned land in Boscawen and Hampstead, New Hampshire, in Cumberland and Lincoln counties in Maine, and was one of the original grantees of Newbury, Vermont. He represented Newbury in the Massachusetts legislature and was a prominent member of Dr. Spring's church.

Colonel Moses married when he was only nineteen, which was to cause a generation gap when his granddaughter married Stephen's son. He was appointed a King's Surveyor when young and this led to his buying land. A township that he and Tristram Dalton bought was divided into one town being named Littleton and the other Dalton in New Hampshire. At one time he owned most of Androscoggin County, Maine and some of his land remained in the hands of his descendants for several generations. His brother-in-law, General Bailey, joined him in these land speculations. I think my mother's mother, Sarah Little, and her family sold Poland Springs (a spa in Maine that is still in existence) to the Rickers.

His military career in the Revolution has been often written about. He was ploughing when news of the "Concord Fight" reached Turkey Hill. He immediately unyoked his oxen, rallied his men and marched them to headquarters in Cambridge. (a second Cato!) He commanded a regiment at Bunker Hill and Bunker Hill and blood from the wounded smattered his velvet uniform. His regiment was placed under the command of the famous General Nathaniel Greene and sent to Long Island, where he was put in command of Fort Green (the fort is not listed in Boatner's Encyclopedia of the American Revolution). After the battle of Brooklyn he was sent to take command at Peekskill, N.Y., but falling ill, he was invalided home. Shortly after he was paralized, but lived until 1798 (age 74). His sword, his autographed letter from Washington and other war relics were treasured by the Turkey Hill family.

Colonel Moses' daughter Sarah married John Noyes and their daughter Abigail was considered an "heiress" when she married Capt. David Little, the son of the colonel's brother Stephen. Like his father, his uncle and his brother Jacob, David went into the mercantile business, although he owned a farm near the Oldtown Green (the Upper Green), which is still in the hands of his descendants (1925). He was captain in the militia, held various town offices and served in the legislature.

During Jefferson's administration the American consul in Oporto named Jarvis shipped some marino sheep in spite of Jefferson's embargo. One ship load went to New Bedford and the other to Newburyport in a vessel owned by Jacob Little, Capt. David's brother. Both flock were driven by Spanish shepherds to what today is known as the Withington place, which was then owned by Capt. David as a result of his Noyes connection. My mother used to tell of the lasting impression these sheep and their shepherds, Philipe and Francisco, made in Oldtown .

Capt. David's fortune, like many others in Newburyport, was ruined by the embargo of 1807. He had endorsed the notes of his brother Jacob, who was in shipping, and when all trade was prohibited he was ruined. Jacob's son Jacob went to New York and became one of the first nationally known speculators, but he had a great reputation for meeting his obligations: once paying out nearly a million dollars, a large sum in those days.

Sarah was the child of David and Abigail Noyes Little and was named for her grandmother. As Aunt Mary Little used to say "the proper way, of course, is to name the children first for the paternal grandfather, then for the maternal grandmother, etc." Sarah is the most difficult of my immediate ancestors to get a true picture of because she fitted into her later environment less well than did the others. Henry Bailey Little says that she never let her husband's family forget she was Captain David Little's daughter. This is probably true as she had been brought up in gentler surroundings. She was sent to the Newburyport Academy, the best girl's school in the area. She was considered an unusual scholar and her school notes showing that the other girls constantly turned to her for aid in their school work are still in existence. She was very fond of social intercourse and according to my mother she was not particularly efficient in household ways, as was Mary Toppan Little, her mother-in-law. Cut off from the life she had known and with nine children born to her in eighteen years, plus the other normal early nineteenth century household tasks, make it appear that the accounts of her are true. My mother always spoke of her with a tone of sympathy, although I really believe she loved her mother-in-law, my Grandmother Withington, better than her own mother, but this was understandable for Caroline Noyes W. was endowed with a most lovable, generous disposition and enjoyed a quite different fate from her second cousin, Sarah Little.

My mother, Elizabeth, was the sixth child, born on February 7, 1828 and in her lifetime she saw the world change more, according to Lord Acton (great historian), than it had from the time of Julius Caesar to the beginning of the nineteenth century. She was always more participant than spectator and it might be said of her as it was of the Pius Aeneas: "All of which I saw and part of which I was."

APPENDIX D - 3

HUMPHREY ATHERTON

We are descended in three lines from Humphrey Atherton, who probably came from Preston, Lancashire in 1636. He was a freeman in 1638, several times selectman and a representative in the General Court nine years. In 1656, he was made Major General. He died in 1661, and his several epitaphs are well known. In Blake's Annals of Dorchester is the following:

"This year (1661) died ye Hon. Major Gen. Humphrey Atherton. He was killed by a fall from his horse at So. End of Boston as he was coming homeward (I think in the evening) his horse either running over or starting at a cow that lay down in the way." The same source also has this to say of him: "O what sin the judgment was thus noted we may hardly venture to guess. Strange as it seems to me is the indefiniteness of our knowledge of so prominent a man and even the name of his wife is unknown."

The history of Dorchester gives a long account of him. He was very successful in dealing with the Indian, showed much humanity and sympathy of their ignorance and depravity (?) but exercised great energy and decision. The apostle Eliot appealed to him in behalf of the Neponset tribe.

His gravestone was engraved with the following epitaph:

Here lies our Captaine & Major of Suffolk over withall,
A Godly Majistrate was he and Major General
Two troops of Hors with him leave came, such worth his love did crave,
Ten companys of Foot also mourning marcht to his grave.
Let all that Read be sure to keep the Faith an he has don
With Christ he lives now Crown'd, his name was Humphrey Atherton.(ATW)

APPENDIX D - 4

REV. RICHARD MATHER

Increase Mather writes in his Life of his father, the Rev. Richard Mather:

> There is in the parish of Winwick in the County of Lancaster, a small country town or village called Lowton, in which village Richard Mather was born, Anno 1596. His parents, Thomas and Margerite Mather, were of ancient family in Lowton aforesaid but by reason of some unhappy mortgages they were reduced unto a low estate as to the world. . . Nevertheless God so disposed their hearts that they were willing to educate their son in good learning.

There follows a very interesting description of his school days:

> By what principles and motives my parents were chiefly induced to keep me at school I must not say -- for in this thing the Lord of Heaven shewed me such favour as had not been shewed to many of my predecessors and contemporaries in that place.

They sent him to school in Winwick, a distance of four miles which he walked, except in winter when he boarded in the town, and suffered such harsh treatment from the master who sometimes beat him eight times in a day whether he were at fault or not, that he begged to be taken from school.

> My father, though in other things indulgent enough, yet in this would never condescent to my request but by putting me in hope that by his speaking to the master, things would be amended, would still overrule me to go on with my studies; and good it was for me to be overruled by him and his discretion rather to be left to my affections and desire. But oh! that all school masters would learn wisdom, moderation, and equity, towards their scholars and seek rather to win the hearts of children by righteous, loving and courteous usage than to alienate their minds by partiality and undue severity.

When Richard Mather was fifteen years old he was recommended by this severe master to become the teacher in a school which some parents in Toxteth Park, near Liverpool, were anxious to establish. He therefore deferred his plan of going to the university and became a much beloved member of the community, making influential friends and a great success of his teaching.

After a few years he went to Oxford, studied at what his son calls "Brazen Nose Colledge" where, together with former students, he met the learned scholars of the day. Before long, however, the Toxteth people urged him to come back to them, this time as preacher. He preached his first sermon in November 1618 "in a vast assembly of people but such

was the strength of his memory that what he had prepared for one (was) no less than six long discourses". Already he had become associated with the Puritan movement but he was ordained by the Bishop of Chester, a fact which disturbed him all his life.

For fifteen years he was a popular preacher, so much so that when in 1633 the ecclesiastical authorities suspended him for non-conformity, various influential friends succeeded in having the suspension removed. This liberty was short lived for the next year the Archbishop of York sent visitors into Lancaster to try cases of non-conformity. Richard Mather was now a convinced Congregationalist and was tried by the court. "What!" said the Visitor, searing as he spake it, "Preach fifteen years and never wear a surplice? It had been better for him that he had gotten seven bastards." This time there was no chance of being reinstated and "no hope being left of enjoying liberty again in his native land, he meditated removing into New England". He drew up a statement of his reasons for going "and because Posterity may thereby see what were the swaying motives which prevailed with the first fathers of New England to enter upon that unparalleled undertaking, even to transport themselves, their wives and little ones over the rude waves of the vast ocean into a Land which was not yet sown".

Richard Mather married Katherine Holt, daughter of Edmund Holt, Esq., of Bury, after some opposition on the part of her father because of the non-conformity leanings. Timothy was the second of the six sons and was born in England and came with his parents to Boston in 1635. Richard Mather in his journal speaks of being in Leigh, where Henry Withington was born, and it seems natural to suppose that they were friends before leaving England. This journal has a very interesting description of the voyage in the "James" and of the great storm of August 15, 1635 when the "James" took refuge in the little harbor of Smutty Island, Isles of Shoals.

After arrival many ministries were offered him but he decided, upon advice of the Rev. John Cotton and Mr. Hooker, to go to Dorchester where he lived until his death in 1669. After the English revolution he was invited to return to his parish in Toxteth Park but he decided to remain in New England. He was one of the greatest scholars of the colony and

together with Eliot and Weld of Roxbury translated the Psalms into English verse. His epitaph reads:

Richardus hic dormit Matherus
Laetatus Genuisse Pares,
Incertum est, UTRIUM Doctior, an Melior,
Anima et Gloria, non quent humari.

(Here sleeps Richard Mather whose fortune it was to have children equal to their sire. It is questionable in which he was superior -- learning or virtue. His genius and his fame cannot be buried.)

Four of the sons became famous as preachers and Increase was President of Harvard. Timothy was one of the two undistinguished sons and in one of Increase Mather's letters to one of his brothers there is an intimation that Timothy gave his brothers some anxiety; also in a charge to his sons as he was nearing his end, the Rev. Richard begins:

> Concerning my son Timothy, with all the rest of my beloved sons . . . that none of them presume after my decease to walk in the ways of sin and wickedness of one kind or another.

Timothy married two daughters of Maj. Gen. Humphrey Atherton and some of their children distinguished themselves; several of them went to Connecticut. Joseph, our ancestor, was one of the younger sons who married Sarah Clapp and died soon afterwards, leaving one child, Katherine, who married Ebenezer Withington.
(ATW)

APPENDIX D - 5

THE NOYES CONNECTION

By Lothrop Withington I

Leonard Withington married as his second wife Caroline, second daughter of Dr. Nathan (born in Newburyport in 1803 and died in Newbury in 1860) and Sarah (Niles) Noyes. He was the leading physician, Federalist and Whig politician of Newburyport. Caroline was named for the great Whig idol, Queen Caroline, consort of George II. Sarah Niles was the daughter of the Honorable Nathaniel Niles III.

(In order to understand the rest of this complex genealogical essay the following table may help):

Nathaniel Niles I m. Sarah Sands

Rev. Samuel Niles m. Elizabeth Thacher	Nathaniel Niles II m. Mary Hannah

Hon. Samuel Niles-married 1st cousin-Sarah Niles

Nathaniel Niles III m. Anne Lothrop

Sarah Niles	Child by 2nd wife Nathaniel Niles IV m. widow of Dr. Sue

Hon. Nathaniel Niles III, unlike his son-in-law, was an ardent supporter of Jefferson and his great personal influence kept Vermont steadily democratic in politics until his death in 1828. (Reference: Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography, etc.)

Sarah's half brother, Dr. Nathaniel Niles IV, was United States Secretary of Legation at Paris during the ministry of Hon. William Cabell and later became Minister to Austria and to Italy - then called the Kingdom of Sardinia. He married the widow of Napoleon's physician, Dr. Sue, and thus was the step-father of Eugene Sue, the novelist among whose works was The Wandering Jew. He was the father of Eugene Sue's twin half sisters, the supposed prototypes of the twin heroines of that novel.

The father of Nathaniel Niles III was Hon. Samuel Niles (called the "Lawyer of the Braintree Gang," as he was a cousin of Samuel Adams and a friend and advisor of John Adams) and his mother was his father's first cousin, Sarah Niles. Their parents in turn were the Rev. Samuel Niles of Braintree, the historian, and his brother Nathaniel Niles II. Both were the sons of Nathaniel Niles I, of Block Island, and his wife, Sarah Sands, the first American woman doctor. Nathaniel the first was the son of John Niles, who was of Cornish origin, and his wife Sarah (Aunt Anne states that John's wife was Jane, last name unknown).

Sarah Sands was the daughter of James Sands, the chief founder of the Block Island settlement, and his wife Sarah Walker.

(Again a genealogical table may help to understand what follows):

Rev. Thomas Thacher — m. Elizabeth Partridge

Rev. John Oxenbridge — m. Frances (dau. of Hezekiah Woodward, Vicar of Bray)

Rev. Peter Thacher - - married - - Theodora Oxenbridge

Elizabeth Thacher
m. Rev. Samuel Niles

The spouse of the Rev. Samuel Niles was Elizabeth Thacher and that of his brother Nathaniel (II), Mary Hannah. Elizabeth was the daughter of the Rev. Peter Thacher and his wife, Theodora Oxenbridge, daughter of the Rev. John Oxenbridge, who was a friend and connection of Milton, who when he died in Boston was the last of the "four famous Johns" (other clergymen were Cotton, Wheelwright and Wilson of Boston; Eliot of Boston and Roxbury; Warham and Maverick of Dorchester; and Harvard of Charlestown. Of all the Massachusetts "Johns" the most famous was Governor Winthrop) John Oxenbridge was descended many times from the Houses of both York and Lancaster as well as from practically all the Magna Carta and Battle Abbey barons who have descendants. He, his brothers, and brothers-in-law, including Oliver St. John and Philip Skippon, were the chief reliance of the English Commonwealth (1649-1660) both in the ruling council and in the military field. Theodora's mother was Frances, daughter of the famous Hezekiah Woodward, vicar of Bray (he kept his parish through the reigns of Charles II, James II, William and Mary, and Anne by changing his religious beliefs as the circumstances required). The Rev. Peter Thacher was the son of the Rev. Thomas Thacher, first minister of the Old South Church in Boston, and the grandson of the Rev. Peter Thacher, vicar of St. Edmund's in Salisbury, England. The vicar's wife was Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Ralph Partridge of Duxbury.

Mary Hannah was the daughter of Robert Hannah and Miriam Taft, who was a sister of Joshua Taft, who was hanged during the King Philip's War excitement because he married an Indian. This episode left the mistaken

tradition of Indian blood in the Niles family. In fact there is no instance known of Indian admixture in early New England such as the famous Rolfe and Pocahontas match in Virginia.

(Again a genealogical table may help clarify the following Lothrop relationships):

Rev. John Lothrop

|

Samuel Lothrop
m. Eliza Scudder (granddaughter of Rev. Henry Scudder)

|

Samuel Lothrop	Israel Lothrop
m. Hannah Adgate	m. Rebecca Bliss
Simon Lothrop-married 1st cou.-Martha Lothrop	
Elijah Lothrop	
m. Susannah Lord	
Anne Lothrop	
who married Nathaniel Niles III	

Anne Lothrop was the daughter of Elija Lothrop and his wife, Susanna Lord, and granddaughter of Colonel Simon Lothrop by his cousin Martha Lothrop. Anne was thus double cousin of Dr. John Lothrop (miscalled Lathrop) of Boston, who was the grandfather of John Lothrop Motley (historian and diplomat, who died in 1877). Colonel Simon and his wife were children of two of the seven sons of Samuel Lothrop, who settled on seven hills in Norwich, Connecticut. Samuel was of the children taken by his mother, Hannah Howes of Kent, to plead with King Charles I for release of their father, the Rev. John Lothrop, when in the Gatehouse before Hannah died of starvation in Lambeth Marsh (sic). Susanna Lord, mother of Anne Lothrop, was sister of Lynde Lord, whose daughter was the wife of John Pierpont the poet, grandparents of John Pierpont Morgan the great banker. The Lords were children of Judge Richard Lord and his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Lynde, the

real founder of Yale University. The full pedigree of the Lyndes and Lords was largely prepared by Colonel Chester for Mrs Salisbury's well known Family Genealogies, though many additions have been discovered. (The foregoing was followed by a long paragraph on the Rev. Leonard Withington that adds nothing to what is contained in chapter V - HRW)

APPENDIX D - 6

THE REV. WILLIAM NOYES AND HIS DESCENDANTS

Noyes Genealogical Table

Nicholas Stephens of Burdrop Manor

Anne Stephens	daughter
m. Rev. William Noyes	m. Rev. Robert Parker
Nicholas Noyes	Rev. James Noyes
m. Mary Cutting	
John Noyes m. Mary Poor	Rev. Thomas Parker

Daniel Noyes (I) m.(12/29/1702) Judith Knight

Daniel Noyes (II) m.(2/14/1727-8) Abigail Toppan

Samuel Noyes m.(Mar.1764) Rebecca Wheeler	John Noyes m.(1765) Sarah Little
Nathan Noyes, M.D m.(1/16/1801) Sarah Niles	Abigail Noyes m.(3/21/1785)David Little
Caroline Noyes m. Leonard Withington	Sarah Little m. Tristram Little

Nathan Noyes Withington - married - Elizabeth Little

The Rev. William Noyes of Cholderton, Wilts, England married Anne Stephens, daughter of Nicholas Stephens of Burdrop Manor, Wilts, whose other daughter married the Rev. Robert Parker. The sons of the two sisters were very important persons in the early settlement of Newbury as the Rev. Thomas Parker (for whom Parker river is named) was the first minister and his cousin, the Rev. James Noyes, was the first teacher of the parish and also his colleague. Their cousin and brother, Nicholas Noyes, was our ancestor. He was a single man when the settlement was made and is said to have been the first person to leap ashore. Like his relatives he was a very ardent supporter of church authority. He, with several other Newbury men (Henry Sewell, among others), walked to Cambridge to qualify as voters in the election which unseated Sir Henry Vane, the champion of Anne Hutchinson. They were some of the country voters Brooks Adams refers to in his Emancipation of Massachusetts as having been frantically sent there by the clergy to offset the liberal Boston! Nicholas Noyes was a member of the General Court and represented it as commissioner in Newbury "to end small causes". He acted as commissioner in the famous case of the petition signed by Newbury and Salisbury men to have the penalty awarded Robert Pike removed (This "penalty" of 13.6s.8p was for preaching illegally).

He was a selectman ("one of the seven men who were always elected") of Newbury for many years and when the court decreed that the towns were to help in bearing the expense of maintaining Harvard, Nicholas Noyes was appointed to see that Newbury paid its 21/4s. share. When tithingmen were appointed, one to each ten families, to apprehend "all Sabbath breakers, those who absent themselves from public worship on the Lord's Day; disorderly children and servants; night walkers and tipplers," he was one of the sixteen; indeed seven of the sixteen tithingmen were our forebears! Nicholas Noyes seems to have prospered for his wife on being" presented" for wearing a silk hood and scarf, was excused from paying a fine as her husband was proved to have a fortune of over 200 l. Nicholas and Marry Cutting Noyes had at least thirteen children. One of them became the well known minister of Salem witchcraft fame, the Rev. Nicholas Noyes. In writing of his father in an article about his uncle, the Rev. James Noyes, Nicholas said that the descendants of his father were over one hundred children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

When the Rev. Nicholas Noyes officiated at the hanging of witches, he exclaimed "What a sight to see those eight firebrands of Hell hanging there". When some of this hysteria had died down, he became ashamed of his part in it and tried to assist the families of victims of fanatical fury.

Another of Nicholas Noyes' sons, Timothy, has a local fame for it is his tombstone in the Oldtown burying ground that carries the oft-quoted inscription:

"Here lies ye Body of Mr. Timothy Noyes, who died August ye 21st, 1718, aged 63:

Good Timothy in his Youthful Days
He lived much unto God's prays,
When age came on, he and his wife
they lived a holy and pious life,
Therefore you children whose name is Noyes
Make Jesus Christ your only choice."

Another son, John, is our ancestor and he seems to have bought the farm known until the present as the Noyes Place at "The Farms" near Dummer Academy. They were a very pious people, rigid in their beliefs. John's son, Daniel, is also buried in Oldtown and his epitaph reads:

As you are now, so was I
God did call and I did die,
Now children all, whose name is Noyes,
Make Jesus Christ your only choice.

They evidently liked the ending couplet. This Daniel died when he was forty-two years old (1715) and in the inventory of his will there is mention of a negro slave valued at 40 (shillings?).

The next Daniel married Abigail Toppan and they are the last Noyes ancestors Elizabeth Little and Nathan Noyes Withington had in common for E.L.W. was descended from John and N.N.W. from his brother Samuel.This Daniel (II) was kept at home while his brother, Ebenezer, was sent to "Nassau Hall" (Princeton), graduating in 1750. In Miss Sarah Emery's Reminiscences of a Nonagenarian there is a vivid little picture of Major Samuel Noyes and his wife, Rebecca Wheeler. She wrote: "A few moments brought us to the Noyes homestead, a large square house, surrounded by barns and other farm buildings. . . As my knock was evidently unheard I

made my way through a back room to the long kitchen and there I found the senior Mrs. Noyes. The old lady was washing the large hearth, exhibiting in the process an excess of neatness which I never saw either before or since. She had gathered the remnants of the morning fire on a shovel and was washing every brick. . . She expressed much joy at our coming and dispatched the maid servant for Aunt Hannah (the children were in school and the men folk in the meadows). . . At dusk the men arrived. The Major, a gallant man of the old school, like his son, was pleased to be exceedingly complimentary. After tea as it was a bright moonlight evening we walked out to the family burial place, which was situated on a slight eminence, in a pleasant grove back of the house!!"

This Major Noyes was the father of Dr. Nathan Noyes, "Uncle Sam" and "Aunt Becky." The latter after her parents' death lived with her brother, Dr. Noyes, in Newburyport, and after his death with her niece, Caroline Noyes Withington. She survived until after the birth of David Little Withington. Her mind had failed by then and she suffered from the idea that David's father and mother were not married. She would look at him in his cradle and sigh and say, "The poor innocent isn't to blame". She had, like most Noyeses, a very vigorous lot of prejudices. Her brother, Samuel, had two sons named for the Puritan idols, Luther and Calvin. Of them their Aunt Becky would say: "I shall <u>not</u> tell which I love best, Luther or Calvin! Do you think I am going to hurt Calvin's feelings?"

Nathan Noyes was born on the old place, April 3rd, 1777. His brother, Sam, wished to go to college and Nathan preferred to stay on the farm: so Major Noyes sent Nathan to Dartmouth and kept Sam at home! He was graduated from Dartmouth August 24th, 1796, studied medicine and became a practicing physician of Newburyport. Sometime in his college career he was "rusticated" (as was the fashion of disciplining students) in the family of Judge Nathaniel Niles, a member of the Dartmouth Board of trustees. There he met Sarah Niles, whom he married January 26, 1801. He was an active citizen of Newburyport, member of the Medical Society, president of the "Sons of Dummer" and keenly interested in his profession. In the Centennial Address given at Dummer (of which he served as trustee) he is described as "a man learned in and beyond his profession". He lived in the house still standing (but altered) at the

corner of Federal and Prospect Streets. None of his children inherited his red hair, but it reappeared in one or two of the grandchildren. Nathan Noyes Withington was the oldest grandchild and was named for his grandfather, whom he adored. He had dinner every day with his grandparents while he was attending school in Newburyport, and used to talk much of them. He said the routine was never changed in regard to the meals. Mondays the dinner was always the same; Tuesdays another dinner, but always the same, etc.

The children of Nathan and Sarah Niles Noyes were Anne Lothrop, who married Joseph Balch and lived in Jamaica Plain, Caroline, who married Leonard Withington and Mary, who lived with the Withingtons for years, died unmarried. Uncle Ebenezer, who went to Illinois when there was but one house in Chicago aside from Fort Dearborn and went down the Wabash river, tracked by Indians, settled in Mattoon and there had varying fortunes, sometimes very prosperous, sometimes not.

In 1893 I (ATW) went to Mattoon to visit Uncle Joe Withington and Uncle Eben was still living, a wonderful type of the pioneer. He told me of the bitter fights in the early days between the northern settlers and the southerners. Said he: "They never referred to us except as 'damned Yankees' and we went one better when we replied to them!"

Caroline Noyes must have been a most charming and lovable person. Once at a dance when she was a young girl she hung her reticule, such as all ladies then carried, on to the rear button of her partner's old style coat. He was, I believe, Allan Dodge, a well known person in Essex County, and as he continued to dance quite unconscious of his swinging appendage he cut a most amusing figure. Her parents were Unitarians but like many of the young people of Newburyport of her time, she was attracted by the brilliant minister of the Oldtown church. Once after the death of his first wife, she enthusiastically told him of the happy marriage her sister, Nancy, had made with Mr. Balch. "Well, Caroline" asked he, "how would <u>you</u> like to marry an old widower?" Joseph Balch having been married before. She was very generous if not wholly practical. She used to say in hot summer days: "I feel like giving away all these winter things. We <u>can't</u> need them again." She had a delightful sense of fun and knew many amusing old stories and songs. Among these were the old story of "Up heart, liver and lights", which

N.N.W. used to tell as well as songs like "Soldier, soldier, marry me with your musket, fife and drum", "Lord Lovel, he stood at the castle gate," etc. She had an enormous family to look after for besides the children there was a constant stream of company coming to see her husband. She died when she was fifty-six and her death was a great grief to both N.N.W. and E.L.W. who loved her much. (ATW)

APPENDIX D - 7

THE NILES CONNECTION

By Anne Toppan Withington

John Niles came to Dorchester in 1634, but soon after moved to Braintree and among the first records of that town is of John and Jane Niles' daughter, Hannah, born December 12th, 1656. Nathaniel, their son, lived for a while on Block Island, where he married Sarah Sands, daughter of James Sands, one of the pioneer settlers of that island. Later he and his family lived in Braintree.

Their son Samuel Niles (I) was born on Block Island May 1, 1674 and graduated from Harvard in 1699. He became minister of Braintree and "a distinguished controversial writer." He compiled the Narrative of the Wars of New England with the French and Indians (Francis Parkman in his A Half Century of Conflict calls him "that dull chronicler") which tells a good deal of the history of his mother's Sands' connections. His grandmother Sands was famed for her ability as a physician and Samuel Niles tells marvelous stories of the cures she wrought. One is about an Indian who had quarreled with his wife and shot himself through the pit of his stomach so that the ball came out his back. Samuel Niles says he saw the scar which was as big as a dollar. He describes the injuries the French inflicted upon the Block Islanders and various extraordinary happenings. His grandfather Sands encountered Anne Hutchinson in what he calls "East Chester" (Port Chester?) shortly before she was killed. She asked him to build a house for her and he was starting to build when Indians came (and in the ensuing fight she was killed. Due to Anne Hutchinson's religious beliefs she had been forced to leave Massachusetts and became one of the founders of Rhode Island. However, she left there in 1642 and settled in New Rochelle, New York).

Of the history itself John Adams, writing at Quincy on September 23, 1818 at age 83, stated:

"There is somewhere in existence, as I hope and believe, a manuscript history of Indian Wars written by the Rev. Samuel Niles of Braintree. Almost sixty years ago I was an humble acquaintance of this venerable clergyman, then, as I believe, more than four score years of age. He asked me many questions and informed me in his own house that he was endeavoring to recollect and commit to writing a history of Indian Wars in his time and before it as far as he could collect information. This history he completed and prepared for the press but no printer would undertake it or venture to propose a subscription for its publication. Since my return from Europe I inquired of his oldest son, the Hon. Samuel Niles of Braintree, on a visit he made me at my house, what was to become of this mss. He laughed and said it was safe in the till of a certain trunk. I then revered and still revered the honest, virtuous and pious man and his memories might be or great value to the country."

In one of the histories of New London or Norwich (Connecticut) there is a story of Mercy Sands, sister of Sarah, encountering no less a person than Captain Kidd. She married Joshua Raymond and they bought out her sister Niles' share of the Island. Once when her husband was on the mainland Captain Kidd came on the Island. He requisitioned provisions, etc., and there was for a long time a story that when he departed he asked Mercy to hold up her apron and as she did so he threw into it gold and jewels!

Samuel Niles married Elizabeth Thacher, daughter of the Rev. Peter Thacher of Milton. She was the first person buried in the North burying ground of Braintree. The inscriptions over the graves of Samuel and Elizabeth Thacher Niles are as follows:

"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

Here lies the remains of Reverend Samuel Niles. He was born May 1,1674, took his degree at Harvard College 1699, ordained pastor of ye Second Church of Christ in Braintree May ye 23rd 1711, took his second degree 1759; continued his public ministerial labors to ye last Sabbath he lived and departed this life May 1, 1762 in ye firm belief of those great doctrines of grace which he had faithfully preached and publicly defended.

The sweet remembrance of the Just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

"Here lies the very pious and excellent well accomplished Mrs. Elizabeth Niles, wife of Rev. Samuel Niles of Braintree and daughter of Rev. Mr. Thacher of Milton, who died ye 10th of Feb. 1716 in the 36th year of her age and was the first buried in this burying place."

Samuel Niles, Jr., graduated at Harvard in 1731. In 1752 he was chosen to represent Braintree in the legislature but for some reason declined to take the oath of office. Later, however, with Josiah Quincy he served for several terms. In the Diary of John Adams there is an account of his petition to the selectmen of Braintree for action on the Stamp Act. The instructions to the Braintree representative are signed: Samuel Niles (II), John Adams, Norton Quincy, etc.

Nathaniel Niles III, born in South Kingston, Rhode Island in 1741, was the son of Samuel II, who had married his first cousin, Sarah Niles. He entered Harvard, but graduated at Princeton in 1766. He studied law and medicine and later theology. He and his brother Sam were known by reason of the subtlety in argument as "Botheration Primus" and "Botheration Secundus". Many stories were told in the Eighteenth century of him, but the most widely known (often attributed to other well known men) is that of his argument in the classroom with a professor who was expounding the idea of the persistence of identity. Nathaniel Niles asked if the blade of a knife were lost and a new blade attached to the handle if the result would be the same knife. "Yes" answered the teacher. "And then if a new handle were inserted, would it still be the same knife?" "Yes" again answered the man. "Then" asked the future Judge Niles, "if someone should find the old blade and the old handle and put them together what would that be?"

Among other occupations, he taught as a young man in a school in New York in which Lindley Murray, afterwards the famous grammarian, was a pupil. In his lifetime he had seventeen invitations to the ministry but he never accepted a parish, although he preached constantly. Among these places was Norwich, Connecticut, where he married Anne Lothrop. He engaged in business with his father-in-law and among other things invented a process for making iron wire. But he was never too busy to preach anywhere and at any time, usually extemporaneously. He was

invaluable in Norwich during the pastorate of the Rev. Ephraim Judson, who constantly failed in his duties (he insisted his failure was due to ill health) and of whom Norwich people said it was a habit to give out a long psalm of eight or ten stanzas in long meter, and then if the weather happened to be warm, to retire to a high rocky place behind the meeting house to enjoy the breeze, while the choir sang! In consequence of like occurrences, Nathaniel Niles was often called upon to fill the pulpit. One of his most noted semons was against slavery.

After he settled in West Fairlee, Vermont, where he was the first white settler, he preached constantly for twelve years. He went to Vermont in 1779 and became very prominent in public affairs, being member of the Council, speaker of the House of Representatives, presidential elector, member of Congress from the admission of Vermont to the Union and judge of the Vermont Supreme Court. As a member of the Board of Trustees of Dartmouth College he was involved in the famous controversy with the President of the college; in fact he was charged with instigating the attack on the President and he admitted he "had incautiously let fall certain imprudent remarks on a sudden emergence without deliberation".

In the Alumni address of 1855, Professor Brown of Dartmouth, said of him:

"Jefferson declared him the ablest man he knew. He was a schoolmate of the elder Adams, whom he loved his life long and mainly it would seem because at school Adams was the terror of the big bad boys who oppressed the little ones. . . A follower of Jefferson in politics (although rather conservative), of Calvin in theology (yet sometimes diverging toward his opponent), an acute metaphysician - a little inclined toward the opposite side. . . .A great reader, keeping up remarkably with the progress of science and renewing in his old age his knowledge of Latin. . . . (He was) a shrewd judge in an indefatigable opponent (sic)."
(Taken from John King's History of Dartmouth College)

Judge Niles' widow, who was his second wife, wrote a memoir of him which N.N.W. owned a copy. The farm that Leonard Withington (II) carried on in West Fairlee, Vermont, came by inheritance to Caroline Noyes Withington from Judge Niles and is still known (1925) as the "Withington Place."

APPENDIX D - 8

THE LOTHROP CONNECTION

The Rev. John Lothrop, who came to Boston in 1634 (O. S.) with his son Samuel, matriculated at Cambridge University in 1601. He preached at Egerton in Kent and afterwards in London where he was arrested and imprisoned by order of Archbishop Laud for his non-conformity. His wife died during the two years of imprisonment and upon his release he and his son emigrated to America. The family is said to have come from Yorkshire where the Rev. John's grandfather, John Lowthrope of Lowthrope lived. In the Bodleian Library (Oxford) the Rawlinson mss. (A 128, 1638) gives an interesting account of the prosecution of the Rev. John Lothrop and his flock of dissenters who met at a conventicle in Blackfriars, London. His sister-in-law, Pennina Howes, was called to testify but refused to take an oath.

The King's Advocate: "Will you trust Mr. Lothrop and believe him rather than the Church of England?"

Pennina: "I refer myself to the Word of God whether I may take this oath or no."

A fellow passenger of the Lothrops on the ship to America was the famous Anne Hutchinson. On arrival in New England the Rev. Mr. Lothrop was invited to Scituate as pastor and there he stayed until 1639 when he and a large part of his flock, 30 men and 11 women, emigrated as did so many churches in New England, in a body, this time to Barnstable, Mass. where Mr. Lothrop lived until his death. There his son Samuel married Eliza Scudder before he went to New London to live.

Connecticut was settled to a large extent by migrations from Massachusetts. The Rev. Richard Mather was invited to become the pastor of the Dorchester church in consequence of the removal of the first minister and a large number of his parishoners to Windsor, Conn. In 1635 a party under the leadership of John Winthrop, Jr., took possession of Saybrook just in time to prevent its seizure by the Dutch. Saybrook included much if not all of the territory now known as New London, Norwich and Lyme. Actual settlement was not made until 1646 and among the earliest of the settlers was Samuel Lothrop. He had lived in Boston

and is listed as a house carpenter but the earliest records show him to have been a large land owner and cultivator. One of the early Lothrop connections is with the Mohegans, the Lothrops being known as friends of Uncas. We are descended from two of Samuel Lothrop's nine children, Samuel and Israel. After a few years the family moved to Norwich, selling what was called the Lothrop homestead to the new minister, the son of the Rev. Peter Bulkley of Concord. Both his sons Samuel and Israel married into families of the early Connecticut settlers and the first Samuel's will is witnessed by Deacon Simon Huntington, the progenitor of the Connecticut family of that name. The second Samuel's son, Simon, married his cousin Martha, Israel's daughter. He was first lieutenant colonel and then colonel of the Connecticut regiment in the expedition against Annapolis and Louisburg and was a very well known figure in the state. Various stories of him have survived, some of which intimate that he was a thrifty as well as a valiant person. The soldiers composed the following doggerel about him:

Col. Lothrop he came on as bold as Alexander,
He warnt afraid not yet ashamed to be our
chief commander.
Col. Lothrop was the man, his soldiers loved
him dearly
And with his sword and cannon great, he helped
them late and early.
Col. Lothrop, staunch and true, was never known
to baulk it
And when he was engaged in trade, he always
filled his pocket

Another intimation of his reputation for acquisition of property is an old Norwich story that his negro slave was once discussing with others the probability of there being land in the moon. The negro dismissed the subject by saying "Marse Lothrop aint got any land in the moon and if there was any land he'd have some". He had other notable qualities. He carefully refrained from interference with his wife's "Separatists" views, driving her in her chaise to her meeting every Sunday some distance beyond his own and returning for her after service. His chaise caused him some trouble. The owner of the first chaise in

Norwich was fined for riding in it on Sunday and Col. Lothrop was charged with the same offense. He was excused, however, in consequence of his plea that his wife's frailty required the use of the chaise.

Two of his sons, Elijah, (from whom we are descended) and Simon Jr. established a mill at Norwich Falls where linseed oil was made. In October 1778, they gave notice in the New London Gazette that they were ready to exchange a gallon of oil for a bushel of well cleaned flaxseed. Elijah Lothrop built a house in 1780 on land owned by his father which although moved to another site was standing in the 1860's. Col. Simon's land seems to have included most of what is now Washington St., Norwich. In the meeting house Elijah Lothrop's pew was Number 9, Number 10 being that of Peter Lanman, Prof. (of Yale?) Lanman's ancestor.

Dr. Daniel Lothrop and his brother Joshua (both Yale graduates) were either brothers or cousins of our forebears. They established the only drug business between Boston and New York, importing much of their stock and one of their apprentices was Benedict Arnold.

There is a "Lothrop Bible" now in possession of the American Bible Society which is said to have been brought from England by one of our Lothrop ancestors who fell asleep in his berth while reading it. A spark from his light burned through a great many pages but with enormous patience he restored the text with his pen. The Bible itself is in old English text and is what is called the Parker or Bishop's Bible. (ATW)

Mention is made of the fact that the Rev. John Lothrop's son Samuel married Eliza Scudder, who was the daughter of the Rev. Henry Scudder of Groton in England. He was one of the leading Calvinist representatives at the assembly that created the Westminster Confession, which is considered to be "perhaps the ablest of the reformed confessions from the standpoint of Calvinism." (Encl. Brit., 11th ed.) The Rev. Mr. Scudder's son Thomas was the father of Eliza, who married Samuel Lothrop. It is through these two that my wife, Jaqueline Hunt Isaccs, is my - and therefore all my generation's - double nineth cousin. (HRW)

APPENDIX D - 9

LOTHROP WITHINGTON, SR.

1856 - 1915

Undeniably the most interesting and unconventional member of an interesting and unconventional family is Lothrop Withington. He was born in the old Woodbridge homestead, Newbury Massachusetts, on January 31, 1856. He was educated in the Putnam Free School, class of 1872, and Dummer Academy. As he wrote he was also tutored by his father and his grandfather Withington, but failed the competition for an Annapolis Navy cadetship in 1871, but was nominated in 1872 by Benjamin Butler, the notorious Civil War general, congressman, etc., for a cadetship at West Point, but was rejected by Secretary of War Belknap for being under age. The following year Butler appointed his own son. Nevertheless, his military ambitions were not to be entirely frustrated as he became a member of Company A, 8th Massachusetts Militia during the years 1873 through 1875, rising from private to first sergeant of his company. Although his formal education was to end in Newburyport, he later studied at the Universities of Paris and London, but by his own admission the most important part of his education was in the British Museum.

With his elder brother, David, he edited "an amateur" periodical called The Lucifer during the years 1869 to 1871, by the end of the last year David had entered college, so Lothrop then joined the Newburyport Herald, his father's paper, as a reporter and correspondent. During the years 1873-1874 and again in 1885-1886 he was a compositor for the U.S. Government Printing Office in Washington. In the intervening years he was a correspondent in Washington, Paris, and London.

While in England he went on the stage performing, according to him, on both the provincial and London stage. During these peripatetic years he helped found in 1878 in Newburyport the Ocean Wave, which later was to become the Newburyport Daily News and in 1880 was to become "First editor" of the Evening Herald. In 1881 he edited "Caleb Haskell's Diary" and the following year found him editor and publisher of the Democratic Review in London. During the next four years he was the London correspondent for the American Sentry, published in New York, and

assisted Benjamin Perley Poore in editing the "Descriptive Catalogue of Government Publications." In 1886 he succeeded Charlotte Wilson and Prince Peter Kropotkin as joint editor and publisher with Henry Seymour of The Anarchist (afterwards the Revolutionary Review).

These must have been busy years for he remained with this periodical until 1890, but at the same time was editorial writer along with William Morris of Commonweal (1887-1890), editor of Financial Truth (1889-1890) in which he attacked the "insane Judge Sir James Fitz- James Stevens" and thereby "saved Mrs. Maybrick from the scaffold and started the agitation ending eventually in her release . . ." While he was "temporarily editing Aubrion Herbert's Free Life and Saint George Lane Fox's Political World"he was arrested for the part he played in the police, post office, and guard's strike - usually known as the "Bow Street Riots" - and was sent by Sir John Bridge, chief magistrate of London, to Milbank penitentiary as a bail prisoner. He was released within a week due to the protest of the Governor of the prison, a Colonel Fitzpatrick. It is interesting to note that this prison was later to become the famous Tate art gallery.

In 1887 he wrote "Contractive Murder" in which he denounced "the judicial assassination of the Chicago anarchists", the trial in which seven radicals were condemned to death for the "Haymarket Massacre" on May 4, 1886, in Chicago in which seven police were fatally injured. Others who submitted petitions for commutation were William Dean Howells and Lothrop's brother-in-law Henry Demerest Lloyd. Two of the prisoners were commuted by Governor Richard Oglesby, who was related to the Lloyds, to life, while four were executed.

In 1889 he was coeditor with Dr. F. J. Furnivall of Elizabethan England. His work included the putting "in modern dress" and "selecting and rearranging" the Elizabethan William Harrison's description of Elizabethan England, excerpts of which make up about one third of volume 35 of Charles W. Eliot's famous five foot bookshelf. He assisted James Henry Dalzell as London and Paris correspondent for the Scottish Leader and helped Victor Collins in editing the "Catalogue of the Library of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte." He wrote numerous articles mainly on police reform and the administration of Paris for Galignani's Messenger and "leading periodicals of London and New York", often collaborating with Edmund Robert Spearman.

In 1887 he assisted his intimate friend William John Morgan in organizing the Democratic Federation and was active in 1877-1878 in the Manhood Suffrage League. The former had been organized to denounce the "violent coercion measures of the Gladstone ministry" used against Ireland. His activities were to result with his first imprisonment for radical causes when in September 1882 he was arrested and imprisoned at Tralee, County Kerry, during the "height of the Gladstone coercion". Henry George was arrested at the same time, but unlike George, Lothrop refused "redress and compensation as an American citizen".

But it was not only in the British Isles that he was active politically. In 1879 he was chairman of the Democratic City Committee of Newburyport and was an active leader in organizing Benjamin Butler's People's Party during the presidential election of 1884, having two years earlier run for mayor of Newburyport on the Knights of Labor ticket. It must have been a fairly close election since he was urged to contest the results, but declined. He ran for mayor several times receiving "a few votes" and about 1882 or 1883 worked for the election of a labor reform mayor of nearby Haverhill that resulted in the "first socialist mayor elected in any country".

In 1887 he became the chairman of the St. James and Soho Workingmen's Club in the Club Union of Great Britain and acting Secretary in the United Democratic Club in 1890. This latter was known for being the club in which occurred the "Parnell split" and "most of the beginnings of British politics since that momentous year".

From an early age he was interested in genealogical research and starting in 1896 devoted the major part of his time to that profession. He specialized in the British origins of American colonial pioneers, extending the great work of his friend Henry Fitzgilbert Waters, who specialized in New England families, to include the other colonies. He contributed articles to genealogical and historical publications in New York, Maryland, New Jersey, North and South Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, Florida and Georgia as well as his native New England. His most rewarding experience was exposing in the New York Sun in 1889 the fraudulent pedigree imposed by Richard Sims, the leading authority of the British Museum, upon Hon. William Waldorf Astor and published in good faith in Astor's Pall Mall Magazine in June 1889.

In the autobiographical resume on which this biographical sketch is based he wrote (about 1905): "Since 1902 (I have been) actively engaged in promoting the installation in Washington an United States Historical Commission and an United States Record Office and bills for the same were introduced in the senate by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge." He also stated that he had married on 14 October 1892 Caroline Augusta Lloyd, the daughter of the Rev. Aaron and Maria Christie (Demarest) Lloyd. He described his wife as a well-known journalist and biographer of her brother, the famous muckraker, Henry Demerest Lloyd. I remember being told by my father that they had a child that either died in childbirth or shortly thereafter. Sometime later they were divorced.

Lothrop Withington lost his life with the sinking of the Lusitania on May 7, 1915. I have read a number of descriptions of the sinking by a German submarine off the southern coast of Ireland and invariably he is mentioned in favorable terms. When in Richmond in 1957 I visited the Virginia Historical Society, I found Lothrop's name listed in the Society's card index as the author of numerous entries.

Henry Demerest Lloyd died in 1903 and L.W.'s resume mentions Caroline in the present tense; I assume they were not divorced until after 1903. Another story was that as good Socialists, they did not believe that formal marriage was necessary, but were persuaded to do so by both sets of parents. I cannot resist noting that Mrs. Henry Demerest Lloyd, Jr. addressed by mother as "cousin Constance!"

APPENDIX D - 10
IRA AND CAPTAIN SAMUEL PAUL

My grandfathers were interesting men. Both were from pioneer stock which settled at the mouth of the Piscataqua River. My maternal grandfather, Ira Paul, died when I was a year old and my knowledge of him comes from my father and older cousins, who were very fond of him.

Ira Paul was born in Eliot, Maine on April 30, 1795. He was short, stout with clear blue eyes, fair hair and a ruddy countenance. In his later years he always drove a steady-going white horse that drew a chaise - "own cousin" to Whittier's "The One Hoss Shay" that lasted exactly one hundred years to the day. Coincidentally, he was a deacon

himself (of the First Congregational Church of Eliot) and died while driving the shay from Portsmouth to Eliot.

Grandfather while kindly had a very quick temper and when anyone imposed upon him or took advantage of a weaker person, he was very likely to say words so harsh and stinging that he was sorry for them afterwards. His father was Captain Samuel Paul, who, when he found that it was difficult to supply the needs of a growing family from a small New England farm, determined to go on a "venture."

A Venture consisted in loading a vessel with hardware, groceries, etc. for the West Indies and bringing back a cargo of sugar, molasses and rum. It required business ability and considerable money and courage. The vessel was built, loaded, a crew hired and Great Grandfather Paul sailed away leaving a heavy mortgage on the old Paul homestead - to be quickly lifted, of course, when "Captain Samuel" came back with a fortune. A storm, the most terrible in many a year, came up soon a after leaving port and never a word was heard of vessel or men again. (MDPW)

APPENDIX E

REMINISCENCES
by Arthur Withington
(1869 - 1933)

One of the penalties of having distinguished offspring is the overshadowing of the parent trunk. It used to be told of Roscoe Conkling's father that when he was asked "Are you Roscoe Conkling's father?" he used to answer, "No, Roscoe Conkling is my son." Newbury pays the penalty in its distinguished offspring, Newburyport. The latter is the only place of the name in the world. Whereas Newbury suggests Cromwell, Vermont, New Hampshire or Massachusetts. I was born in the house that stands at the corner of Parker and High Streets and is the same in which Judge Samuel Sewell used to live as a little boy, and was built by his father, Henry Sewell, who also was an ancestor of mine. It is within the boundaries of the parent town for which I have great affection. Opposite thereto is the house where my grandfather lived and died. He came to Newbury as the minister of the First Parish in 1816, and now, for the first time in one hundred and seventeen years our family name has become extinct in the community and will soon sound like those in John Quincy Adam's diary of Woart, Coombs, Atkins and Tyng - reminiscent of the departed days. (This indicates that this was written in 1933, not long before the author's death. Probably he is referring to is sister, Aunt Anne, who made her residence in Newburyport and also died in 1933 and was thus the last of the family to live there)

Soon after Grandfather came to Newbury he was married and it was a county custom to elect at a town meeting the young man last married to the lowly office of hogrieve (the impounder of stray hogs). A committee was appointed and solemnly notified Grandfather of his election. Upon receiving the news Grandfather said," I came as a shepherd but if my flock have changed to swine I still feel it my duty to stay."

Grandfather's parish clerk for many years was Joshua Coffin, who lived in the old Coffin house above the church. He was Whittier's school master and the hero of Whittier's poem by that name, and also one

of the first five original members of Garrison's Anti-Slavery Society. He was town clerk as well and my father said that a day or two before he was married he was passing by, when Joshua Coffin called to him as he had the marriage license already made out and expecting the twenty-five cent fee. Mr. Coffin was descended from and lived in the house of Judith Somerby, who first married Edmund Greenleaf and later Tristrim Coffin. (A W has erred here. Judith was the "widow Somerby" when she married Tristram Coffin) She died at an advanced age leaving over one hundred descendants and my brother Lothrop, who was a genealogist, estimated twenty years ago that there were a million Americans descended from her. (This is an exaggeration up with which no genealogist should put)

Just above us on Parker street lived two maiden ladies, Betsy and Mathilda Jaques, who were great aunts of my cousin. They were always spoken of as Betsy-and-Mathilda, the reason of which may be disclosed by the following story: My father was called in to give them some advice and after Betsy had talked at length Mathilda said, "But, Mr. Withington," Whereupon Betsy said sharply, "Mathilda, allow me to say a word." Another curious thing of that family that when my cousin Helen Louise Jaques, was married in 1909 at Chester, Nova Scotia, she was the first maiden of that family to be married in one hundred and fifty years.

Just below our house was that of Deacon "Nat" Little. When I first remember, he had the reputation of being a "red" (a radical modernist). He had been a deacon in my grandfather's church, but in discussing theology with Grandfather, the latter summed him up by saying that he was a dangerous man because he was such a good man, and thereupon tried him for heresy. What was the surprise of the powers of the church to find that the First Parish had never adopted a creed and there was no standard by which he could be tried. Grandfather, not at all dismayed, pushed through a creed and then tried "Deacon Nat" and afterwards disciplined him.

For two hundred and sixty years after the settlement of Newbury, the First Parish of Oldtown, being the original settlement, dominated in political control and in my youth there always were two selectmen from Oldtown and one from Byfield. In 1897 the Byfield parish had grown so that it rallied its votes at town meeting and elected two selectmen

from Byfield and one from Oldtown, defeating my old friend and relative, Richard T. Noyes. The first session of town meeting completed all the important business and then adjourned for two weeks for the purpose of closing up the fag ends. At this board meeting the Oldtown forces quietly rallied and taking the Byfield leaders by surprise, voted to increase the number of selectmen to five and chose two Oldtown men including Mr. Noyes, thus giving Oldtown control. This action created so much turmoil that there was a one and a half column editorial about the situation in the New York Sun. This was the day of Charles A. Dana's control of that paper and the edition showed all Dana's knowledge of yankee history and character. I remember one comment showing the horror of the Oldtown people at a board of selectmen without a Noyes, which family had been represented there since the settlement in 1635.

The Byfield parish though younger has always been the one to send forth brilliant sons. This I say to my sorrow for I am an oldtowner. In 1910 I tried a case in the superior court in Newburyport before old Judge Sherman. It involved the estate of Miss Mary Moody of Byfield. She was a relative of Mr. Justice Moody, a native of Byfield and then a member of the United States Supreme Court. This came out in the evidence as did the fact that Charles Longfellow, born in the original Longfellow house, was the nearest heir. Also the nearness of Fatherland Farm where Chief Justice Parsons was born. Thereupon Judge Sherman interjected, "I know. Holy Ground! Holy Ground!"

My mother collected the money to erect the first settler's monument at the lower green. She endeavored to have a contribution from someone bearing the surname of everyone whose name was on the monument. This she accomplished. Among the more distinguished individuals descended from Newbury were: President Eliot (of Harvard); Judge F.C. Lowell; Judge W.H. Moody; Mrs. William Dean Howells; Rev. C.F. Dole, President of MIT; Arthur Noyes; Richard H. Dana; Admiral Harry Huse; Arthur E. Pillsbury; and, the family of Arthur Sewall.*

The ministers of the First Parish for the first two hundred years were rather a learned lot. Parker and Noyes were Oxford men, Toppan,

*He could as well have added the names of William Lloyd Garrison, Madam Tingsley, and "Lord" Timothy Dexter.

Woodbridge, Richardson, Tucker and Popkin were Harvard men, Moore was from Dartmouth and my grandfather from Yale. Mr. Parker, the first parish pastor, was investigated by the theocracy as to the soundness of his opinions. The committee questioned him in English, he answered in Latin. They followed him in Latin and he answered in Greek; they followed him in Greek and he answered in Hebrew, they followed him in Hebrew and he answered in Arabic, where thy were stumped. Judge (Samuel) Sewall (1652-1730) in his diary tells of hearing a tale told by Parker when he was a student at Oxford and a guest at the table of the Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare. From this my brother Lothrop drew the conclusion that this young Oxford student may well have met Shakespeare, but as my brother indignantly said, "The old fool never left a scrap of writing to show that this was so or what manner of man Shakespeare was, but (rather) spent his time playing on a flute."

In 1790 the combined population of Newbury and Newburyport was nine thousand and one hundred, and fifty years later the population had not doubled. It is this permanence and unchanging character which holds the affections of absent sons and daughters. When we come back we know that Curzon's Mill will stand and the Upper Green pond will not be filled with fountains.

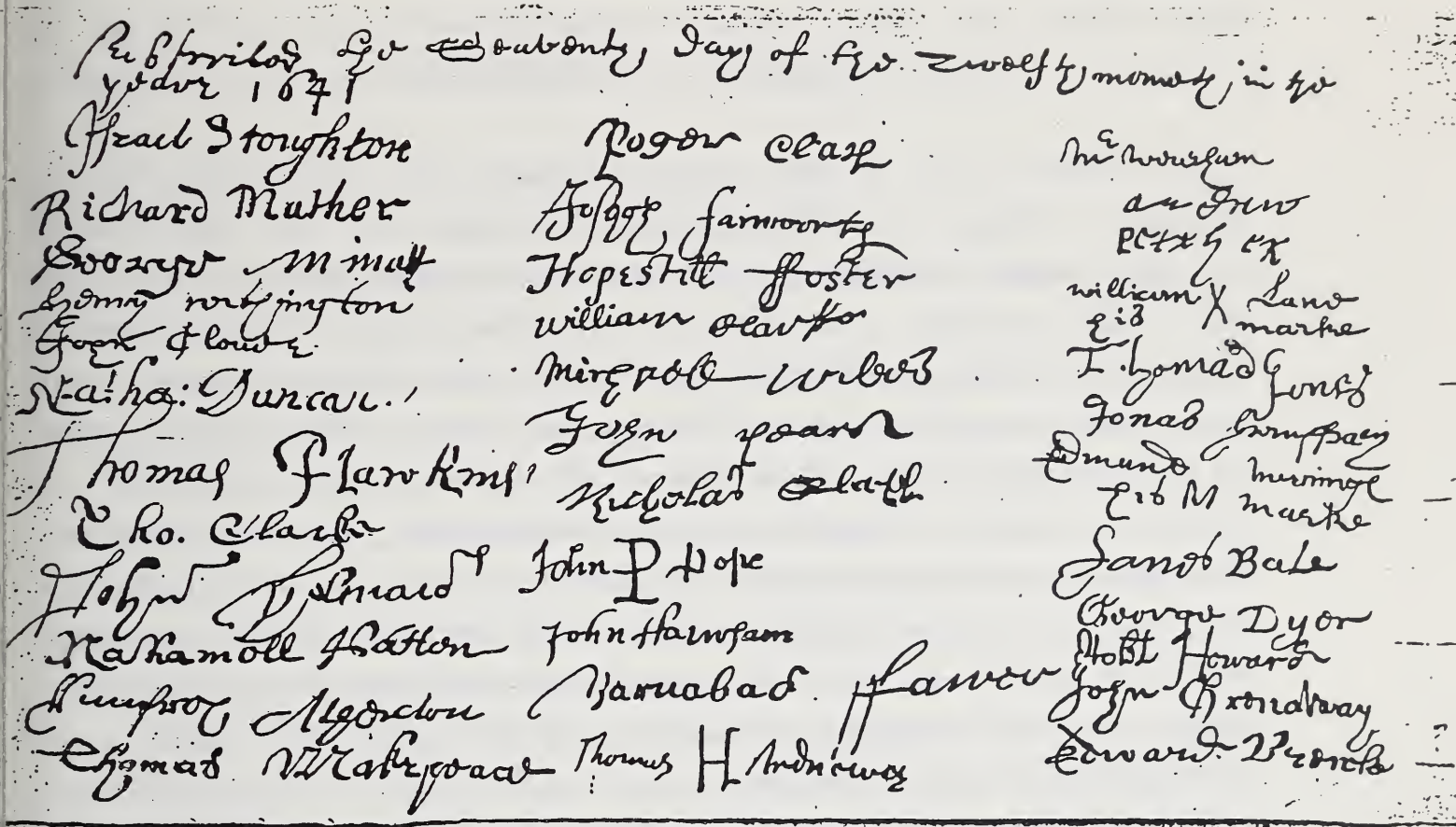
We sing:

Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received her frame -
From everlasting thou art God
To endless years the same.

These notes of things past show I have not divorced myself from the vicinity - for the old tales are repeated over and over again by the true Newburyporters to an audience that can correct any lapse in the portrayal.

My uncle Joseph moved to Illinois when he was twenty-five and died at eighty-six. The period of his life from 50 to 80 he made triennial visits back to his native heath. The last time he said he should not come again. Lawrence Dodge had built a house on Oldtown Hill and the change was too much for him. It was something that "was not done." It caused him to mourn that Newbury was following in the footsteps of Los Angeles! The "red" revolution had conquered the old town.

APPEMDIX F



Signatures on Document Conveying Thompson's Island to Dorchester, 1641. H. W. 's is first Row, no. 4.

APPENDIX G
SOME FAMILY STORIES

TED AND THE EATING CONTEST

Chilton Hall at the Forges, Plymouth, was the country home of Sherman L. Whipple, one of the great trial lawyers of his time. Built by Eben Jordan, a Boston Merchant prince, it was an enormous house with 30 or more bedrooms, a ballroom, billiard room, large living and serving rooms. The estate consisted of over 2,000 acres with its own trout pond, deer park, fish hatchery, dairy, hot houses, stables and a number of small tennant farms. It was here that Lothrop met Karkie for he spent one summer at The Forges as tutor to Sherman, Jr. Often the Paul Withingtons and Ted would motor to Chilton Hall for the weekend, for Mr. Whipple was the most hospitable of men. One year when Bishop and Mrs. Restarick were in the East, Mr. Whipple lent Constance and her parents a house on the estate for the summer, the house which later Lothrop and Karkie made over for themselves.

One weekend at Plymouth, someone suggested that we put Ted against Art Steadman, two great trenchermen, none better, to see which one could eat the most. Ted had had his dinner on the way down to The Forges, so it wasn't quite fair, but with his usual amiability he was game, so Daudie, Karkie, Lothrop, Paul and I and the two contestants repaired to the pantry and attacked the refrigerator which was filled with food and leftovers. The two boys set to and finished the contents of the icebox in no time. The dairy had sent up gallons of milk which the boys disposed of, pronto. Next they ate all the bread and butter in the pantry, but though they were looking a little blue around the gills, neither would give up. We bystanders opened up some of the canned goods in the storeroom and the contents disappeared in two voracious gullets. On and on they ate and we had to look around for more food to give the boys. We found an apple pie which the cook had mistakenly baked with cayenne pepper instead of cinnamon and had put aside. This we offered to Ted and Art. They were still game and started in on the pie, each mouthful going down slower and slower. Paul, at this point, fearing that such gorging might have serious results, called the contest a tie

and took Ted out on the grounds and made him run up and down. The next day, neither boy seemed any the worse for their indulgence and Paul was of the opinion that it was the cayenne pepper in the pie which saved them from the misery which might have been expected.(CRW)

HOW TED KICKED THE GOAL

In the Penn State-Harvard Football Game of 1914

Harvard under the coaching of Percy Haughton was in the 'teens the great football power of the country, but in the Penn State-Harvard game of 1914, the Harvards found themselves trailing 13-6 with only one or two minutes to play. The Crimson, having possession of the ball at midfield, called the famous "54" play - a trick play that took the ball around the end and down the sidelines. It worked and the score was now 13-12 and a point after would tie the game.

Today, this point after is almost automatic, what with kicking specialists, but in 1914, it was another matter. The scoring team was allowed a free place kick from any point directly back of the point where the ball had been taken over the goal line and in this instance this was right on the side lines, making it an almost impossible angle. The opposing team lined up along the goal line and could charge the kicker and the ball at the moment the kicker indicated he was ready. Then to make things more difficult the regular kicker was out of the game and under 1914 rules, once one had left the game, he was out until the next half, or in this case, he could never return. What a predicament for the Crimson.

Volunteers were called for and Ted immediately stepped forward, took the ball and called for clay to act as a tee. Placing the tee back far enough to minimize the angle, Ted placed the ball carefully on top of it. Paul and Lothrop were on the bench as assistant coaches. They looked at each other and mutually agonized: "What in hell ever makes brother Ted think he can kick the goal? He is only a substitute and has never tried one before. If he misses (which he is bound to do) the reputation of the Withington name, which we have spent years developing, will be ruined in one instant."

But back to Ted. Having placed the ball on the tee, he walked back a few yards, turned and stood still preparatory to kicking the ball. He started to raise his hand, which to the thousands in the stands meant he was signaling the referee he was ready. There wasn't a sound in the stadium except perhaps that of thousands of pounding hearts. Never was a crowd so wrong. Rather than running at the ball, Ted walked up to it slowly, looked at it with an engineer's eye and adjusted it about one thousandth of an inch, looked at it again and once more took his position.

Again the stadium croud took a deep breath. Once more Ted started to raise his hand. Again instead of running at the ball, he walked up to it slowly. Once again he made a small adjustment. Once more he walked back to the kicking position. Once again he raised his hand, but this time it was "for real." As he came forward, the Penn State team, on signal from the referee, charged. Before they could block the ball, Ted had kicked it. Paul and Lothrop covered their eyes with their hands and bowed their heads. Then came a roar which could mean only one thing: Ted had kicked the goal!

Later on, one of the two older brothers asked Ted how he dared to volunteer to kick the goal, especially when it was at an almost impossible angle? Ted's answer was quite simple. "I have been practicing, secretly." Never once did Ted ever admit that there was any chance of failure.

Ted's goal is one of the great stories of Harvard football annals and is still remembered. In 1931, Barry Wood, a two-time All American, drop kicked the 20th and tying point in the last minute of a game in which the Army was highly favored. This was compared in the press with Ted's. Also in the famous 29-29 tie with Yale in 1969, tying "points after" were made after the last gun had sounded, and was considered to be the third of the series of great "points after" in Harvard history.

Ted enjoyed telling the story. At the Thanksgiving dinners in Honolulu in 1935 and '36 and perhaps '37, he told it by popular demand and each succeeding year that I heard it, the time it took to tell grew longer and the suspense greater and greater. It was so well told one could never tire of hearing it.(HRW)

THE TWO PAUL WITHINGTONS

As the reader is aware D.L.W.'s classmate in the 1874 class at Harvard was Charles Francis Withington. The latter became a doctor and had three sons and a daughter. The two older sons were Sydney, who became the chief electrical engineer for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and Robert, who was the beloved professor of English at Smith College. The youngest of the sons was Paul Richmond. All three of the sons went to Harvard, the last, Paul R. in the class of 1912. Thus he was a sophomore in the Fall of 1909 when Paul stayed over to play football. Paul R. was a runner - long distance and cross country - and on the morning of the 1909 Harvard-Yale football game he ran in the Harvard-Yale cross country meet, coming in second or third. That afternoon Paul played sixty minutes of football against Yale in which the team lost four to nothing. But what most impressed what today we call the media was that Paul Withington ran the cross country in the morning and that afternoon played sixty minutes of football - the iron man! It should be mentioned that Paul R. held both the national intercollegiate and Harvard two mile record for a number of years.

Due to the fact that Paul hadn't graduated until (January) 1910, Paul R. was now only two years behind Paul when he entered the Harvard Medical School. Paul thus graduated in 1914 and Paul R. in 1916, but Paul took time off from interning by going to Europe with the Harvard Unit. This put him back another year, so that when Paul R. started his internship at Boston City Hospital there were two Paul Withingtons! So the confusion continued.

Then came World War I and both were members of the Army Medical Corps. the only difference being that Paul was one rank higher and was married with a son. Then the confusion began. Paul began to received love letters from an Anglo-Irish girl in England and Constance began to receive the pay alotment for a first lieutenant and not for a captain. The matter was finally cleared up with the end of the war and Paul R. married the girl and Paul went to Washington to clear up the pay. The Army Paymaster General said they had had more trouble with the two Paul Withingtons than all the John Smiths put together.

There was one benefit, however. Dr. Paul Withington of Milton,

Massachusetts could refer all his patients who were going to Honolulu to Dr. Paul Withngton and vice versa.

There is sort of a sequel to the story of the two Paul Withingtons. In the class of 1975 at Harvard were two Paul Withingtons: Paul Withington II(a), son of H.R.W. and grandson of Paul I, and Paul Tucker Withington, son of Paul (II) Withington and grandson of Lothrop II. And for one year they roomed together! For several years H.R.W. received mail addressed to Paul T. Withington, but it was all "junk mail" and no checks. Fortunately there have been no other mix ups between the two second cousins. (HRW)

THE BLONDE CAPTIVE

When in 1929 when PW I accepted Dr. Porteus' invitation to go with him to study the Australian aborigine in his native habitat, two Army photographic officers proposed that they go along to take movies of the expedition. Porteus thought this an excellent idea, but unfortunately the Army refused to allow the officers to go, but Ralph King, a Hawaiian born Hollywood cameraman with a national reputation, offered his services. They were accepted. King estimated that it would cost about $10,000 and Paul raised this by borrowing some from Walter Dillingham, one of the most prominent businessmen in Hawaii, and by an investment by Atherton Richards, a vice president of Castle and Cooke and later to be president of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company (Dole).

The basic part of the story as to their picture taking is told in the biographical sketch of Paul in chapter IX, but the interesting sequel is when the film was taken to Hollywood for processing by King. After the film had been viewed by several studios, Educational Films offered to buy it for about $20,000, thus Atherton would double his money, Walter paid back and Paul with 25% interest would get $5000. King, however, recommended a second course of action. For a few thousand dollars more the film could be turned into full length picture by adding a theme - the Blonde Captive. In one of King's shots of the aborigines in their native state the head "honcho" was wearing a pair of wommen's white panties. Thus came the brilliant idea for a plot that revolved

around an expedition with explorers searching for a "Blonde" who had been shipwrecked on the Australian coast and presumably was being held captive by the natives who very possibly might be cannibals. Atherton, who had the most invested, agreed to put up the money. A suitable blonde was found and shots of her and the natives (American blacks) were taken in Baja California where the terrain was similar to that in King's Australian pictures. Once this was done King advised his Honolulu backers that Columbia Pictures, one of the biggest of motion picture companies, would distribute it for 50% of the gross and would get Lowell Thomas, the most popular radio newscaster to narrate it. One must remember that sound was still new in 1929, in fact sound was still in its experimental period. The plot was enlarged so that the picture opens with Dr. P. Withington, famous explorer, talking about his expedition to darkest Australia to find the Blonde Captive to fellow members of the Explorers Club in New York. From there it switches to Australia and finally to finding the Blonde through the discovery of the native black wearing the white panties.

The next word from Hollywood was that Columbia was turning the picture over to one of its subsidiaries for national and international distribution for 50% of the gross receipts. As Atherton Richards had the most invested, it was he who called the shots and he agreed to the arrangement. The picture, "The Blonde Captive," opened in New York at, I believe, no less a movie palace than the Paramount. Columbia offered P. W. a considerable amount of money if he would be present at the opening to give a talk about his adventures in Australia, emphasizing that the whole story was true. This he refused to do.

The next few months every issue of Variety was eagerly perused since it contained the figures on the gross earned by every film. Each week the figures rose for "The Blonde Captive," until it reached over $1,600,000. This would mean that the ½ of a ½ would amount to some $400,000 and P.W.'s ¼ of that would be a nice $100,000. This would pay off all his debts and pay for Restarick's and David's education. But no money was forthcoming from the Columbia subsidiary until one day in the mail was a check for $667.67.

In 1934 when Paul was on East for his 25th Harvard class reunion he talked to Lothrop about it and he suggested that Paul contact John

Reynolds, a lawyer in New York, who had played football with Paul and was Restarick's godfather. This he did. John Reynolds said that the Honolulu group had a good case. But it would cost a lot of money to sue as the movie company could afford to drag the case on for years in the process of determining what all the clauses of the contract meant. As neither P.W. nor Atherton felt that it was worth the gamble, the thing was dropped. H.R.W. saw the film, Blonde Captive and all, in 1933 at a special showing at the Harvard Club of Boston.

This movie contract business is apparently tricky - James Garner recently sued his studio for millions of dollars for what they owed him based on his contractual guaranteed percentage of the profits. The studio claimed there were no profits!(HRW)

MAID OF ATHENS - BACKWARDS!

When Paul, Constance and Lothrop returned from England in 1914 after rowing at Henley there were several famous theatrical people on board including the prima donna, Maggie Tate. As was the custom on trans-Atlantic voyages, one of the last nights was devoted to voluntary performances by the passengers. Madame Tate, of course, did her thing as did CRW, who sang Hawaiian songs accompanying herself on an ukulele. Among the songs she sang was the then popular "Honi Ka Ia'u Wikiwiki" (Kiss me quick). As she had a pleasing voice, it was well accepted. Then it was Paul and Lothrop's turn. After taking their place on the stage, they announced that they would sing Byron's "Maid of Athens" after which they would do something that no others had ever attempted; they would sing "Maid of Athens" BACKWARDS!"

Accompanied by CRW, playing as loudly as she could, the two brothers broke into song:

Maid of Athens 'ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart
And hear my vow before I go,
Zoe mou, sas agapo.

Immediately after the "agapo" the two with military precision did a right about face and with their backs to the audience sang it again. They brought down the house.

THE LITTLE HOUSE ON LITTLE'S LANE
NEWBURY MASSACHUSETTS

In 1940 I spent a month at Magnolia and as usual on my trips to Massachusetts, I went on a pilgrimage to Newbury, Newburyport and York, Maine. I dropped in on the then occupants of the Little House on Little's Lane in Newbury, the Misses Abigail and Eliza Little. They were about age 90 and 87 and of the same generation as my grandfather David Little Withington. The elder was ill in bed, but the younger was up and about. I was welcomed as always like a member of the family and had a most enjoyable visit. In early 1940 Ripley's "Believe it or Not" had a drawing of this house with the caption that it was the oldest house in America still owned and occupied by the descendants of the original owners and that this was its 300th anniversary. During the conversation I mentioned Ripley, but Cousin Eliza immediately explained that Ripley was in error. She said that the stone part of the house was built in 1640 all right, but by Mr. John Spencer, not by a Little. As he was a member of the gentry, he was wealthy enough to build of stone, while the entrance way was constructed of brick brought over as ballast. The house had then been sold to the Pierces and there were several other owners before Edward Little bought the property in 1851. Then Cousin Abigail added that Mr. Ripley had confused their Little house with that of "the other Littles who live on the farm on the Lower Road and are <u>your</u> close cousins." By "close" she wanted to imply that "the other Littles" were more closely related to me than to their branch of the Little family who were close cousins of Elizabeth Little Withington through her mother Sarah, while the others were through her father Tristram.

The "other Littles" have owned their farm since 1640, but the original house burned down in the early 19th century. Justin Little (now deceased) in 1980 told HRW that the property had been in the same family longer than any other in the 13 original colonies. Although he had been challenged by someone in Dedham, Massachusetts, they did not have any proof. (In 1986 a new sign in front of the house reads: "1645"!)

In 1970 I again dropped by The House and found that the occupants, and owners were Miss Amelia Little and Miss Agnes Little, nieces of the former old ladies, who were most cordial. We took pictures of them and

The House and they confirmed its history as had been told to me by the Misses Abigail and Eliza. Miss Amelia a few years ago deeded the house and farm to the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, because, as she said, "None of the present generation of Littles want to live in a museum". I have always called on Miss Amelia every time I was East and she has presented me with a copy of Solomon's Song and several pamphlets of family interest. The last time I saw her was in 1986 when I went on for Harvard's 350th anniversay celebration. I learned of her death in 1987. She was over 90.(HRW)

There is a sequel to this story. This morning (5/12/89) as I was proofreading this story a letter arrived from my daughter Sally, whose office is on Beacon Hill and is a past president of the Beacon Hill Association, that contained a copy of the May issue of The Beacon Hill News. The entire front page, which included an excellent picture, was about "The House." The headline read: "SPNEA Acquires National Treasure in Newbury." The article announced that the J. Paul Getty Trust in Los Angeles had given $250,000, which was matched by more than twice that amount from The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities to conserve the historic house that is officially called the Spencer-Pierce-Little House. The article states that the first owner of the property, Mr. John Spencer, who arrived in Ipswich and Newbury in 1635, did not build the house, but that it was constructed by Colonel Daniel Pierce, who bought the property in 1651. Its particular "style" which was "most likely brought to New England after 1689" and the "fact that limestone deposits (for the making of mortar) were discovered in Newbury in 1697 (are) strong circumstantial evidence that the house was built after that date." As the house is built of stone and mortar added to the fact that the house is mentioned in Colonel Pierce's will in 1701 places the construction of the house between 1697 and 1701. The article concludes with: "When it is opened to the public, it will be one of SPNEA's most important museum houses, where visitors will be able to explore three centuries of history in one continuously inhabited and farmed property."

So everybody was wrong! But not necessarily. No mentioned is made that there were two John Spencers and two Daniel Pierces. The Mr. John

Spencer left apparently for England in the late 1630's due to the Roger Williams-Anne Hutchinson fracas, leaving his affairs in the hands of his namesake and nephew. It was Mr. (not colonel) Daniel Pierce who bought the property, but it was his son Colonel Daniel Pierce whose will is dated 1701. Joshua Coffin in his history of Newbury quotes the court files of January 1679 in which Anthony Somerby alleges:

". . . that about 1651 or 52 I was at the farm yt Mr. John Spencer sold to Mr. Daniel Pierce in Newbury. . . . Mr Pierce did cut off a twigge off a tree, and cut up a turfe, and Mr. Spencer took the twigge and stuck it into the turfe, and bid us bear witness that he gave Mr. Pierce possession thereby of the house and land and farme that he had bought of him . . ."* However, it was Joshua Coffin's opinion that the stone house was not built until at least thirty years after ". . . the incorporation of the town. (1635 plus 30 = 1685) It was at one time used as a safe place to store the town's powder, and on one occasion one of Mr. Pierce's slaves placed a lighted candle on a keg of powder . . . which blew out one side of the house . . . ."

*". . . according to the time honored forms of conveyance by the key of the fort and by turf and twig, with a porringer containing the water and soil of the river." (Charles M. Andrews in volume 3 of his Colonial Period of American History when describing the sale of Pennsylvania to William Penn by the Duke of York in 1682)

APPENDIX H

CIVIL WAR REMINISCENCES OF MARIETTA DENNETT WITHINGTON

(Arranged by Margaret A. & Frederic B. Withington)

I was born in 1854 - that was the year of the birth of the Republican Party. My birthplace was Kittery in the state of Maine. In Kittery and its neighboring towns a man's political views were of much importance, for on an island at the mouth of the Piscataqua River between Kittery and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, lay the Kittery Navy Yard, now called the Portsmouth Navy Yard. This yard employed hundreds of men in the construction and repair of its wooden vessels, and the dominant political party always rewarded its supporters by "jobs on the yard."

My earliest recollections of the events, preceeding the Civil War, are some incidents which happened in 1858 when I was four years old. My Father's brothers and intimate friends often met in our home for the discussion of current events. My maternal Grandfather, Mark Dennett, and an authority on points of history and law, usually joined them. Father, Grandfather and one or two others were conservative Democrats. The other men had been Whigs, but were now ardent supporters of the new Republican Party. In the discussions of 1858 I heard the words "Lincoln," "Douglas," and "Debate" so often that I named my three kittens for them. A new word also attracted my attention - "slavery." My father and grandfather abhorred slavery and were opposed to its extension into the new states. They hoped for the future abolishment of it at an early date, but they were strong in the belief of states rights and felt that the subject must be handled with great care. The new Republicans were strong abolitionists.

I had a child's intuition of some change in our friends. Instead of the merry faces and pleasant talk, there were serious looks and high voices. One evening my father rose from his chair, struck the table with his fist and in a very loud, excited voice, exclaimed, "You will plunge our country into Civil War!" I thought he was very wicked, and running up to him, I stamped my little foot, and cried out. "Father,

stop!" My father looked at me and in a stern tone said, "My daughter, go right away from here." In all my life Father had not spoken a cross word to me. I was heart-broken and ran out of the room to Mother, and sobbed myself to sleep in her loving arms. My entrance into politics was a sad failure!

It must have been more than a year later when, on a cold winter night, I looked out of the window and saw a number of queerly dressed figures waving flaring torches and shouting at the top of their voices. I was frightened, but Mother laughed and said, "They will not hurt us. They are the Know-Nothings; some of them are our neighbors and they have dressed up partly for fun and because they wish to tell people that they want our country kept just as it is and do not wish people from other countries to come here." I was comforted but for many years I could not hear the word "Know-Nothing" without a shiver. "America for Americans" - that narrow thought which was responsible for the A.P.A., the Klu Klux Klan and similar organizations.

I well remember the election of Lincoln (November 6, 1860), because of the jubilant shouts of the Republicans and the grave faces of my father and grandfather. Before Abraham Lincoln was seated in the presidential chair (March 4, 1861), I had learned two new words, "secession" and "Jeff Davis."

Then came a dark day, April 12, 1861, (I think it was a pleasant spring day) but it has always seemed to me that black clouds covered the sky. A neighbor, who had been to Portsmouth early in the morning, rode up the long lane to Grandfather's house shouting, "Fort Sumter has been fired upon!" All day men drove up the lane to talk with Grandpa. Sometimes their women folks came too. The men walked about outside; their faces were sad and their voices low. Inside the house the women whispered and some cried, "This must mean war, and war means what?"

Three days later, April 15, 1861, President Lincoln called for 75,000 men to volunteer for three months. None of our men who had families volunteered, but the unmarried business men and the boys just out of school were more than ready to join the army. They had the confidence of youth and boastfully said, "We're bound for Richmond and we don't need ninety days to lick those rebels!"

I remember nothing of the war until another dark night dawned. The

Battle of Bull Run was fought July 21st. The South called it the Battle of Manasses. The Northern Army started out with high hopes but strong reinforcements from the South came up and our army was badly beaten and exhausted and, terrified, retreated in almost a panic. The news of Bull Run reached Kittery a day or two later, but instead of sadness, there was fear and shame and indignation and everyone seemed to blame a different thing - the government, the officers, or the cowardly men.

This battle showed both North and South that the war was not to be a short and easy one. President Lincoln at once saw the need of more men for a longer term of service, and Congress granted him authority to do this.

Regiment after regiment joined the national army, and everywhere was heard the new song:

"We're coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand strong."

About this time I had a thrilling experience. The second New Hampshire regiment was leaving Portsmouth, and Father and Mother allowed me to go with them to see it. It was in the evening, and we drove along the dark country road over the dimly-lighted toll bridge across the Piscataqua and then into the brilliantly-lighted city, to me a wondrous sight, for I had not seen a city at night. It was brilliantly lighted for that time, but the lights were kerosene lamps and would make a very poor showing today. The streets were crowded, but Father found standing room and took me on his shoulder. Soon we heard a band in the distance. How many bands there were, and how stirring their music! How many men there were with their smiling, brave faces, wearing their new dark-blue uniforms, bright with gold buttons! How many bright new flags were floating over them! As they marched along, cheer after cheer arose from the enthusiastic crowds! But here and there a mother or a wife was weeping. And well they might, for many of those brave faces never came back. And the flags soiled and tattered, hang among the relics of the past.

My grandmother, Meriam Pettegrew Dennett, was quite ill in 1862 and we moved to the big farm. (I presume this is the "Garrison House" and farm on Dennett Road in Kittery, which was built between 1700 and 1710. It was given this name since it was used as a fort for protection

against the Indians. It was restored by the late Cousin Ralph Dennett, whose great grandfather was Mark. On the death of Cousin Ralph it was inherited by his two sons, Armistead and William. I believe the former lives there now. On the property is a small graveyard separated from the main farm by a new road where Mary Dennett Paul is buried along with a number of infant siblings. To see at what a young age so many of them died is very saddening).

In that year the effects of the war began to be felt in our every day life - prices rose higher and higher, my dresses were let down and turned, but there were no new ones. Mother and her friends wore their last year's clothes. White flour was very high and we ate bread made from the corn and barley grown on the farm. We all ate brown sugar except old Sally Garter, who did our washing. She had a delicate stomach and brown sugar made her sick, so Grandmother bought a very small quantity of white sugar for her, and I looked longingly at the tempting lump she dropped into her tea.

Early in the year I had a lesson in finance. Among my cherished treasures, was a little iron bank which I could open with a key. As I was the only child in a large family circle, my bank was filled with silver and gold pieces. Early each morning I crept out of bed and opening my bank spread out the pretty coins on my bed and enjoyed them, just as a miser gloats over his hoard. One morning I went to the bureau as usual and opened my bank. It was empty. Grandfather, in family prayers had read something like this: "Where thieves break through and steal. . ." "That's what has happened," I thought. "Thieves have stolen my money." Then Mother came to call me, I was standing in my nightgown gazing in horror at my empty bank. "My darling," said Mother, "let me tell you about it. Our President hopes that everybody will lend his gold and silver to help win the war. Father is giving all his money and he thought you would like to help your country too, so he took your money so early this morning that he did not wish to wake you. Our government will give you a pretty piece of paper with a bright green back which will tell you how much money you loaned and will promise to pay back in gold bye and bye." (First issue of green backs - February 1862.) I was very unpatriotic; I had no wish to lend my money to the government; I didn't care for any pretty green paper money; and, I was

very cross at Father for robbing me. It was long years before I again handled gold and silver, and the little bank was never refilled.

In the spring of 1862, we began to play a new game, "Monitors and Merrimacks." The rebels had taken an old vessel, the Merrimack, and on its hull had built an iron house with its eaves under water and its bow an iron beak. One day, March 8, 1862, this queer iron house appeared in Hampton Roads, Virginia, and sank one of our vessels, destroyed another, and damaged a third. The next day a still queerer vessel anchored off Hampton Roads. This was the Monitor, a vessel made of iron whose sides were about two feet above water and whose armor extending far beyond the hull protected her from shots and shells, a revolving iron turret carried two great guns. The next day when the Merrimack (which the South had named Virginia, but still better known as the Merrimack) came out the two vessels engaged in battle, and after four hours of fighting the Merrimack was driven back to Norfolk Navy Yard. All along the Atlantic coast people were startled, and day after day watched the horizon to give warning if the Merrimack should come. My boy cousins whittled out a fleet of little Monitors and Merrimacks and in the spring puddles or the big pond we had daily battles and of course the Monitors won. These incidents made a change in naval architecture, and wooden vessels gave way to ironclads.

Shortly after my eighth birthday, September 15, 1862, came the Emancipation Proclamation (September 22, 1862 - to go into effect January 1st, 1863). I had read Uncle Tom's Cabin and I was so happy that President Lincoln was to set all the slaves free.

In the fall of 1862 I had a new war experience. Valencia had enlisted! Valencia Goodwin was the son of a minister "way down in Maine" and like many another boy at seventeen he had grown tired of school and wished to earn his own money. Mr. Goodwin had begged my grandfather to let his boy work on the farm, so Valencia had become a member of our household. He was my good friend, he made all sorts of toys with his jackknife, hunted wild bees' nests to get me honey in winter, and carried me on his shoulders through the snow to see the newborn lambs at the sheep barn. Now he had enlisted and was going to the war. A number of other Kittery boys had enlisted and our whole school went to the depot to see them start. When the conductor shouted,

"All aboard!" Valencia kissed me goodbye and I put my arms about his neck and cried bitterly, "You are going to be killed and I shall never see you again!" Valencia was not killed, but he was badly wounded and was sent home to his father and a few years later died from the effects of those wounds. I had said truly that I should never see him again.

On January 1st, 1863, all the slaves were set free. I remember an old song:

Our praise an t'anks! De Lord He come
To set de people free.
An' Massa t'ink it the day ob doom
An' we of Jubilee!
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves,
He jus' as strong as den;
He say de word, We las' night slaves,
Today de Lord's free men.

(Note: The Emancipation Proclamation in actuality did not free a single slave. It declared that all slaves in areas still in rebellion were free. The Union government could go no further in freeing slaves because the loyal border states like Maryland, which surrounded Washington, still had legal slavery, might themselves secede. The main benefit of the Proclamation was the psychological effect it had on world opinion - a Union victory meant the end of slavery in the United States)

The year of 1863 cast a dark shadow upon my young life. Mother had been been very ill and on the 22nd of March she died - "my beautiful loving mother." Uncle Joseph and Aunt Julia stayed with Father and me for a time, but later I lived with Aunt Alice Dennett Burnham in Newburyport, Massachusetts, and Father planned to rent our dear home. This great change in our lives - without mother - drove off all thoughts of the war. Little by little, however, the neighbors began to drop in to talk with Father and Uncle Joseph.

Early in May news came of the defeat of our army (the army of the Potomac) at Chancellorsville, Virginia. The men seemed to have lost the art. "We can never win this war," one said, but a little later they all were rejoicing at the death of Stonewall Jackson. I knew Jackson, for had I not recited "Barbara Frietchie" with great feeling!

"Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight."

"The Fourth" of '63 was not a happy one. It was my last day at home and I was bidding goodbye to all my pets. For three days there had been hard fighting at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Word had come to us that morning that our army had won a victory but with great number of casualties - about 50,000 out of 165,000 total men of both sides. We had friends in that army of the Potomac. Were they living or dead?

On the fifth of July, Aunt Alice and I took the morning train for Newburyport. All the passengers on the train were talking of Gettysburg, and Conductor Cram told Aunt Alice what he had heard in Boston the day before. I was much more interested in Lillian, my new doll. This doll was as big as a small baby; it had long wooden legs, large kid arms, and a head made of some sort of plaster on which very black hair and very blue eyes were painted; and it was dressed in the very latest fashions. Years after, I gave this doll away, but it should have had a place in some wartime museum.

Newburyport was a quiet city of 15,000 people, but to me it seemed a different thing. In the country we spoke of the rebel army, in Newburyport, of the Confederate army. I had entered the fourth grade of the grammar school, and whenever word came of a victory, the church bells pealed out joyously and every school in the city had a half holiday. But after a defeat, the bells tolled and our teacher was sad and we all felt depressed and sorry that we could not have a holiday.

I remember a victory about Thanksgiving of 1863 (November 23-25), because I heard two odd words: "Chat-ta-noo-ga" and "U. S. Grant," which I supposed meant "United States" Grant. I heard a great deal of talk about the draft in 1863. So many men had been killed that the army was weakened and must be filled up by new soldiers. Men were not enlisting as they had earlier, and Congress had given power to the government to draft men into the army. It was an extremely unpopular measure. In some places there were riots when the draft was enforced. Rich men who were drafted often paid a substitute to go for them, but this was considered quite unpatriotic. Later, the different states in order to fill out their proportion of (quota) men, paid large bounties to men who would enlist, and the draft was not much used.

On New Year's day of 1864, my own friends seemed much more cheerful. I was now old enough really to understand the "war talk," and to study the war maps. The victory of Chattanooga was a hopeful sign. The resources of the South were failing; Confederate paper money was worth next to nothing; the Northern soldiers used to buy ten dollar bills for a few cents and send them home as war curiosities and we pasted them in our scrap books; the Confederate army was badly fed and poorly clothed. Gen. U.S. Grant was gaining the confidence of the North and on March 3, 1864 was made commander-in-chief of the Union armies Early in the spring, General Grant and General Sherman agreed on a plan which they hoped would end the war. General Robert E. Lee, the head of the Confederate armies and a very able man, held Richmond and the country south of it. General Johnston held the country south and east of Chattanooga. Grant was to drive Lee from Richmond and Sherman was to march against Johnston, conquer his forces, and then make his way to the sea.

On the 4th of May, Grant telegraphed Sherman to begin his march, and on the same day Grant started for Richmond through the "wilderness," a very wild country north of Richmond. This was indeed the beginning of the end of the war, but it took nearly a year of the hardest kind of fighting to reach the end.

For a month Grant moved on through the wilderness until he reached Cold Harbor, not far from Richmond (June 3, 1864). It had been a victorious march, but on it 60,000 Union men were killed or wounded.

The loss of so many men cast a great gloom over the North. More and more soldiers had to be sent to fill the vacant places. On July 18th, President Lincoln called for 500,000 more men. The effects of the war were more keenly felt everywhere, even in the little city of Newburyport. Whenever I went to the post office for our letters (there was no mail delivered in those days), I had to pass by a man with no legs, sitting in a wheel chair selling candy. I always met one or two men on crutches and one with an empty coat sleeve. Another man had an eye shot out, and one had no nose. After one of the battles in the wilderness, President Lincoln had cried out with great pain, "Twenty thousand poor souls sent to their account in one day; I cannot bear it." Grant felt that this was the only way to end the war quickly and wrote

to President Lincoln: "Our losses have been very heavy, as well as those of the enemy, but I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." This courageous message gave us hope and the last words became a war classic: "I propose to fight it out on this line."

Lee was so firmly entrenched behind the fortifications at Richmond that Grant, after the battle of Cold Harbor, moved southward to Petersburg, hoping to draw General Lee into open battle. But Lee had other plans. Early in July 1864, he sent General Early, one of his ablest men, to raid the Shenandoah Valley and to seize Washington.

Early, with a force of 10,000 infantry and 4000 cavalry came within six miles of Washington, but was driven back and withdrew into the Shenandoah Valley, where he seized thousands of horses and cattle as supplies for the Confederate army. Later in the month, Early made a second raid and rode into Pennsylvania, setting fire to Chambersburg. These raids terrified the people of Washington and roused grave fears in the whole North. We hurried home from school on those days for fear that some of Early's horsemen had reached Newburyport.

On the seventh of August, Grant sent General Phil Sheridan with 40,000 men to stop Early's army that had been reinforced. The two forces met at Winchester, Va. and Early was defeated. Sheridan drove him up the valley and followed as far as Cedar Creek, destroying everything so as to cut off supplies from the Confederate Army. Sheridan was called to Washington for consultation. When he reached Winchester on his return, he heard the roar of cannon in the distance. Mounting his famous black horse, Rienzi, he rode furiously in the direction of the noise and before long he met some of his own men retreating as fast as possible. They told him that Early had surprised the Union Army at Cedar Creek and that they had fled in a panic. Waving his cap as he rushed on, he called, "Face the other way, men we are going back!" The men wheeled about, cheering, and hurried after him. Sheridan galloped on for 20 miles, dashing through fields and jumping fences, always shouting to the retreating men, "Turn back, boys!" The army was quickly re-formed and Sheridan rode down the line that all his men might see him, and encouraged by the leader they trusted so well, they fought fiercely and drove Early with his shattered army out of the valley. This put an end to raids in the direction of Washington. It was thought to have been

the most brilliant campaign of the war. Rienzi, Sheridan's horse, lived until 1878. His skin was stuffed and sent to the military museum on Governor's Island, New York City. (Now in the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C.) About this time a poem called, "Sheridan's Ride," was written. This was a favorite "piece" for the boys to speak in class at school.

My memory brings back to me so many incidents connected with the war in 1864. Earlier in my story I said that on May 4th, when Grant started on his march through the wilderness, Sherman started on his march to conquer Johnston and then to make his way to the Atlantic coast. I think the girls of our school were more interested in Sherman's march to the sea than in Sheridan's thrilling ride. Our girlish imaginations pictured the long line of "bluecoats" winding in and out among the mountains, drenched to the skin by the dismal rains of that season, lying down to sleep in puddles of water, for they could carry no tents, and dying by scores from fatigue and exposure. There were some sharp battles but Johnston could not check Sherman's advance. As the Confederates fell back, they burned all bridges and tore up the railroad tracks, but Sherman's men rebuilt them and pushed on. "Jeff" Davis was angry at Johnston's retreat and gave his command to Hood, who engaged Sherman in several battles, which caused great losses on both sides. Still Sherman advanced, and, on September 2nd, 1864, took Atlanta, a city of great importance to the Confederacy, as their big machine shops, foundries and factories were there. Chattanooga is about a hundred miles from Atlanta and on that slow march, an average of three hundred men per mile were killed or wounded on each side.

After the capture of Atlanta, "Jeff" Davis ordered the Confederate army in Georgia to march against General Thomas at Nashville, Tennessee, for he felt sure that this move would cause Sherman to turn back to aid Thomas. This Sherman did not do, but sent word to Thomas to look out for himself. In November of 1864, Sherman cut all telegraph lines so that no one could know of his movements, and leaving Atlanta very suddenly, he set out for his march to the sea. For four weeks nothing was heard of Sherman's army. Think of the anxious hearts in the North! If a neighbor had been to Boston or if another had bought an "extra", we called out, "Any news from Sherman?" "Not a word," came back the reply.

Just before Christmas, President Lincoln got this message:

Savannah, Georgia
December 22, 1864

To His Excellency, President Lincoln
Washington, D.C.

I beg to present to you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition; also about twenty-five hundred bales of cotton.

W. T. Sherman, Major-General.

I well remember the ringing of the bells and the rejoicing all over the city at the safety and triumph of old "Bill Sherman." As soon as letters could get through, the newspapers were filled with stories of the march to the sea. I remember two, which amused the children. Sherman destroyed all the railroads as he went along. The rails were heated red hot in the middle; then two men grasped a rail at each end and twisted it round the nearest tree trunk, making what they jokingly called "Jeff Davis' neckties." The other was the story of thousands of negroes, men, women and children, following after the army, eating everything that was left, and singing their darkie songs of freedom. Although the Proclamation of Emancipation went into effect on January 1, 1863, the Confederate states paid no attention to it, and negroes did not dare claim their freedom except where Union troops were near to protect them. And a great number of slaves could not read and knew nothing of their freedom until the Northern soldiers told them of it. Many negroes enlisted in the Northern army when they learned of their freedom and made very good soldiers.

Soon after Sherman's "Christmas gift," Henry C. Work wrote "Marching through Georgia" and set the words to a lively air which at once caught the public ear. Newsboys whistled it, children sang it, bands played it, and at the close of formal social occasions the guests gathered about the piano or melodian and joined in the rousing chorus:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that made you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia."

The stories which I heard about this time of the Southern prisoners are too horrible to tell. The words Libby and Andersonville carried

terror to the hearts of Northern soldiers, most of whom would rather be killed than be taken to these prisons to endure the filth and disease, starvation and thirst and terrible cruelty. Libby was in Richmond, Va. It was originally a very large brick building, used as a warehouse for ship supplies. It was purchased by the Confederate government for an officer's prison, and thousands of men were confined there. Andersonville was in Georgia. It was a large enclosed area without shelter and at one time thirty-three thousand men were held prisoners within that enclosure. One-fourth of the men imprisoned there died. Five or six men from Newburyport and vicinity were languishing in these Southern prisons in 1864. One man, who had been a prisoner in Andersonville, was a great talker on all other subjects but on this was always silent. His experience was too deep for words. After the war the commandant at Andersonville, Henry Wirz, was tried by court martial and convicted of horrible cruelty in the treatment of Union prisoners and was hanged, November 10, 1865. Three personal friends of my family were in the Libby prison for a time and later were transferred to prisons further south. One of these men, speaking to his wife of a fellow prisoner said, "Had it not been for Henry, you would be a widow. We should have died from our sufferings and despondency but for his hopeful spirit. He was always planning an escape for tomorrow or the next week and telling us funny stories until he made us laugh."

They did escape from the prison at Columbia, South Carolina, but were recaptured and fared worse than ever. On March 1st, 1865, they were released on parole and as long as they lived they celebrated the anniversary of their release. They met at a hotel in Boston and with their wives as guests, ate a dinner big enough to make up for those days of starvation, A prisoner of war was released on parole on his given word that he would not rejoin the army.

The second election of Lincoln came in 1864 and I heard many discussions which were quite as lively as those of 1860. The regular Republicans and many northern Democrats felt that Lincoln must be reelected. I heard that good Democrat, my father, say, "There is no other man who can fill that place." Some abolitionists among the Republican party were dissatisfied with Lincoln and claimed that his policy towards slavery had been altogether too easy. These Radical

Republicans called a special convention and nominated John C. Fremont for president. (He was the Republican party's first nominee in 1856) Later prominent abolitionists, among them John G. Whittier, advised him to withdraw, which he did. The Democrats declared that the war had been a failure and at their convention in Chicago, nominated General George B. McClellan (who had been removed from command by Lincoln for his inexcusable failure to pursue Lee's exhausted army at Antietam), for president and George H. Pendleton of Ohio for vice-president. At the Republican convention held in Baltimore, June 8th, 1864, Lincoln's nomination was practically unanimous, with a platform that slavery must be destroyed. Andrew Johnson of Tennessee was nominated for vice president and in the light of history seems to have been unfortunate. Somewhere among my old time treasures may be found the campaign buttons of all three of these sides. (He was nominated because he was the only Unionist Southern Senator, yet a Democrat, who had remained loyal to the Union. Technically Lincoln ran on the Unionist ticket, not Republican)

Between his nomination and election, Lincoln became the object of many harsh speeches by malcontents of his own party. Once a friend asked Lincoln if he had read these. "I have not seen them nor do I care to," he replied. "Time will show whether I am right or they are right, and I am content to abide by its decision." Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "I feel like the Illinois farmer who was eating cheese. His son came in and exclaimed, 'Hold on, Dad, there's skippers in that cheese you're eating.' 'Never mind,' said the farmer, still munching the cheese, 'if they can stand it, I can!'"

The reelection of Lincoln defined the feeling of the country as a whole that this was to be an undivided nation and a nation without slavery. Preparations were made for war on a larger scale than ever before. Grant's army was increased by fresh recruits, and when the war ended in 1865, the muster rolls of the Union army showed over a million men. The three main divisions of the Union Army at the close of 1864 were: The Army of the Potomac in Virginia, the Army of the West in Tennessee, and Sherman's Army in the south.

My story of that year (1864) had left Grant with the Army of the Potomac encamped in front of Petersburg, Virginia. He had hoped by this move to draw Lee into open battle, but Lee instead had kept his main

army within that huge network of fortifications which stretched around Richmond and Petersburg, and had sent Early northward into the Shenandoah Valley to get supplies and to attempt the capture of Washington. You know how this plan had been spoiled by Phil Sheridan, who had driven the Confederates out of the Valley and destroyed all supplied which might help Lee's army. In November 1864, Sheridan had rejoined Grant near Petersburg.

For months Grant, with his army of well-fed, well-clothed men, waited before Petersburg, slowly but surely wearing out Lee's under-nourished army. The only source of supplies for this army was by the Danville Railroad which Grant hoped to capture and which Lee must defend at any cost. There was constant skirmishing along the lines and nearly every day a few men were lost from each side. In the Union army these vacant places were soon filled by fresh troops from the North, but the South had no recruits to send, for every able-bodied white man from 16 to 50 years in age was already in service.

While Grant was waiting before Petersburg, let us look up our old friend General Thomas, whom Sherman had told to look out for himself. Thomas did look out for himself, but he had a hard time doing it. On the march to Atlanta, Thomas was second in command and had aided in the capture of the city. When Sherman left Atlanta for the sea, he took over 50,000 "picked" men, leaving Thomas with a very small force of "trained" soldiers which he must reinforce as best as he could. As Thomas went back to Tennessee, he collected small detachments of soldiers which had been left by the way, and at Nashville, which he strongly fortified, he gathered together a motley mass of (almost 50,000) men from all points of the West.

Carrying out the order of President Jeff Davis, Gen. Hood, with about 25,000 men followed Thomas, and on December 3, 1864, encamped before Nashville. Thomas made ready for a big battle, but he had no horses for his cavalry, so he waited for supplied and when the cavalry men were ready, a big storm swept over the mountains, covering the roads with ice, and once again he waited. I remember how people grumbled and how newspapers sneered at the inefficiency and cowardice of Thomas. The war authorities at Washington grew impatient and finally, Grant, because of a bitter feeling against Thomas, sent General Logan to relieve him of

his command. Before Logan had time to reach Nashville, Thomas had attacked Hood, and after hard fighting of two day, December 15-16, 1864, had gained the most crushing victory of the war. Hood's army was completely ruined and the war in the West was practically ended.

While Grant waited weary months before Petersburg with his watchful eye upon every movement of Lee's army, and while Thomas drilled his crude army behind the fortifications of Nashville until he was fully prepared for battle, Sherman was constantly moving. These are reported as his own words: "Christmas found us at Savannah. Waiting there only long enough to fill our wagons, we began another march which for peril, labor, and results will compare with any ever made by an organized army."

The city of Charleston, South Carolina, was so strongly fortified that for nearly two years (500 days) it had held out against the bombardments of the Union fleet, but when Sherman's army entered the state, it surrendered - a city of ruins. I have already spoken of the capture of Columbia, the state capital of South Carolina, on that same day, February 17, 1865. The army had met with little resistance on its march across South Carolina, but large Confederate forces had gathered in North Carolina with Sherman's old enemy, Johnston, at the head. At Bentonville, North Carolina, on March 19, Johnston with about 21,000 men sharply attacked Sherman's left wing but withdrew with heavy casualties. Sherman, reinforced by "our friends" - Sherman's own expression - the XXIII Corps under General Schofield at Goldsboro, now had about 80,000 men. Leaving this strong force at Goldsboro, Sherman himself went north to consult with President Lincoln and General Grant. In my little black diary for 1865 I recorded a holiday for the surrender of Charleston and Columbia and another for the victory of Bentonville. President Lincoln had gone to City Point on the James River below Richmond, which was close to Grant's headquarters. There on the small steamer, The River Queen, Lincoln received Generals Grant and Sherman and discussed with them plans for the future.

From Sherman's report of conditions in the South and from his own observation of Lee's army, Grant felt sure the Confederate armies were badly weakened, and decided to make a move which should end the war. Phil Sheridan was given command of all the cavalry, and on March 29,

1865, he was sent out with this order from General Grant: "In the morning, rush around the enemy and get to his rear." On April 1, 1865, the big battle of Five Forks was fought and Lee was forced back with a loss of 5,000 men. Grant entered Petersburg on April 2, and on the morning of that day Lee telegraphed to Jeff Davis at Richmond: "My lines are broken in three places. Richmond must be evacuated this evening." President Davis was in Church when he received this message. He went out at once and, with the members of his cabinet, hastily left the city by special train. Soon the news spread that Richmond was to be abandoned, and the greatest confusion followed. People hurried from the city in all sorts of conveyances. A common wagon was worth a hundred dollars in gold. Four large tobacco houses were set on fire by the military authorities. Ships were blown up and bridges were burned. The next day, April 3, Union troops occupied the capital of the Confederacy.

Lee withdrew his army westward along the Appomattox River, but Grant and Sheridan followed so closely that his army was soon surrounded, and on April 7, he began a correspondnce with Grant, which ended in his surrender on April 9, 1865, at Appomattox Courthouse, seventy-five miles west of Richmond.

The story of Lee's surrender is touching. I quote from some old reports of it. When Grant had received Lee's letter, he arranged to meet Lee and to convey to him in person the terms of surrender. Lee directed one of his officers to find a suitable house for the conference. The place chosen was McLean's house, the best in the village. It was a brick house with elms and locust trees around it, and a cool veranda in front. The two generals, each attended by some of his officers, met in the parlor. They greeted each other with kindly courtesy and entered into a conversation about this experiences in the Mexican War. It was Lee who finally spoke of the subject of their meeting. Grant called for his orderly book, and seating himself at a small table, wrote his terms:

"Appomattomax St. H., Va, April 9, 1865

"General R. E. Lee
Commanding C. S. A.
General:

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you on the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of

Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The army, artillery, and the public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officers appointed to receive them. This will not embrace the sidearms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States' Authorities so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside

Very respectfully,

U. S. Grant, Lieutenant-General."

It is said that at the end of the words, "appointed by me to receive them" Grant raised his eyes, noticed Lee's beautiful sword and added, "This will not embrace the sidearms of the officers nor their private horses." When Grant had finished writing, he rose, and handed the book to Lee, who placed in on a table and slowly and carefully read every line. At the end, he looked into Grant's face and said, "This will have a very happy effect upon my army." Grant then said he would have the terms copied unless there were some suggestions. Lee said that both his cavalry and artillery men owned their horses and he would like to know if they would be allowed to retain them. Grant said that as the terms were written they would not allow this, but that as the war must be nearly over, he would instruct his officers to allow any men who owned a horse or mule to take it home with him, as they would need them for the spring plowing. While the terms were being copied, Lee told Grant that he wished to release the Union prisoners held by his army, as he had no provisions for them, nor for his own men. Grant directed his chief commissary, Morgan, to see that Lee's Army was fed. When the terms were copied and signed, the two great generals shook hands and Lee left the room. The next day Lee bade farewell to his faithful men. The army of Virginia was soon disbanded and the men left for their homes.

Lee was one of the noble men of American history. He was opposed to secession and disapproved of war, but he felt it his duty to stand by his native state and to protect the South from invasion.

About ten o'clock Sunday evening, April 9, 1865, the news of Lee's surrender reached Newburyport by telegraph. Aunt Alice and I were alone that night and were both fast asleep when the bells began to ring. Roused by the sound of the bells, which we thought were fire bells - for a number of years Newburyport had had a series of incendiary fires - we threw wraps about us and rushed to the window to see if our house were in danger. Our next door neighbor was leaning out from her window, her heart was purer than her English, "'Tain't no fire, 'tis peace , 'tis peace!" Just then a man ran by shouting, "Lee's surrendered! Lee's surrendered!" Soon, rockets shot up from all parts of the city, cannons roared, and public buildings were illuminated. By 12 o'clock the streets were filled with people singing and cheering until morning.

You may be sure we had no school on Monday, April 10. It was a general holiday. The city cadets and fire companies formed a procession and marched up and down the streets to lively music. Every house flung out its flag and the larger ones were beautifully decorated. One victory, however, seldom ends a war. There had been no official negotiations for peace between the United States and the Confederacy, and the opposing forces of Sherman and Johnston still held their positions in North Carolina. On the 14th of April, 1865, Johnston requested an armistice and on the 17th he and Sherman signed an agreement that was so easy on the Southerners that Grant was sent to Raleigh to break the news to Sherman that the terms must be the same as given to Lee. Johnston surrendered all over again on April 26th, when fighting practically ceased.

Let us turn back to the glad days of rejoicing which soon would be turned into mourning. On the 15th of April, 1865, came the terrible words, "President Lincoln has been assassinated." I cannot remember who told me, but I do remember that my heart seemed to stop beating, as did the heart of the whole North. I will tell the story as it had been given by Dr. William Barton, an able biographer of Lincoln.

After Lee's surrender, General Grant had gone to Washington, and Mrs. Lincoln had arranged a theatre party for Friday evening, April

14th, at which General and Mrs. Grant were to be guests. Laura Keene, a favorite New York actress, was playing "Our American Cousin" at Ford's theatre. The afternoon papers announced that "the President and his lady" and "the hero of Appromattox" would be at the theatre tonight. However, General and Mrs. Grant decided to leave for New Jersey early that evening. Major Rathbone and Miss Harris were asked to take their places. The President and his party reached the theatre at about nine o'clock. They were greeted with applause as they entered their box from the rear. The President sat down in a rocking chair which had been provided for him, and watched the comedy with keen enjoyment. About ten o'clock, John Wilkes Booth, an American actor and brother of the famous actor, Edwin Booth, quietly entered the box from the back and fired the fatal shot from a Derringer pistol. Major Rathbone grappled with the assassin, who drew a dagger and stabbed him in the arm. Booth shouted, "Sic semper tyrranis!" ("So be it always to tyrants!) and jumped from the box to the stage, but an American flag caught his spur and he fell and broke his leg. In spite of this, he escaped to the alley behind the theatre where a horse was awaiting him, and hurriedly left the city.

The President was taken to the Peterson lodging house nearby, opposite the theatre, to the room of a young man named Clark on the lower floor toward the rear of the house. Eminent surgeons were called, but the President never regained consciousness. President Lincoln was shot about ten o'clock in the evening of the 14th of April and died a little after seven o'clock on the morning of the fifteenth of April, 1865.

Those who lived in Washington can never forget the horror of the night when Lincoln was killed. That same night an attempt was made to murder the secretary of state, William H. Seward, who was stabbed several times, but not fatally, and his son, hastening to save his father, was badly wounded. General Grant, by his change of plan, escaped the plot to kill him.

April 16, the day following President Lincoln's death, was Easter The church services for that day were quickly changed. Bells tolled all over the city. The churches were draped in black and instead of the new light Easter dresses, most of the ladies wore black. My own pastor, Dr. Fiske, spoke so tenderly of the life and death of our beloved martyred

President that men and women all over the church wiped their eyes and we walked home sadder and better little girls for that sermon. Several churches united in a memorial service at the Whitfield church, and among the speakers was your great great grandfather, Dr. Leonard Withington.

President Lincoln's funeral services were held in Washington at noon on Wednesday, April 19, 1865, in the East Room of the White House, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, amid tolling of bells and booming of cannons, the dead President was taken from the White House to the great rotunda of the Capitol where thousands of people looked upon his face. The funeral car was drawn by six gray horses and was preceeded by a military escort over a mile long; following the funeral car came the family carriage with the sons, Robert Lincoln and "little Tad" (Mrs. Lincoln did not go out); then came President Johnson, followed by a long train of government officials and the diplomatic corps. There were six thousand civic employees and five thousand negroes in the procession, which was altogether about three miles long.

Cities and towns all over the United States held services that same day to show the love and respect of a sorrowing people for their dead President. How vividly I remember that day in Newburyport; the bells were tolled and minute guns fired from twelve o'clock to one o'clock. All places of business were closed. The churches were opened at noon for simple funeral services, especially for the school children of the city. The Forester Street Grammar Schools met at their schoolrooms a little before noon and marched slowly and solemnly two by two to the Belleville Church where we were ushered into reserved seats in the front of the church. First the girls, then the boys, each wearing a black and white rosette on the left arm. And here I must make a shameful confession. The black and white rosettes which we wore were made at our homes and consequently differed a good deal in appearance. Aunt Alice had made a very beautiful one for me which my girl friends said was the prettiest in school. During the service my thoughts were so absorbed by the beauty of my rosette that I could not remember one word of Dr. Fiske's address when I reached home. At three o'clock, special services were held at the Pleasant street church, which was crowded, and hundreds of people waited reverently outside. I stayed at home alone that afternoon, and after making mourning rosettes for all my dolls, I

offered a short prayer and made a funeral address to which my audience listened in perfect silence.

As soon as it was learned that President Lincoln was to be buried in Springfield, Illinois, every city and town along the way asked that the train might stop there to give the people an opportunity to show their love and reverence. At eight o'clock Friday morning, April 21, 1865, the funeral train left Washington. At the request of Mrs. Lincoln, the coffin containing the body of "little Willie" accompanied that of his father and the two were buried together in Springfield. (Willie Lincoln died in the White House, February 1862.) The train stopped at Baltimore and Harrisburg, and all day Sunday the body of the President lay in state in Independence Hall in Philadelphia. Your Aunt Margaret's father (Rev. S. W. Adriance), then a boy of twelve years, saw President Lincoln as he lay in state in New York city. The demonstration in that city was most elaborate, but the people in Chicago had known Lincoln so well in life that the mourning of that city was for a loved personal friend. On the morning of May 3rd, the train reached Springfield; the city was so crowded that there was hardly standing room about the statehouse where Lincoln lay in state until the morning of May 4th when the funeral procession moved to Oak Ridge cemetery. The second inaugural speech was read, which ends with these words: "Let us do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Words cannot describe the impression which that long homeward journey made on the nation. I quote a few words from Walt Whitman's poem:

"Passing the apple tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave, night and
journeys a coffin
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land."

I have written at length on the death and burial of President Lincoln because they made so deep an impression on my young mind. Indeed these events turned the thoughts of older people away from arms and battle fields. But the war was till going on. Some small independent detachments, in the far South, did not surrender until May: General Taylor surrendered to General Canby on May 4th and General Kirby Smith in Texas not until May 26, 1865.

Dr. William Barton says, "The fact that the government could live through a long civil war and the assassination of its President as the war was ending, may justly be regarded as one of the strongest tests of of the stability of American institutions." Immediately following the the death of President Lincoln on Saturday morning, April 15th, the Vice President, Andrew Johnson, was sworn into office. There was no time for ceremony and the oath of office was administered to Vice President Johnson in his own room in the Kirkwood house by Chief Justice Chase.

The administration of President Andrew Johnson does not belong to the "War Memories," but I wish to speak briefly of some things which grew out of the war and also of the re-admission of the Southern States into the Union. I have said that the nomination of Andrew Johnson for President in 1864 seemed, in the light of history, to have been a mistake. President Johnson was not fortunate in his handling of affairs after the war. He was in a constant quarrel with Congress, which delayed the return of the seceded States (that is, to be fully reconstructed).

From the time of Lincoln's death to the early part of 1870 the 13th Amendment to the Constitution ending slavery was adopted in 1865. In 1868 the 14th Amendment and in 1870 the 15th Amendment were adopted in order to force the South to give the freedmen their full civil rights and the right to vote.

Tennessee was re-admitted to the Union in 1866. Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, North and South Carolina, were readmitted in 1868. Georgia, Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia remained out until 1870. (MDW fails to mention that these rebel states were occupied by Federal troops in an attempt to force the South to accept equal civil rights for the freedmen The 14th Amendment, while granting "equal protection of the law," denied civil rights to thousands of Southerners until such rights were restored by two-thirds vote of Congress. Georgia was actually "reconstructed," in 1868, then "de-reconstructed" and placed under military rule. It was not to be finally reconstructed until 1870. President Hayes was "given" the contested presidential election of 1876 primarily because he agreed to end reconstruction and remove the Federal troops, which he did in April of 1877, about a month after taking office. The South then returned to white rule. The black was not to achieve his civil rights until the 1960's. Historians of the Reconstruction period today realize that there are no simple statements that can be made about this complex time.HRW)

I have carried this story to the year 1870 when I had become a junior in the Newburyport High School, and the events of the War and Reconstruction period were no longer mere childhood memories, but a part of my courses in history.

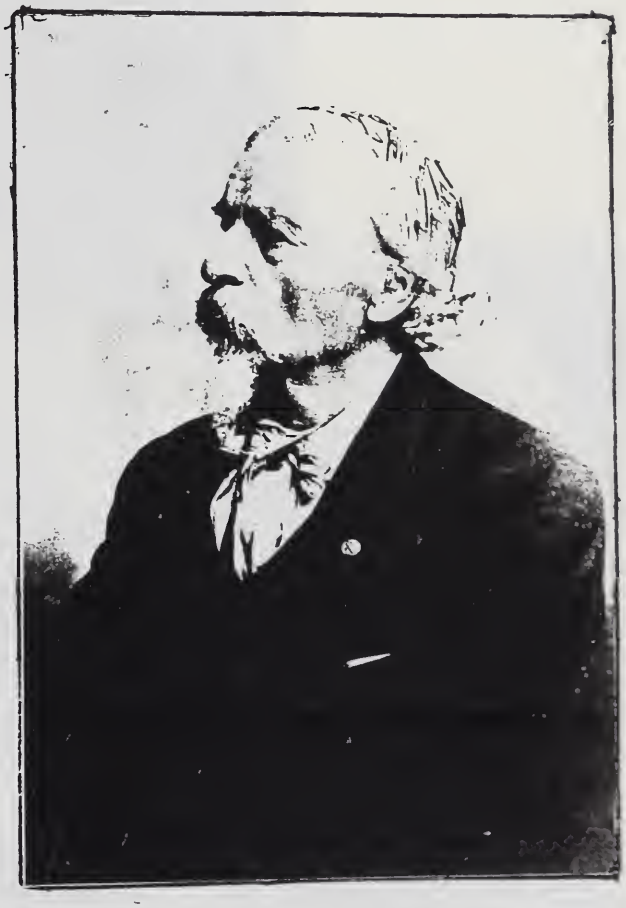
Let me turn back once more to that eventful year 1865. On the 10th of May, President Johnson issued a proclamation that actual hostilities had ceased and that armed resistance to the authority of the government may be regarded at an end. The came the disbandment of troops. Through the influence of the Secretary of War Stanton, all the victorious forces of the Union Army were assembled at Washington, where they were reviewed by the President. This review lasted two days - May 23rd and 24th, 1865. A long pavilion was erected in front of the White House with a covered roof from which floated flags with the names of the chief victories won. The President and his cabinet, General Grant and General Sherman, the Diplomatic Corps and many other prominent government officials were seated on the platform. The Army of the Potomac passed in review the first day, and the Army of the Tennessee and General Sherman's forces were reviewed the second day. Thousands of people from all over the country witnessed this impressive sight. Think of a procession of over a million soldiers clad in worn and blood-stained uniforms of many battle fields and their once beautiful flags faded and tattered! You may see many of these flags in the State House in Boston. Major Ben Perley Moore in his Reminiscences, speaks of the notorious Bummers which followed Sherman's men: "At the end of each corps appeared the strangest huddle of animation any civilian ever beheld. (According to historian Bruce Catton, Sherman called his men "Bummers" and worse) Mules, horses, cows, sheep. pigs, goats, raccoons, chickens and dogs led by the blackest of negroes. Every beast of burden was loaded to its capacity with tents, knapsacks, hampers, boxes, kettles, pots, pans, dishes, bird cages, cradles, mirrors, clothing, pickanninies and an occasional black woman. It was a sample of Sherman's Army as it marched through the Carolinas." In the midst of the hearty applause given everywhere to our brave soldiers, there came a tinge of sadness of the remembrance of the men who were not returning. Nearly a million more of our countrymen, including both Northern and Southern armies had been killed in battle or had died of wounds in the hospitals. Such is the terrible waste of life in war.

The disbanding of the troops began at once, but it took many months to finish the task. I recall an unpleasant incident in connection with the returning soldiers. The "Fourth" was a red letter day to me, for I had always spent it in Kittery with my cousins, who planned glorious celebrations. On the morning of the 4th of July 1865 we went as usual to the station to take the nine o'clock train for Kittery. As the waiting room was crowded with people, we stepped to the edge of the platform that a seat might be secured at once for Aunt Julia, who had been ill. When the train shot out from the Newburyport tunnel, it looked like a swarm of bees than a train of cars. Scores of soldiers stuck their heads out of the window. Soldiers crowded the platforms and hung to the railings of the steps. At least four soldiers occupied each seat, and the isles were packed. No woman could get on board. Here and there a man squeezed himself in among the soldiers. "We must wait till afternoon," said our Uncle. When the train had stopped, the crowd behind us had pushed forward so violently that I had to put my hand on a car to steady myself. I was so overwhelmed by disappointment that I did not notice when the train started, and suddenly found myself in the arms of a man with no nose, who exclaimed, "My dear child, you had your hand on the moving train. You would have been killed!

In closing may I repeat Lincoln's words: "Let us do all which (we) may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Dictated by Marietta D. Withington in Honolulu in 1932
about a year before her death, especially for her grandchildren.
Mimeographed in Lihue, Kauai, Hawaii.

Leonard Withington (I)
at about age 90



Nathan Noyes Withington
at about age 80

E.L.W. at
about age 80.

Below - Spencer-
Pierce-Little
House in 1988.
(From 1851 to
1988 belonged to
"other Littles")

David Little Withington
from a portrait
by
James A. Wilder (Kimo)
at age about 60

Marietta Dennett Withington
at age about 50

Above:

Mother Withington
and her five sons
and grandsons,
Restarick, age 5,
and Lothrop (III),
age about 6 months
Taken at The Forges
1917

Below:
Four Generations:
Nathan Noyes
David Little
Paul
Henry Restarick

The Six Sons:

Below:
Paul
Frederic Burnham
Dennet

Above;

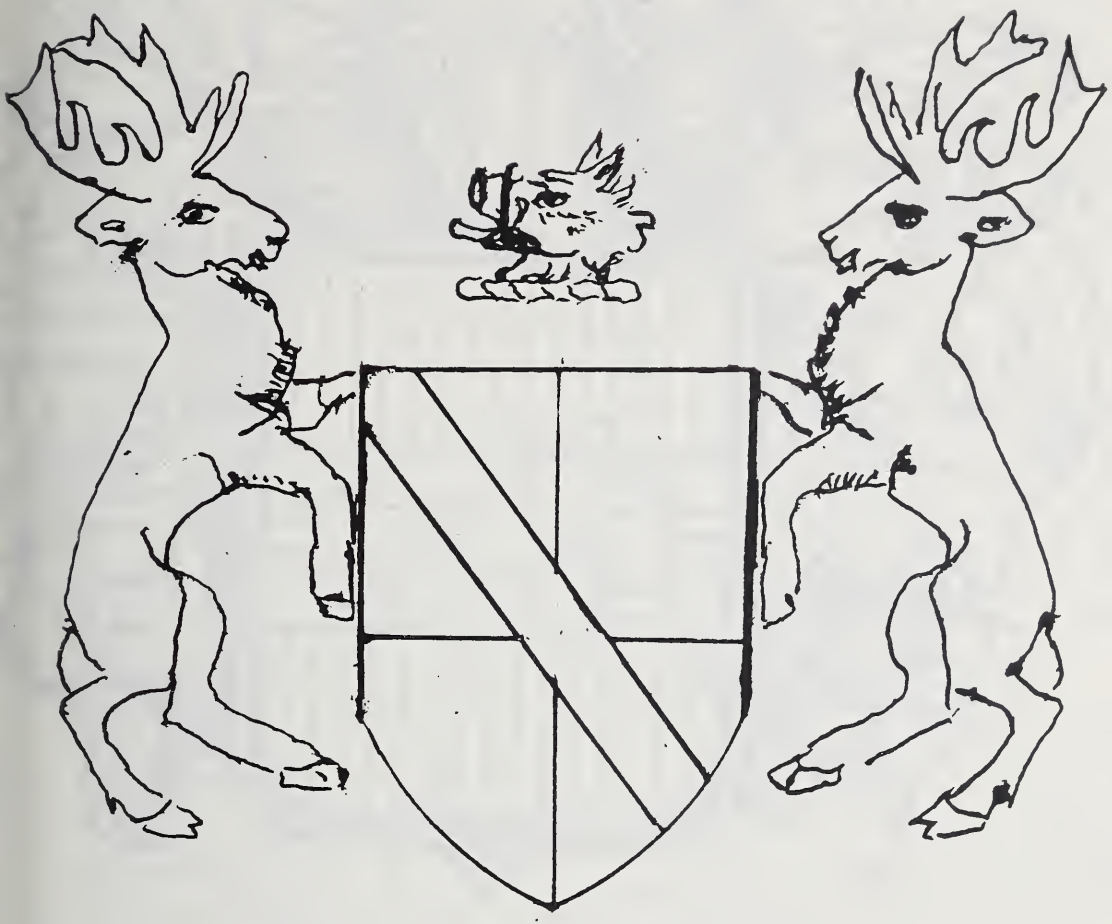
Leonard (III)
Lothrop (II)
David Little, Jr.

Photo of DLW about 1918
from which the
Wilder portrait was
probably taken

Paul when coaching
at Columbia - 1924

The Escondido Ranch
about 1896

DLW and MDW
with
(left to right)
Ted, Lothrop, Paul



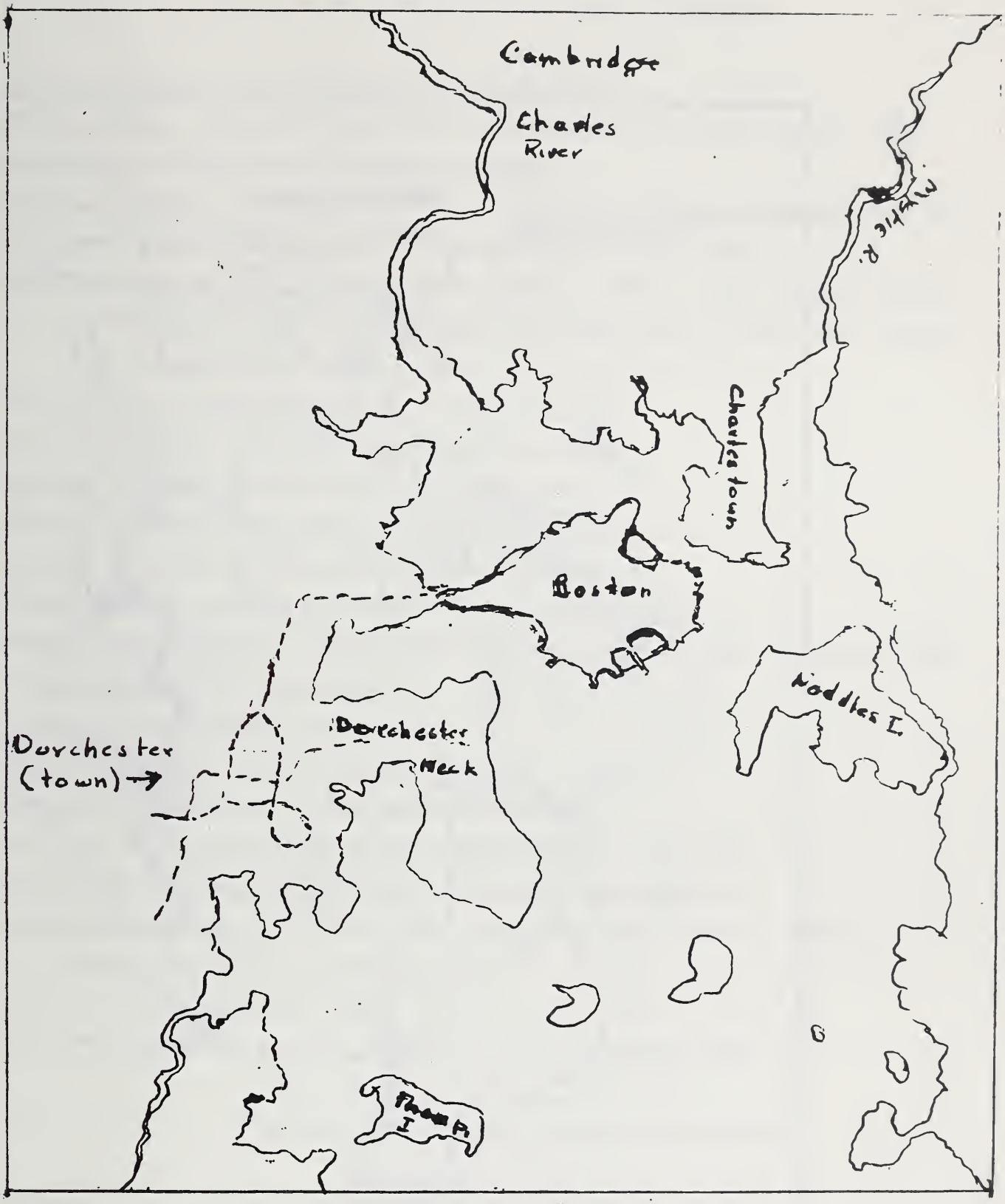
ARMS OF LORD WIDDRINGTON
OF WIDDRINGTON
(WITHINGTON)

ARMS OF THE WITHINGTONS OF CULCHETH

(Gules, a fess chequy Or and Az)
(Crest: A lion's head jagged)

MOTTO

"Sapere Aude"



DORCHESTER - BOSTON IN 1777

Newbury in 1795

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Braintree; Dorchester; Ipswich; Norwich; Rowley.

GENEALOGIES - Not Otherwise Identified

Bailey Family; Little Family; Noyes Family; Plummer Family; Toppan Family ("pamphlet"); Wheeler Family.

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